







Drawn by the Author

NORTH POINT OF THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

Dunfort, Sc

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A
JOURNAL

OF A

Tour in Italy,

IN

THE YEAR 1821.

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF GIBRALTAR.

ACCOMPANIED

WITH SEVERAL ENGRAVINGS.

BY AN AMERICAN, *author of*

Theodore Dwight.

New-York:

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Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the thirtieth day of March, in the forty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Abraham Paul, of the said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"A Journal of a Tour in Italy, in the year 1821, with a description of Gibraltar. Accompanied with several engravings. By an American."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "an Act supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL, *Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.*

INTRODUCTION.

THE following work can lay no claim to that degree of literary merit which is usually expected in a book relating to Italy. It is composed of materials collected in the country, and daily noted down: so that in giving to it its present form, it may be said that the author has only expressed in full what was necessarily much abridged in his original notes, and recorded those trains of thought which the objects themselves originally suggested.

The design which has been kept in view in preparing this journal for the press, is, to give a faithful picture of objects which came under the author's observation, and to bring them up in such a manner that they may strike the reader's mind as they at first struck his own. For this reason, the descriptions have been made diffuse, in order to embrace such circumstances as he deemed necessary to his plan. It may be considered a fault to enlarge so much on trifles; but perhaps it will be received in palliation, if not in excuse, that they are always the very same trifles which have served to fasten in his mind the more important subjects with which they were connected, and are still strongly and agreeably associated in his memory.

The Author has chiefly to apprehend the criticism of those who have travelled in the country of which he writes; as they may reasonably look for subjects of a higher nature than the details of every day occurrences. For travellers, however, the work was not designed; but for those who have no personal acquaintance with Italy, and who, after having gathered from other sources the history of the antiquities, arts, and sciences of that interesting country, are disposed to enter a little into the examination of things in common life. Persons of this description may look upon this book as a mere journal, in which many old subjects are brought up again to view, but usually among circumstances in which they have appeared but once, and then to the eyes of the author. He has attempted to preserve some portion of their original distinctness and interest: if he has not succeeded, he must confess that the fault will lie neither with his readers, nor with the scenes and objects themselves; but in the inadequacy of his language—the feebleness of his pen.

With regard to the accompanying sketches, they are all copied from original drawings made on the spot, and like the book itself, intended to represent, without embellishment, the subjects to which they refer.

TOUR IN ITALY.

WE sailed from New-York, on the 19th of October, 1820, for Gibraltar and Sicily, intending to travel into Italy, at least as far as Rome, and indulging some undefined hopes of seeing Venice and Genoa. This was an exhilarating prospect, particularly at this season, on account of the difference of climate; and the political disturbances, which had lately begun in Naples and Sicily, promised an unusual variety of incident.

It must be acknowledged that a voyage across the Atlantic, in a small vessel, is little calculated to cherish lively and romantic ideas, and it was remarkably the fact with us; for it was a fortnight or more before we could get out of the gulf stream, where we were absolutely beset with cloudy weather, fogs, squalls and gales of wind; and the remainder of the passage was universally rough and disagreeable. Our books, however, afforded us much amusement, as they related to the part of the world to which we were bound; and the nautical members of our party in the cabin, were ever ready, with some new tale or device, to amuse us under every unfavourable change of weather.

GIBRALTAR BAY.—*Nov.* 29. Last evening, having been able to perceive no indications of land, it was necessary to proceed with circumspection, for fear of

running upon the coast of Africa in the night, as the shore is very bold, and the lead is of course of very little use in the dark. At sun-set we overtook and spoke two brigs, one American, the other English, which were likewise bound up the Straits, and found them in the same uncertainty with ourselves. We all agreed to proceed under easy sail; and after night had closed in, we were able to keep within a few miles of each other by occasionally showing lights.

This morning about eight o'clock, the helmsman suddenly exclaimed, that he saw land a-head. No one else could perceive it however, and as Jack was the greatest "*yarn spinner*" on board, he got this report charged on the long list of falsehoods, white and black, which had been accumulating on his conscience during the voyage. It was a fine, clear morning, and the rolling of the waves, and the motion of the vessel exhilarated us all. Jack received many a jest concerning his new discovery. One soberly inquired, what had become of Cape Fly-away; another thought the prospect for "Jack's farm" was not very flattering this season. The captain asked if his "old sodger" story about a pain in his side, was as big a lie as this: but Jack persisted that he still saw land, and coolly described its form and appearance. The captain looking once more in the direction he pointed, changed countenance on discovering the forms of lofty mountains faintly delineated on the sky, at a considerable height from the horizon. As usual, Jack was rewarded with a bottle, and at that moment the American brig, which was before us, hoisted her colours, as a signal that she had made the same welcome discovery, and changing our course and crowding sail, we all pressed on towards Cape Spartel, the north-western point of the continent of Africa.

Several lofty ridges became distinctly visible as we advanced, backed by a chain of distant mountains far in the interior ; and the steep sides of the Cape were covered with a dark coat of green, interrupted by straight, sloping ledges of whitish rocks, and single stones of the same colour scattered about in all directions. Here and there were little spots of a brighter green, seen by the help of the glass, cut into squares by hedges or rows of trees : but we could not discern a single habitation till we came in sight of Tangiers, which is situated about five miles from the Cape. The buildings are white and stand in a cluster ; some of them nearly on a level with the water, and others stretching along on the top of a hill, which descends to the shore with a broken precipice. The town is surrounded by a wall, and defended by extensive fortifications ; and in the centre is a mosque, with its square tower. Wherever the surface of the hill slanted towards us, it showed green fields divided by hedges ; and these, with a succession of smooth hills beyond, formed an agreeable contrast with the ridges of waste mountains, which rose to a great height behind, ending in the distant conical peaks we had seen before from a different point of view. Sunset spread its accustomed tranquillity over the scene, in spite of the tyranny of the Emperor of Morocco, under whose dominion all these regions lay.

The coast presents the same appearance through the Straits ; though as night came on while we were beating up, we had no opportunity to see it all. On the Spanish side we saw a few huts, lying near cultivated fields, some of which were spotted with small trees, and had the appearance of our orchards : but the greater part of the soil seemed to be entirely useless. or, at best, capable only of affording pasture for sheep.

In a few hours we beat up to Cabreta Point, with the aid of a lighthouse, whence the captain was able to distinguish the Rock of Gibraltar through the darkness of the night, by the glimmering of several lamps in different parts of the town, though it was then ten miles off.

At day-light we were entering the bay of Gibraltar; and the dark rock rose before us, with a cloud stretched above it in the form of a bow, or, rather, like an eagle hovering over its summit. At sun-rise, an extensive scene opened agreeably before us. The bay is about ten miles in length, and five in breadth; and principally enclosed by mountains, which are divested of trees, covered with rocks, and worn into channels by the torrents which pour down their sides in the rainy seasons. Small portions of the soil near the water are cultivated; but the whole country in sight is very thinly inhabited. Algesiras made a handsome appearance, being built on the margin of the bay, and presenting a cluster of white stone houses, with an aqueduct stretching from the hills into the town. With a glass we could discover men at work in the fields, and others passing out at a gate with loaded mules. San Roque stands on the top of a round hill, two miles from the bay; and beyond it are distant ranges of noble mountains, the last of which are covered with snow, though, with us the air is very mild and pleasant. The remains of old deserted towers, villages and breastworks, are to be seen in many places, serving as hints of the military operations of former times.

The rock of Gibraltar, the key of the Mediterranean, and probably the strongest fortified position in the world, forms the eastern point of the bay; and is no less remarkable for its natural shape and situation, than for the artificial works by which it has been ren-

dered impregnable. When seen from Cabreta Point, it appears much diminished in size; and from certain places in the Straits it looks like a narrow cone, very steep on one side, and quite perpendicular on the other. It is in fact, however, about three miles long, but very narrow, and perfectly straight. The precipitous side is towards Spain, and overlooks a low flat plain at its foot, several miles in extent, called the Neutral Ground. The town is built on the other side, close to the water; and a mole has been run out, to form a harbour for small vessels, which is overlooked by the guns of the new mole—an important work, constructed within a few years. Ships are obliged to anchor at the distance of a mile or two from the shore, where the bottom is rocky, and the situation exposed to the whole force of a wind blowing into the harbour, as well as to a bad sea.

From the place where we have anchored, which is devoted to vessels in quarantine, we have a full view of the north end of the rock, where the greatest labour has been expended in fitting it for defence. The small zigzag lines, which may be just distinguished in several places, are breastworks, where cannon and mortars are mounted; and the long marks which point towards some of the most important positions, are roads dug with great labour along the steep acclivity, and sometimes turning round the face of a precipice so steep, that it makes one dizzy to look at them even from this distance. A row of dark spots on the face of the perpendicular ledge, which begins just below the old square castle, are in fact embrasures, through which a number of large cannon look down upon the harbour; though from this place they appear like stains in the rock. A long gallery, made by means of gun-powder, runs along behind these openings; so

that troops may be marched up, or supplies of ammunition raised, without the least exposure to the shot of an enemy. Another gallery of still greater size is made in the face of the rock, on the other side, to command the Neutral Ground ; and the projections from the profile of the mountain, resembling towers, are not entirely natural, but have been shaped by art, and each mounts several heavy cannon. The shore on this side is lined with walls of hewn stone, supporting long ranges of artillery nearly on a level with the water, the sight of which would discourage any hopes of landing.

It was not a little amusing to observe the fishing-boats, frequently passing us while we were sailing up the bay. They were worked with triangular sails, which were raised on long yards, pointed high into the air ; and the men on board them made a very singular appearance. One of them was manned by half a dozen men and boys, whose faces were of a dark brown colour, and a strange physiognomy ; with large trowsers and turbans. The steersman, an old man in a large cloak, sat leaning with his arms almost a-kimbo, and an expression of disdain in his hard features, which might have become a bashaw, but was ridiculous in a fisherman.

We had hardly come to anchor, when a boat came along side, and a dark-complexioned man, with a sort of uniform dress, demanded, in broken English, whence we came. He was the health officer ; and his boatmen wore glazed hats marked G. R. The papers which were handed them, were taken with a pair of tongs, immersed in water, and then spread, by means of the boat's tiller and some sticks, for the officer to read ; for as we were in quarantine, we were treated exactly as if we had actually had the plague on board. We found we were to remain in quarantine two or three

days ; and our ensign being hauled down, we hoisted a white flag.

The American consul, Mr. Henry, who soon after came out to us, very politely remained along side for some time, not being permitted to come on board. He communicated to us the most interesting news concerning the troubles existing in Sicily ; and favourable accounts of the healthiness of the neighbouring Spanish and African ports, which would tend to shorten our quarantine up the Mediterranean. His boat soon after came out again with a welcome supply of fresh beef, mutton, sallad, radishes, apples, pears, and a singular sort of cabbages, which were twice as large as ours, and very flat on the top. The apples were from Genoa, but notwithstanding the high character they bear in this part of the world, we thought them small, hard, insipid, and fit only for the cider-press.

After dinner, it began to rain from the eastward, from which quarter comes the most disagreeable wind known in the Mediterranean. The weather was warm, but gloomy and dispiriting. The rock looked remarkably black, and a thick misty cloud hung on the top of it : but at eight in the evening, the air was so clear, that the lights in the town shone with splendour, and were so numerous and irregularly disposed, as to supply in some measure the place of stars and constellations.

November 31. It rained repeatedly during the night, without the least wind : but the air was clear at three in the morning, when only a few lights remained burning in Gibraltar, and the barking of dogs and crowing of cocks could be distinctly heard, though all was still on board the ships of different nations, which lay on all sides of us ; for the “ anchor-watch ” is kept by a single sailor. The silence all around us, had something of solemnity in it, when we

considered the neighbourhood of so tremendous a battery, with all its power in a state of repose; and recollected how often it had disturbed the tranquillity of night, with heavy peals of artillery. At half past three, "seven bells" were struck in succession on board the vessels in the harbour, some at the distance of two or three miles, and others close at hand; giving a momentary liveliness to the scene, but soon passing away, and leaving all as still as before.

In the forenoon the clouds disappeared, the sun shone, and the weather was clear and warm. A thin mist lay along the sides of the neighbouring mountains, and collected in dense masses on the more distant summits. This in some measure destroyed the naked uniformity of their surfaces, which is unpleasant, I may almost say disgusting, to eyes accustomed to American forests. On the opposite side of the Straits, the African mountains were in full view, at the distance of about thirty miles, and were loaded to excess with clouds of mist piled upon each other, and shining in the sun. Every thing was now full of life. Voices were heard from the ships, speaking in different languages; boats, with long sharp sails, were seen gliding along smoothly in all directions, and a multitude of sounds, from the haze which covered Gibraltar, came mingled and almost dissolved into one general hum. We could see men and women on the distant beach of the Neutral Ground, driving loaded mules and wagons, and followed by their dogs. The very fish rejoiced in the delightful morning, and came in shoals to the surface to see the sun shine.

If one might judge from the appearance of the portion of country visible from the bay, this part of Spain must be on many accounts, very uninviting. The soil is neglected, and the towns compactly built, so that the

inhabitants can find little of that comfort which depends on room enough at home, and nothing like rural pleasures when they leave their walls. There are no roads, properly so called, within this vicinity, excepting only those at Gibraltar, and that which the governor has made to San Roque, his usual residence. Formerly the latter was impassable for a carriage, as is now the mule-path to Algeiras.

December 1. To-day we received notice of the termination of our quarantine, and landed at the mole among a great number of boats of various sizes, and many of them smugglers, which carry tobacco to all parts of the neighbouring Spanish coast. They are long, sharp boats, carry long sails, and have a great number of men to row them, in a calm, and to work their guns in cases of necessity; for they are armed, and sometimes fight desperately. The landing mole was out of sight from the vessel, being hidden by the new mole, which is well built of hewn stone, runs out a great way into the water, and serves the double purpose of securing the landing from the sea, and from the attack of an enemy. It is strongly fortified: for as we rowed along, we had to pass before the mouths of fifteen heavy cannon. The outer wall of the garrison stands on the water's edge; and rising above it, just behind each other, were seen three tiers of cannon, ready to sweep both the moles and a large part of the anchorage.

We stepped on shore among boatmen and sailors of several nations, and merchants collected on the mole about packages of goods; and after showing our passports, entered the outer gate, called the Water Gate. Here we found ourselves at once in the midst of the bustle and din of Gibraltar, the crowd of which, is as heterogeneous as can well be imagined: Spanish,

Moorish, English and Genoese sailors—Spanish market people driving loaded donkies—Moorish Jews carrying monstrous burthens, with small scullcaps, and loose trowsers cut off at the knee, leaving their muscular legs bare. These last are porters, and are all remarkably strong men. The streets were so narrow and crooked, and the crowd so great, that it was difficult to move. The houses are filled with inhabitants, for the limited ground within the walls has long since been occupied, and the population has increased till every thing is as full as a rabbit-warren. As we passed along we heard the confused sounds of half a dozen unknown languages, mixed with English, and the national dialects of Scotch and Irish soldiers. The shops presented a singular collection of various wares from all parts of the world, and the market was stocked with many strange roots, fruits, and fish, such as we had never before seen, except in books of natural history.

Our inn is the only one in Gibraltar which makes any pretensions to the English style, and is still in some respects, half Spanish. From the dining-room, which is on the second floor, we look down upon the principal street, and the Custom House, where the passers-by are continually presenting to our eyes the costumes of different nations, in new and striking contrasts. Here are peasants from the neighbouring parts of Andalusia, dressed in round jackets and small clothes of green velvet, broad brimmed hats, leathern gaiters, scarlet sashes, and ruffled shirts; some also in pantaloons trimmed with rows of buttons and cord; English ladies with Leghorn hats and merino shawls; Spanish women in black dresses, or muffled in scarlet cloaks with high hoods; besides Genoese sailors, Barbary Jews and English soldiers.

We had hardly recovered from the first impression made by this new scene, when we had to sit down to dinner, and were confused afresh by a varied conversation, which after a long and sedate voyage, set our minds vibrating in a most singular manner between Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. A Scotch ship-master, who had just arrived from Algiers, made an exposé of the views and designs of the "Algeric" government, and one described the reception given by Governor Don to a British plenipotentiary a few days since. On his arrival he was saluted by all the cannon in the garrison; and during his stay, St. Michael's Cave was illuminated and visited by a large party. On inquiring, we found nobody pretended to speak with confidence of the state of things at Sicily; but the last accounts were of so gloomy a nature, and the character of the nation is so well known, that even a short stay there, at this time, must be insecure if not dangerous.

This afternoon we went to look at a house where we had been recommended to take private lodgings, by a friend who had little to say in their praise, but spoke of them as very commodious for Gibraltar. The house is owned by an Englishman; and the only entrance, (such the universal scarcity of room,) is through his little shop into a court-yard, scarce twenty feet square. In the Spanish fashion, the house is built round this little open square, in one corner of which were two women at their wash-tubs, in another, the stable of a she-goat, [the family cow,] and in a third, a flight of stairs leading to the upper apartments. These we mounted at the peril of our necks, and were introduced into two chambers, eight or ten feet square, one of which was lighted through the door, and the other through a square hole without glass, and

capable of being covered only with a swinging shutter made of a palm-leaf netting.

At sun-set the report of a cannon was heard from the top of the rock, and drums and horns instantly began their martial notes to summon the soldiers to their various places of parade. All along the margin of the water is a broad carriage-road, or rather military path, faced with strong parapets, and planted with a row of cannon. According to the rules of fortification, the line of the shore is occasionally broken by a projecting bastion, the guns of which command every point on three sides; and every thing is regulated with such perfect precision, that each soldier knows his place and his duty. Every part of this fortified margin has its particular name written in large letters upon the parapets, whether it be gallery, curtain, bastion, or battery, together with the number of the regiment selected for its defence. Each gun bears the name of some company, as well as its weight and that of its shot. Near at hand are heaps of balls, ammunition wagons, and a magazine surrounded with a palisade. The barracks afford comfortable habitations for the soldiers; for though none of the largest, they are all white-washed; and even English, Scotch, and Irish women find it convenient in this climate to cook their husbands' rations in the open air.

The Cameronian regiment have their place of parade on the King's Bastion, where they were reviewed this evening at sun-set, and the band played several marches in fine style, to a motley collection of inhabitants and strangers, among whom was a tall man, in the full dress of an opulent Moorish merchant, a blue coat or cloak, much ornamented with cords and buttons, full Turkish trowsers, a white turban, and a long beard.

December 2. The two walls of the garrison are built from the margin of the water up the side of the steep hill, and include one third part of the rock. It is very difficult to communicate an idea of the strength of these walls by a description; so many devices have been invented and carried into effect, for taking every possible advantage of the nature of the ground, and to supply by works of art, what nature had left incomplete. The gates are very low and narrow, and the roads leading to them are made to perform various turnings, in order to expose them as much as possible to guns on the neighbouring walls.

There are two ancient Moorish inscriptions over the southern gate of the garrison; and we had hardly stepped without it, when we observed two rows of cannon looking down upon us from the high walls on the right and left, ready to sweep away not only ourselves, but the narrow bridge on which we stood. The shore is fortified from this place to Europa Point, about two miles, in the same manner as it is in the garrison; and pyramids of shot and shells are ready for use, heaped up to the height of twenty or thirty feet. Here is a large public garden, on the irregular ground at the base of the rock, which has been made by the German soldiers, after the design of the governor, divided by serpentine paths, and planted with roots, herbs, flowers, and trees. The walks are bordered with geraniums, green and in blossom, even at this season, and mixed with large rock-pears and many beautiful plants, some of which have long leaves like those of a tulip, and are as high as a man's head. Rustic seats, and arbours, are placed in those spots which command the finest prospects over the bay and across the Straits; and on the whole, the Alameda, (for so the garden is called,) is a delightful

place, and the more so, because from the bay, one could never have suspected its existence.

December 3. About one third the way up the rock, and near the north end of it, stands a Moorish castle, of uncertain antiquity. It occupies the brow of a perpendicular ledge, containing the excavated galleries, for which Gibraltar is so famous. We set out this morning, under the guidance of a serjeant, to visit these galleries; and after a tedious walk through several streets, on the steep side of the rock, we found ourselves just below the castle, and at the gate of an old wall stretching down from it. The gate was very low, and of plain and solid architecture; and the walls, which are Moorish, are formed of rough stones, and large, thin bricks, in alternate layers, cemented with mortar. A subterranean passage led us under the wall of the garrison, and a few steps brought us to the beginning of the modern works: a dark passage bored through the rocks, for a distance of 150 feet. A little way beyond, is the entrance to Wyllys' Gallery—a powerful battery, capable of playing upon an enemy from an inaccessible height, through embrasures or port holes cut in the face of the high, rocky precipice. The passage to the guns is a gallery, blasted with powder, three hundred feet long, and large enough for the passing of a wagon; imperfectly lighted by the embrasures; and where nothing is to be seen, but heavy cannon, (mounted, according to custom, on iron carriages,) bolted magazines, and piles of shot. This passage terminates at a shaft like a well, down which we went, in total darkness, by a winding staircase, where our footsteps echoed like guns, above and below. Cornwallis' Hall, into which these steps led us, is a room about 40 feet across, supplied with a magazine, and three pieces of cannon.

Going up the dark stair-case again, and walking through a level passage, more than a hundred feet in length, we came to the brow of the precipice, which may be a hundred and fifty feet high, and whence a breastwork, and several forty-two pounders overlook the bay, and at a great distance below, the Moorish castle; while the peaks of the mountains above, seemed yet as distant as ever. There are also two or three mortars mounted here, of the diameter of 13 inches. There is one in the garrison, half an inch, or an inch larger; and that, a soldier told us, was taken from the Spanish, and was the largest ever made.

Our guide now led us up still further; and at length, passing between broken rocks, some of which, jutting out overhead, and made a roof for the path, we suddenly found ourselves on the very edge of a precipice, five or six hundred feet high; and leaning upon a slight railing, looked down upon the Neutral Ground, which stretched out in a sandy plain, on the left to the bay, and on the right, to the Mediterranean; while in front, it was bounded by hills and mountains, in the neighbouring parts of Spain.

By a dark hole just at hand, we entered the Windsor Gallery, which is formed on the same plan as Wyllys'. It is, however, at a greater height—quite out of the reach of an enemy's artillery, and about 500 feet in length. The guns too, are larger, and on account of the irregularity of the rocky surface, through which their embrasures are cut, the gallery is sometimes quite dark, and so irregular, that it is difficult to proceed. We next reached the most admirable part of these magnificent works—St. George's Hall. Externally, it has the appearance of a round tower, against the side of the precipice, which the Rock of Gibraltar presents towards the Neutral Ground.

This is partly the effect of art : but the skill of the engineer has been chiefly devoted to forming a beautiful circular apartment within, about 40 feet in diameter, and vaulted overhead. The floor is perfectly smooth, and the walls are pierced for six sixty-four pounders. The care taken to keep every thing in perfect order, together with the shaft cut through the top to let off the smoke, the smoothness of the walls, and the agreeable light admitted by the embrasures, are calculated to please the eye, after it has become accustomed to the roughness and gloom of the long galleries. Through the embrasure on the right, we looked along the perpendicular side of the rock, broken indeed, yet on the whole surprisingly smooth for a natural surface, and rising to a sublime height like the wall of a colossal city. The gun which stood beside us was so balanced, that the guide, with the strength of one hand, pointed it down almost perpendicularly; and such is the regularity of the precipice, that a ball fired from it, would have almost grazed it the whole distance, and yet have met with no obstruction, till it fell upon the heap of loose stones, which has accumulated upon the plain below. While we were in quarantine, we had often noticed a bright spot, like a window, near the line of junction between the rock and Cornwallis' Hall, which now proved to have been occasioned by two opposite embrasures, through which we had seen the sky : for standing in a line between them, my eyes ranged over the quarantine anchorage, and soon singled out our vessel among a crowd of merchantmen below. On the Neutral Ground, are the remains of several old entrenchments, raised on various occasions ; and though they appeared like works of but little consequence at that distance, had been important batteries.

The serjeant was familiar with many points of local history, and had numerous anecdotes at command. He pointed out particularly one of the breast-works, which the Spaniards erected, to annoy the Windsor Gallery : but it was found impossible for the guns to carry so high, and the only point within their range, was an insignificant battery at the water's edge, under the north end of the rock, far on our left. In the mean time, the tremendous artillery we had just been reviewing, had poured down such a shower of heavy shot, that the position was very speedily abandoned.

A flight of steps, cut into the solid stone, brought us to the verge of the precipice, on a level with the top of Cornwallis' Hall. It is surmounted by a conical cap, through the centre of which is the chimney, which lets off the smoke of the guns. As we had become confused by the various objects we had seen, and the irregular manner in which we had gained this spot ; and besides, could see nothing above us but a single mass of rock, we supposed ourselves on the summit : but the guide desired us to follow him, and judge for ourselves whether we were yet at the top. We accordingly stepped upon a crag which projected near us—though I confess it was somewhat appalling to observe that the cleft between, over which we had to spring, was bottomed by the Neutral Ground. Looking up, we saw the North Pinnacle—a mass of grey rocks, almost over our heads, and about a thousand feet above us, which, so suddenly discovered, had a most singular effect upon our minds. We seemed to be shrinking to the size of pigmies, and felt at the same time, so strong a disposition to contemplate the vast magnitudes around us, that, for fear of forgetting ourselves, and falling from the shelf on which we stood,

we lay down, and grasped with all our might a ring-bolt, the only thing we could lay hold on. For a moment, the crag seemed to be shaken, and almost to dance in the air like a bird's nest in a high wind, as if separating itself from the precipice.

The only exit from this place is through Cornwallis' Hall. We entered, and again found ourselves on the other side of the rock, which is a steep, sloping surface, covered with loose rocks of grey, compact lime-stone, spotted with a few shrubs and dwarf palms, a foot or two high; with the garrison and bay just below. We were bound to the middle peak of the rock, which is called the Signal Station; and the path leading to it is one of those fine ones, which have been made at great expense, to facilitate the communication between various points. It is more than 20 feet wide, and runs in a slanting direction at such an angle, that guns, ammunition, and stores, may be raised with comparative facility. Among the sharp stones under our feet, we observed chrystalised carbonate of lime and arragonite: but, what was worthy of more attention, was the singular appearance of many of the rocks. These were frequently perforated with holes, in a most unaccountable manner, sometimes as accurately as if bored for blasting; sometimes irregularly, or tunnel-shaped, and that in places where they could not have been washed by torrents; sometimes of such forms, and running in such directions, that water running downwards could not have produced them.*

* What had been or might be thought by learned men, of the ancient tradition, that the Straits of Gibraltar were originally closed up, I knew not, at the time when I made the remarks above; nor did I intend ever to hazard what I then considered the only rational conjecture, that a strong current had once run over the rock, even, at that immense height. The stones certainly present an appearance like that frequently observed near rapids and cataracts in America; and many of them seem to have been broken, and turned

When we approached the Signal Station, the ascent became very steep, and the road mounted by short zigzags, and was supported by fine walls. On the top of one of them, a pretty little boy had taken his station; he was not more than three years old, and amused himself by throwing down stones at us, laughing with great glee at every discharge. We tried to persuade him to leave a place so dangerous, for he stood on the edge of a perpendicular wall 30 feet high, but in vain. Four men are stationed on the summit, under a corporal, who is father of the little boy. He listened to our description of his dangerous situation, and then remarking, that he was an only child, and a great rogue, yet had often played in that spot without meeting with any accident; invited us to his house, which is situated with the soldiers' barracks, on the summit of the rock, where is a small level about 50 feet across. Here we received a welcome supply of refreshments, and were much pleased with the frank, military air of our host, and the neatness of every thing we saw. He lives here with his wife, child, and four soldiers, so that although in full view of crowded towns, and a port filled with vessels, he was almost entirely cut off from all correspondence with the rest of mankind, except such as he could carry on by a telegraph. He complained of the difficulty of getting many of the conveniences of life raised to his dwelling. His rations are carried up

over in the same manner. In other places, the same phenomena were observed; particularly, in a subterranean passage, just within the gate, opening upon the fortified line at Europa Point.

A French geologist has lately published a work, in which he maintains the ancient account concerning the Straits; and asserts, that the Spanish and Moorish coasts are of sufficient height to make it probable. He believes, that the Mediterranean and the Atlantic formerly had a communication, along the base of the mountains in the northern parts of Spain.

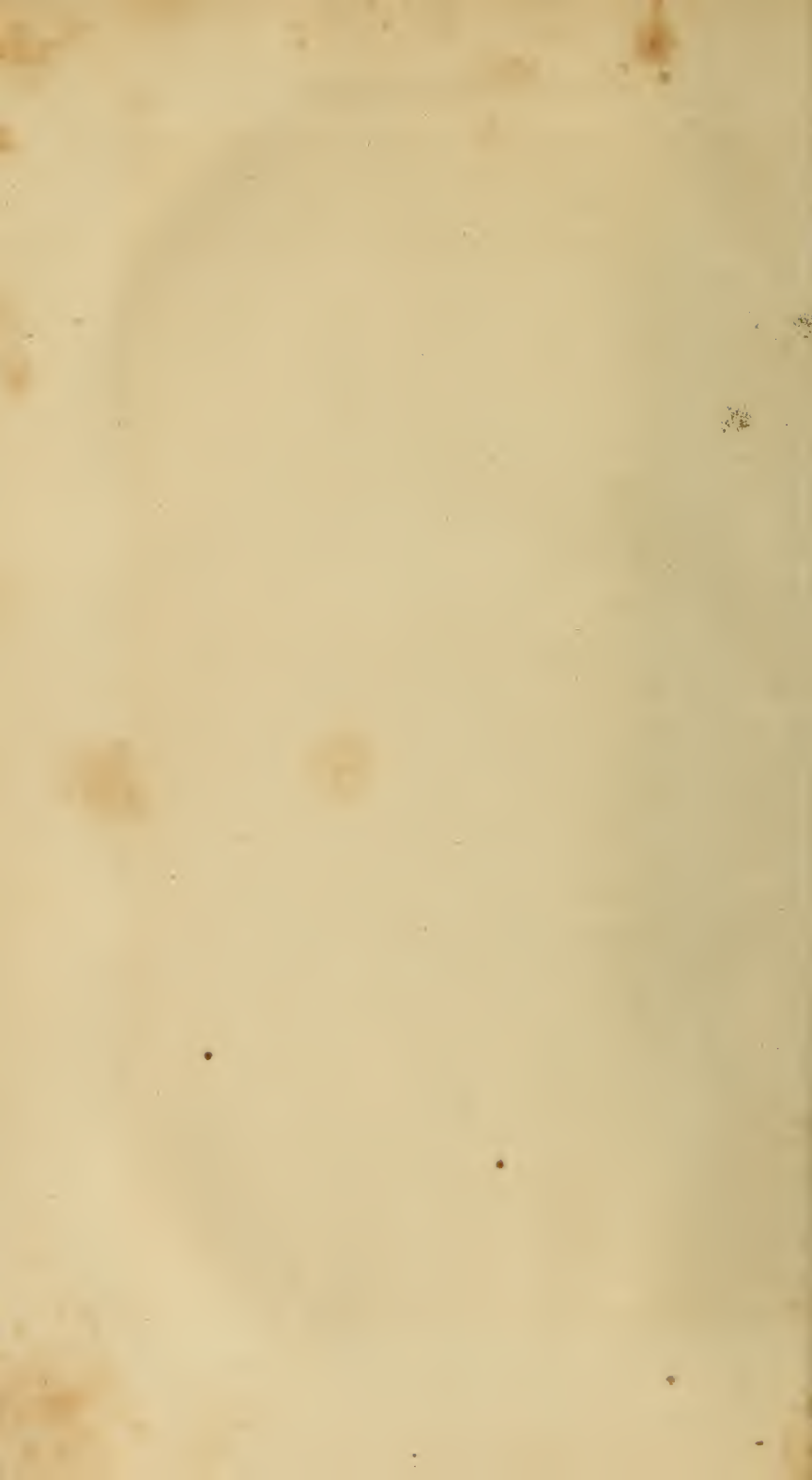
every day, as well as a quantity of water; for he wisely remarked, that it would be foolish to attempt to sink a well there, and he suspected we were the first who had ever proposed it. The lightning, he said, sometimes gave them some alarm, and the thunder seemed to burst in their ears. The wind, too, would often blow as if determined to clear the rock of them. He apologized for the want of chairs, as he offered us a seat on a sofa, by saying the difficulty of bringing them from the garrison would double their cost: but we had seen apartments arranged with less neatness and taste, though more accessible, and more exposed to the visits of strangers. The house-keeper, his wife, to whom this good order was attributable, appeared more than once at the kitchen-door, hastily reconnoitring our party, as if every stranger were of course a curiosity.

The whole space occupied by the buildings and yard is so small, and so ill-defended from the precipice on one side, that it seemed to us more like an eagle's nest than a dwelling place for men. But we had not yet reached the highest point of the rock: for the South Pinnacle rose before us like a sharp cone, above the line of the horizon, made by the sky and the Mediterranean. On the right, the side sloped with the most perfect regularity to the bay; and on the left descended with one tremendous precipice to the shore of the Mediterranean, and masses of rock, which had fallen down from above, lay at the base, half covered with water.

On our way to the South Pinnacle, we passed a wall built by the Emperor Charles V. from the top of the rock half down to the bay. The present limit of the garrison, on this side, is further north; and Charles' Wall, as it is still familiarly called, is quite



THE SOUTH PINNACLE OF GIBRALTAR
FROM THE SIGNAL STATION



useless. The level on the summit, which we reached after a long and toilsome walk, is even smaller than that at the Signal Station; and is defended on two sides from a terrible precipice by a low wall, three or four feet high. Here are the ruins of a small round tower, and of barracks intended for half a dozen soldiers. These buildings were erected by Governor O'Harra, with the vain expectation of being able to overlook the neighbouring Spanish mountains, and to open a telegraph communication with the bay of Cadiz. The mountains, however, seemed to straighten themselves at this attempt to gain an advantage on them; so that, when the tower was completed, Cadiz was as much out of sight as ever; yet sentries were stationed here regularly, until the lightning struck the tower, and killed the soldier at the door. The ruins have long been neglected, and serve no other good purpose, but to warn every body for twenty or thirty miles round, against precipitate determinations. The governor named his tower after St. George; but the world call it O'Harra's Folly.

Among the ruins we observed a broken marble slab which bore the height of that spot, ascertained by a careful measurement to be 1470 feet. Looking around and below, one feels as if suspended in the air, in the midst of a magnificent display of broad sheets of water and mountainous shores. The atmosphere was so clear that the line of the horizon was quite distinct over the Mediterranean, and a very distant promontory on the north-east jutting out from the coast of Spain first interrupted its regularity. Turning slowly to the left, the eye rested in succession on several similar points of land, till it began to distinguish hills and valleys, rocky shores, green fields, clusters of trees, and scattered houses, backed

by the noble ridge of the Grenada mountains. The land at length settles into a dead level; and the sea, making two or three long, sweeping arches, into the Neutral Ground, follows a waving margin of white sand, till it washes the base of the rock and the fragments, at a dreadful distance below.

On the opposite side of the Straits, the Rock of Ceuta, the twin-sister of Gibraltar, was seen partly hidden by surrounding hills and mountains, loaded with thick heaps of clouds; and the recollection that art had converted this place also into a tremendous battery, increased the effect of the scene. The immense plain of water formed by the Mediterranean, which stretched off to the east till it met the sky, was spotted with a few white things like flakes of snow, or sea-birds; but these proved, on closer examination, to be ships passing the Straits, and placed the concerns of men in a still more humble point of view.

Towards the south, the rock terminates at Europa Point, which is completely fortified, and may be examined with satisfaction from our elevated situation. Long ranges of artillery line the precipitous shores, zigzag roads, scattering barracks, huge insulated masses of rock, crowned with breastworks and cannon, diminished by the distance to marks and spots: all these added greatly to our preconceived ideas of the natural and artificial strength of Gibraltar.

This upper part of the rock is inhabited by nothing but a few apes of an unusual size, which are currently reported to come from Africa by a subterranean passage: and, indeed, some shadow of probability seems to be thrown upon the tradition by the foreign air of these animals, and the fact that St. Michael's Cave is near at hand, which is of so great a depth that its bottom has never been discovered.

In descending from the South Pinnacle we passed near the mouth of this cavern, and stopped to examine it. It is divided into several apartments, the largest of which is about eighty feet long, and sixty feet high, supplied with a number of broken columns, which present the most grotesque forms in the imperfect light. This is the first apartment into which we entered, and the only one light enough to be traversed without a torch. The others have columns of various sizes reaching from the floor to the roof, which are of a beautiful white, except where they have been smoked by the torches of guides; and one is often tempted to think he has discovered the sumptuous palace of some subterranean king. Some parts present the gloomy majesty of a cathedral; and the eye often betrays its credulity, by attempting to trace the imagined plan of its natural ornaments, and the course of broken, confused lines, which spring from clustered columns and seem tending to pointed arches. In one place is a striking resemblance of a small chapel, where the gradual accretion of the walls has formed a niche with rude steps; the fragments of rocks fallen from above resemble a broken statue, and the water, which is constantly trickling down, collects itself in a little clear fount. The way is frequently obstructed by broken rocks, and sometimes rendered dangerous by the neighbourhood of a yawning chasm, so deep that a pebble falls a long time before it is heard to strike the bottom. Several passages are very narrow; and one, which leads into two or three apartments of considerable size, is so small as scarcely to admit a person even on his hands and knees. The columns are sometimes of great height and wonderful beauty. They have always an uneven surface, but yet preserve a degree of regularity which well nigh inclines

one to question their being shaped by nature. A fine hall through which we passed contains the most beautiful collection of columns in the whole cavern. Here the smoke of the torches has had little effect; so that every thing appears of a clear white, and possesses an air of unusual cheerfulness. A cluster of columns standing within two or three feet of each other, were just before us, hanging like beautiful icicles from the roof, and in the midst of them was one distinguished by its regularity and richness above every other. It was scarcely three feet in diameter, fluted and filleted all over, and broken at short intervals, by projections, which were rounded on all sides like the edge of a mushroom. Looking up, it stretched 50 or 60 feet to the roof, with a perpendicular shaft; and a broad beam of light bursting through a cleft in the rock, and streaming through the dusty air, shone full upon its white, irregular surface, and upon several other columns around it. The guides then spread a sudden illumination through the cavern, by moving their torches above their heads; screaming at the same time, to set the echoes at work. Distant rows of columns began to appear on all sides; and sounds, strangely altered from those of the human voice, rang through halls and passages still beyond.

Leaving the cavern, I made the guide clamber up with me to the crevice through which the light was admitted into the upper part of this hall from without, and there the columns appeared still more beautiful, being nearly as white and pure as those of the famous Kentucky cavern, which probably surpasses all others in the world.

December 4. The population of Gibraltar is a most heterogeneous mass, consisting principally of Genoese, English, and Spanish, or their descendants. The pre-

sent number of officers, soldiers, and other men belonging to the army, is about five thousand; or, to speak with precision, four thousand seven hundred and fifty three. Many English, Irish, and Scotch should be added, who have accompanied their military relations and friends to this place of security, rather than post of danger. Beside these, there are many individuals from the various nations on the Mediterranean, particularly from the neighbouring coast of Africa. A great number of Jews are always seen in the streets, and one would think they must form a large part of the population; but they are said to amount to no more than seven hundred in all. They supply the place with shop-keepers and porters, and still retain the black scull-cap, the full trowsers cut off at the knee, and the striking appearance of wretched poverty which they brought with them from Algiers. Some of them, however, who are the worst clad, are among the richest men in Gibraltar, and, on the Jewish Sabbath, repair to the synagogue, arrayed in the splendid flowing robes which were worn in Jerusalem in the times of the prophets. From their scrupulous observance of the Mosaic Law in this respect, they are transformed in appearance, once a week, from beggars to creditable representatives of the house of Israel, and many of them to priests and rabbis of a most reverend aspect. Business is almost entirely at a stand on Saturday, for there are few retailers in the garrison who are not Jews.

The natives of this place are all known by the same general appellation, which bears no reference at all to the country of their parents: every one born in Gibraltar is of course called a "Rock Scorpion." And truly their residences are often better calculated for the nature and habits of reptiles, than for those of

men. The ground included by the walls of the garrison is so broken and steep, that many of the streets are, strictly speaking, great stair-cases; and others are supported so high in the air by stone walls, that you may almost look down the chimnies of the nearest houses. In the gardens, many trees and plants are collected, which in our own country are known only as rare and curious exotics. Here too, rocks are observed, which have been excavated, so as to form the cellars and the lower apartments of handsome houses, the upper stories being supplied by stone and mortar, while the weather-beaten surface, and the broad leaves of old palm-trees extending over the garden walls, give an appearance of respectable antiquity to the residence of many an ancient family of "Rock Scorpions," whose successive generations have witnessed, from their singular and elevated situation, the various warlike operations that have been directed against this place of strength.

The inhabitants of Gibraltar, as I have before mentioned, preserve, with great tenacity, the costumes of their several countries; so that a walk through the place is like reading a chapter of manners and customs. Many ladies appear in the street wrapped in dresses of jet black, after the Spanish fashion; while others of the inferior classes wear hooded scarlet cloaks, trimmed and edged with black. Their faces are all formed after one model, with round, sallow cheeks, tolerable features, and black eyes; and they are rarely seen without their fans, which they keep continually in motion, and which they are said to use in conversation like telegraphs. Long blue Spanish cloaks are frequently seen muffling tall men, who, whether they be wealthy merchants, or mere idlers, move with a striking air of conscious importance. The right

corner of the cloak, is thrown over the left shoulder, and the loose drapery lies in the graceful folds of the Roman toga, and is drawn up till it hides the face, and shows nothing but a pair of mysterious black eyes, looking suspiciously out upon the world.

Neither do the inhabitants confine their national partiality to dress alone: they let it follow them home; and give it a place at the table and the hearth. In one house, children are brought up on Neapolitan macaroni; in the next, the cry is for "bannocks of bear-meal, bannocks of barley!" Here, you may hear unleavened bread called for in Hebrew, during the passover; and at the opposite door, the Irish name for potatoes every day in the year.

The number of Genoese inhabitants is so great, that it may be proper to give a hasty sketch of an inn, kept by one of that nation, where I am at present lodged, particularly, as both reader and author are bound up the Mediterranean, or, as it is here familiarly expressed, "up aloft." This hotel is considered the best in the whole garrison, except two or three, but is not the resort of Americans or Englishmen. The entrance from the street is through a gateway, leading to a court surrounded on all sides by the house, which is necessarily built in the form of a hollow square. A piazza, which runs round the second story, affords a communication between the stairs and the dining rooms, sleeping chambers, &c. On the ground-floor, several doors open on all sides, into the tap-room, the kitchen, the host's private parlour, and the stables. The dinner, in effecting its way from the fire to table, has therefore to make a passage of considerable length, beside the ascent of a stair-case. But a precursor never fails to anticipate its arrival by an hour or more, in the fumes of strong small fish, fried

in oil, and the penetrating odour of garlic. Above the outer gate is a sign, which tells the world in Spanish and English, that the host keeps a large number of horses, donkies, and mules to let to such as are ambitious of a gallop to San Roque, or a ride through the "excavations." These animals are accommodated with racks and mangers in an apartment adjoining that in which the females of the house (who bear the round, foreign features of Maritorness,) amuse themselves all day with a discordant spinnet, and their incessant Genoese jargon. The weather is so warm even at this season, that none of the indwellers sit with closed doors; and the strangest composition is produced by the squealing, stamping and braying from the stable, the steams of the kitchen, and the mirth and music from the adjacent parlour.

December 5. San Roque is a small Spanish town, situated about five miles from this place, where the governor and several English merchants have country houses. A fine road has lately been opened thither, by the permission of the king; and to make a short excursion into the country from the garrison. never means any thing more than going to San Roque. We took a walk there to-day, and in leaving Gibraltar passed through the northern gates at the base of the rock, but little raised above the water level. The various artificial works which command indisputably this passage are truly admirable. The path crosses several draw-bridges, and coasts along broad ditches, whose opposite sides present only batteries of heavy cannon, planned and erected in times of peace and leisure, and kept in as perfect order as if an attack were expected to-morrow. The northern wall of the garrison overlooks a great part of the road, with its battlements and embrasures; while the loop-

holes, cut here and there through the excavated rocks, which form the substruction of its heavy towers, remind one of the fatal skill of sharp-shooters, for whom they were doubtless intended. A precipice rises on the right several hundred feet, where the Wyllys' Gallery was sleeping as it were with her eyes open; and Cornwallis' Hall stood advanced from the rock like a watch-tower, looking down with suspicion on the neighbouring coast and country. Every turn in our path brought to light some new battery; so that when we were just ready to congratulate ourselves on losing sight of a long row of guns, a double tier stood right before us; and soon afterwards we came suddenly in sight of three rows of cannon, which yawned so wide in our faces, that we looked directly down their throats.

When these were all passed, we came upon the Neutral Ground, which is sandy and quite barren, except a tract of a few acres, where the present governor has made a garden for the supply of the garrison. This spot has been manured by the sweepings of the streets, reduced to ashes, and produces a variety of herbs for the market. Here are the houses of the gardeners, which, with the large wheels for raising water turned by mules, the unknown vegetables cultivated in some of the fields, and the inclosures made of woven canes, or of a shrub with immense leaves shaped like those of a tulip, offered many picturesque little scenes.

The Spanish lines are marked by ditches, batteries, and low, white barracks; where we found ourselves suddenly among officers and soldiers wearing the uniform, and bearing the arms of his most Catholic Majesty. It was very gratifying to us, who are likely to have very little time for seeing the neighbouring country, that the face of things, even at this short distance from

Gibraltar, should assume an expression so decidedly Spanish. A few houses clustered together in this spot were built of stone, and inhabited by people who could not understand a single word of English. We stopped at a passport-office, whose master we found had public duties to perform of more than one description; for his walls were ornamented with razors, cows' tails, teeth fastened in strings, and hanging in festoons. In one corner an ancient basket-hilted sword was capped with a barber's basin, as if to convince us that we were actually in the land of Don Quixote and the peerless Dulcinea.

Two miles beyond, the road lay on the beach round the head of Gibraltar Bay, from which the governor's road led us back across the uncultivated hills and valleys we had often overlooked before. There are indeed, a few clusters of houses and patches of tilled ground; but the inhabitants wear all the marks of extreme poverty, and the soil is almost entirely neglected, spreading in unenclosed pastures, and cultivated in small fields here and there. Several gardens were fenced with rock-pears, which, though of so diminutive a size in our own country, grow here to the height of six or eight feet, and produce well-flavoured fruit. This vegetable is even cultivated in fields devoted expressly to the purpose; where it is planted in hills like Indian corn.

Three small wooden crosses, standing by the road side, denoted the places where as many murders had been committed; and a small tomb bore an inscription, purporting that a Spanish officer had fallen on that spot, while defending himself against seven Frenchmen.

We met a few Englishmen riding towards the garrison on imported horses, and ladies mounted on mules

and donkies, that were covered with gay trappings, and followed by men on foot with long sticks. The peasants who passed us never failed to take off their hats, and to cry in a drawling tone, and with no little formality : “ Sa-lud ! Sa-lud ! ”

Among the clusters of hovels on the road, were a number of inns, which fully justified the discouraging representations we had heard, of the wretched accommodations prepared for travellers in Spain. With the solitary exception of the short road we were travelling, there is not a single path for many miles around passable in carriages, and the inns are correspondent with the expectations of the travellers, who are almost exclusively muleteers. The barest necessities of life: a little wretched food and wine, the shelter of a roof, and a sack of straw, or perhaps the ground-floor for a couch, can possess few attractions in the worst circumstances, and would never be preferred to the open air on such a fine day as this. At the inns which we passed, therefore, travellers were seen lying on the ground, under the southern walls, wrapped in their blue cloaks; with their horses tied to posts near at hand : for there appeared to be no stables for their reception.

The town of San Roque stands on a steep round hill ; and, on entering it, is found to consist of narrow streets, and old fashioned houses with low stories. Here are the high, small, latticed windows, the balconies of gingerbread-work, and the general air of antiquity, which correspond with the backgrounds of many Spanish prints we were familiar with at home. An old woman and two or three beggar children conducted us with great reverence into the church, which occupies the summit of the hill, and were surprised that we did not kneel before the statues and pictures

in the various chapels. There was "Holy Mary in tears," and "Christ on the cross," represented in the most incorrect manner, and with most miserable taste.

On our way home we stopped a moment at a hut to quench our thirst. Like several others we had observed, it was built entirely of reeds, so twisted and woven as to form walls quite impervious to the weather. A sign offered to all passers-by, and to ourselves among the rest, such things as a house of this kind might be expected to afford—bread and cheese, and two or three sorts of wine of inferior quality. A low partition cut off the sleeping room, while that which we entered, and the remainder of the whole house, had a ground floor, and a recess devoted to casks and cups. The inhabitants, an honest but wrinkled pair, were then occupied at dinner, which it seems is fashionable here about one o'clock. The meal consisted of bread and a few small fishes, cooked over a pan of coals for want of a fire-place. As soon however as we could make them comprehend, with our scanty store of Spanish, that we wanted a draught of wine, they set out a light wooden table and a bench, between the two doors, in such a manner that the wind blew on us fresh from the bay; and placed before us a bottle of Malaga wine. When the old woman had dined, she took a seat near us with some coarse needlework in her hands, and with an intention half hospitable, half curious, began to remark on the pleasantness of the weather. Several fowls, and a large black pig without a single hair upon his skin, were called in appropriate chuckles, and a dish of *Indian corn* was furnished them: and we looked around us with pleasure, on the few and simple objects which supplied these honest old folks with comfort and content. The

larder and the wardrobe occupied but little space, and the few rough tools and utensils they possessed, found ready lodging between the reeds of which the walls were made; and there we observed a few bits of harmless finery, and the rosary and crucifix with which the good woman decorates herself, for a walk to the church of San Roque on Sabbath and holy-day.

The scenery under our eyes excited our admiration; for the door, humble as it was, commanded an uninterrupted view of the rock and bay of Gibraltar, the Straits, and the opposite African coast; and every vessel in the harbour and every foreign ship sailing from one ocean to the other, afforded its portion of pleasure to the tranquil minds of this aged Andalusian pair, who had looked out upon them, with little knowledge of their cargoes or their destination, for half a century. "Yet," said the good woman with a melancholy look, "the place will never again be as pleasant as I have seen it. I have had seven little children who have played around me on this floor: but the last of them died many years ago, leaving our home desolate, and every thing gloomy on which we used to look."

AT SEA.—*December 13.* Yesterday afternoon we set sail with a very light breeze and pleasant weather, and our anchor was got up at the bows, to be thrown only on the coast of Italy. This was a delightful consideration; and it was natural to look forward with pleasure towards that attractive country, so soon to lie in our possession, with all its interesting sites and venerable antiquities. An old Italian had engaged a birth on board our vessel, but we presumed some accident had happened to detain him, for though his trunk and bales were on board, and we had waited for him a length of time, he did not make his appear-

ance. All the boats coming from the shore were narrowly examined through our glass; but they either belonged to some vessel in the harbour, or were bound with fishermen or passengers to Algesiras, and in that case frequently passed us with merry jests at our foreign appearance, which we but half understood, and therefore endured very well. In the evening, the Rock of Gibraltar appeared like a sharp, conical mountain, being seen directly endwise.

At eight o'clock, when it was quite dark, and we had reached the mouth of the bay, we were hailed by a boat, that in a few minutes came along side, with two Genoese rowers and our fellow passenger. He immediately began to give orders of where to go and what to do, of which however we comprehended but little, as he spoke Italian: but there was a life and energy in his voice and manner, which promised to survive the excitement of the occasion. His hair was white with age, as was evident when he took off his hat, in spite of the darkness of the evening, and this circumstance rendered his vociferous activity still more surprising. He was soon clambering up the side—a short old man in a blue coat, tight flesh-coloured pantaloons, and a scarlet sash tied about his waist in the Spanish fashion. As soon as he touched the deck, he seemed quite wild with joy; caught the captain in his arms, embraced him like a brother, and talked his unintelligible language so fast, that he set us all laughing in spite of ourselves. Two or three Italian words, which I mustered not without much difficulty, made him quit his hold, spring upon me with extravagant joy, and exclaim in Spanish and Italian, “Ah my dear friend, how delighted I am to see you! What beautiful weather! What a lovely night!” Then skipping away as suddenly, he went to tell the boatmen to han-

dle every thing with great care, particularly the "chicorriditos." These last proved to be nothing more nor less than six green parrots, chained to their perches, which with three large trunks were handed down below.

When the boatmen came on board to receive their wages, a most ludicrous scene took place. The demand was two dollars, which the Italian pronounced in a loud voice to be exorbitant. They persisted;—and both parties were instantly in a transport of rage. The old man threw himself into a thousand nervous attitudes, each of which shook him all over; and talked so vehemently between, that his voice failed him several times, and he stopped on the verge of suffocation. Two dollars, the boatmen protested, was the least they could take, and with much throwing about of the arms and clenching of the fists, called the saints to witness that they were not extortionate. The naming of the saints however, even St. Antonio, who was repeatedly called, had no effect on the obstinate old man, who showed, besides, a wonderful dauntlessness; while to us, the exasperated boatmen seemed ready to slay him outright. At length they turned to go to their boat: but, suddenly recollecting themselves, approached the old man with extended hands, and with every appearance of cordiality wished him much happiness and a good voyage. So instantaneous a change from hot to cold was never seen in our climate;—now they had smiling faces, and reduced their loud voices to the unimpassioned tones of common conversation. The sight of a solitary dollar, which the old man tendered them in a very amicable manner, was like another shock of electricity, and a new storm ensued. The three voices were again mingled in deafening and bewilder-

ing confusion; and through the stillness of the night, the sound might perhaps have been heard even in Gibraltar. The issue was that the full price was paid; and the boatmen left us with many blessings invoked on our voyage.

Our new companion now began, in high glee, to give us the reasons of his leaving Gibraltar so late. He had got several luxuries prepared for his voyage, and when just ready to come off, recollected that they were at a friend's house on shore. But he was detained until the time of shutting the gates of the garrison, and then forced to fly from the embraces of his friends, and rushed through the crowd with the utmost precipitation, leaving behind him a quantity of fresh bread, two casks of wine, and a bottle of excellent snuff. This account was attended throughout with appropriate signs, by which alone we understood him, and fortunately he expressed himself in that way with the utmost facility. He ran about the quarter-deck, screaming and pretending to pull about the Rock Scorpions without ceremony:—he was the last through the wicket-door at the gate;—he sprung headlong from the mole into the boat. But he stopped;—the loss of his wine, his bread and his snuff came across his memory. “Oh what a misfortune!” said he, “nothing to drink but water, no snuff,” except a little he showed us in his box; and he threw up his eyes, clasped his hands, shut his lips closely together, and uttered a sigh and a groan in one breath—an explosion of grief peculiar to himself. Then shrugging his shoulders and assuming an air of great resignation, he calmly whispered, “*ma pazienza!*” [but patience!]

A new thought now struck him, and he began to search for something on deck. It was dark, and as

he felt every where, under the long-boat, and among the water-casks which are stowed near it; he talked to himself, but with such volubility that we could not separate from the mass a single intelligible word. He roared out to the boat, and received an answer which did not satisfy him: he besought them to return, but they replied coldly and proceeded. This was the perfection of his distress. He jumped, clapped his hands, and stamped; speaking exceedingly fast, and ejaculating from time to time in a voice that made our ears ring. He grew calm again however in a moment, and having said, "patienza!" told us that two of his parrots were missing. "Dos chiquitos!" he said in Spanish, [two pretty little creatures!] and then added in Italian, "Ah! ch'erano belli!" [how beautiful they were!] and hiding his face in his hands, seemed once more overcome by his loss.

AT SEA.—*December 16.* We suppose ourselves about ninety miles south-west of the island of Sardinia, and are sailing along briskly with a fine wind, and warm, delightful weather. After leaving Gibraltar, the mountainous coast of Spain and Africa long remained in sight, until the increasing breadth of the Mediterranean gradually removed them to too great a distance.

Mattia, our singular companion, is a Neapolitan; and, according to his own account, has formerly made no small display in Naples with a splendid equipage, and a gay and dissipated life. He is not inclined to particularise on the cause of a change of fortune; but hints at the treachery of friends whom he despises, and declares that he is perfectly contented to wander about the Mediterranean from port to port, as he has done for many years, carrying on a little trade, noticing the peculiarities of different countries, and visit-

ing the few friends he has left in the world. His disposition is very amiable and obliging, and his liveliness and mirth are inexhaustible, notwithstanding his age, which is full sixty. He will sit down and kiss and talk to his favourite parrot half an hour together, feed his fowls, or kill and dress them, to the tune of a Spanish fandango ; roar out “viva !” to every one that sneezes, praise the brig for a “bel barco ;” call Saint Antonio our “buon amico” for giving us a favourable wind ; and sigh with a look of meekness when he remembers the luxuries he has left at Gibraltar—“two casks of wine, two thousand segars, and a bottle of tobacco-for-the-nose :—ah, *patienza!*”

He chose to bring his own provisions with him : and retiring to a corner of the cabin three or four times a day, and ranging his parrots about him, he lays aside his red woollen cap, and prepares for a meal. A Gibraltar onion, three or four inches in diameter, with a dry biscuit, and a bit of bacon, or, on Friday, a little salt fish, is placed on a clean handkerchief, spread across his knees ; a knife is produced from a pocket where he keeps his pipe ; and, all being ready, he composes his laughing face into an expression of profound gravity, whispers a short prayer, crosses himself, and begins to eat in perfect silence. His manners have a natural polish, somewhat surprising in a man of his dress and condition ; and Captain —— is always treated with the utmost deference and respect, “because he is a thorough pilot, and commands so fine a vessel.” The whimsical old man feeds the parrots from his own scanty store ; and if the captain is present, interdicts all the social prattle in which they are fond of indulging, and holds their mouths, if they attempt to raise their voices. He delights in rummaging over the numerous articles with which his trunks are crowded :

suits of clothes of various fashions; sets of curtains, and table furniture; pictures; provisions; presents and curiosities. "This walking-stick," said he, "with a hollow to conceal money, was given me in Malaga—with this sword I killed two robbers who attacked me on the road to Rome." He has been at Tunis, and will sit down on deck, with his legs crossed under him, to show us how the Turks smoke and drink coffee. Besides, he abounds in anecdotes which he recounts to us with great force and animation; more than half by the use of signs, and never fails to excite our interest by a tale of distress, or to make us laugh at some ludicrous narrative, clothed and quickened by his own wit.

OFF SARDINIA.—*December 17.* The land was discovered about noon; and at sun-set we had approached near enough to render its mountainous coasts a feature, and a striking one, in the monotonous scenery of a maritime view, though not so near as to discover any thing smaller than cliffs and hills. Two islands, San Pietro and Anticche, lay in front, and behind them rose a tall mountain on the main land of Sardinia. This sight was sufficient to remind Signor Mattia of what he had seen on shore there during some former voyages; and we have been much amused at the expense of the Sardinians, whom he describes as half savages, living among the mountains, shooting apples off the heads of their children, riding horses without saddle or bridle, and racing up and down "like infernals."

In the height of his good nature, our fantastical companion has already began to form plans for our comfort and amusement after our arrival. His friends (for he has still a few very good friends in Naples) will supply him with an abundance of provisions, fruit, and excellent wine; the king, who is also his friend,

will abridge our quarantine. He longs to show us the street of Toledo during the masquerade, and the theatre of San Carlo, which he admires more than any thing else in the world. He professes to have a garden on the side of Mount Vesuvius, every production of which shall be at our service; and he has already given us a sketch in the language of signs, of the ludicrous procession we shall form, bestriding mules and donkies, on the way to his cottage, and to the summit of Vesuvius, whither he intends to conduct us at night with torches. Beside all this, he insists on accompanying us to Rome, though he had before no intention of going there, with the professed design of securing us against the difficulties and dangers which always await travellers on that road. His countrymen he pronounces "great thieves," and every thing faithless, with as little hesitation and reserve, as if they were all Sardinians; and therefore urges us to accept of his escort, lest we should be cheated, robbed, and perhaps murdered—which would be a shocking thing to our friends, and very discreditable to Italy, as we have been attracted from a world he had never heard of by the fame of his country. The habitual ease with which the old man converses, his vivacity, quickness of apprehension, ingenuity, shrewdness, and acquaintance with the world, (that is, with such a portion of it as he has had an opportunity to observe,) form the most striking contract with his low stature, and his unpretending dress. His beard is white, and is suffered to grow under a vow, or at least a promise, never to cut it till we shall be allowed to land at Naples.

AT SEA.—*December 20.* While approaching a new country, one finds his attention fixed, and his curiosity continually abroad, to catch the earliest intimation of

its vicinity; and is ready to trace some characteristic peculiarity in the first object he meets. We have been delayed by light or adverse winds for several days, sometimes sailing all day, and returning at night almost to the spot from which we had started in the morning, and frequently lying becalmed for hours together. Some amends, however, are made even by the clouds themselves, which seem to delight in presenting the most rich and beautiful colours at sun-rise and sun-set. They cluster about the eastern parts of the sky before the dawn, there remaining to reflect the first light of day; and then, as it increases and changes, each seizing a beam of its favourite hue, and arraying itself as with a gay and changeable robe, waits till the sun shines out fair and bright, in the midst of a profusion of blue, purple, rose, orange, and gold. The evenings, too, have been no less delightful; and we are half inclined to allow the Italian sky the superiority it claims over the whole world, though the captain declares, that, in forty years' sailing, he has never seen a coast where the stars are so numerous and so brilliant as that of America in a cold winter night. The eye of so experienced a navigator, long accustomed to observations on the sky in various climates, including several parts of the Mediterranean, is certainly worthy of no small confidence: yet, the transparency of the atmosphere, and the rich colours of the sky, I certainly have never seen surpassed. Besides, we are happy to find that nature, according to her usual taste, here delights more in delicate, than in gaudy hues, and in rich combinations, rather than strong and glaring contrasts. This season of the year is usually the most unfavourable, as the winter in this southern part of Italy is little better than a succession of cloudy, rainy, cold, and misty weather:

and the unexpected calms by which we have been detained for several days, as well the probability of dangerous winds, have affected the spirits of some on board, particularly Signor Mattia. The guardain saint of all sailors had showed him a particular favour, in carrying the vessel from Gibraltar to Sardinia in four days; so that, like most other men in prosperity, he had calculated on many successive blessings. He feels himself bound, however, to conceal his disappointment, lest the holy saints should lose credit in the eyes of us unbelievers; and on hearing a remark yesterday, that St. Antonio was no longer our friend, he insisted that we were all his favourites as much as ever, but that he doubtless had other friends who were bound westward, and the winds had changed on their account. Then taking up the tone of an instructor, which better suited his gray hairs than the accustomed levity of his conversation, he added: "My dear friends, you must not expect uninterrupted prosperity: this is not the world for perfect happiness. *La ros' ha bel odore, ma tenga una spina che vi spunge.*" [The rose has an agreeable odour, but it has also a thorn to wound you.] "The friendship of a saint," remarked one of the party, "is at present of very little value. We might have head winds and calms if left to ourselves. There is no need of St. Antonio." "There is need of patience," he replied a little tartly, and turned on his heel.

This morning I stood beside him, looking towards the east where the sun was rising among broken clouds, tinging their edges with dazzling light, and shooting up broad red beams through every aperture, while the waves around us, and every cloud in the distant parts of the sky, like ripening fruit, presented a blushing cheek to the sun. "What a beautiful sight!"

exclaimed the old man; "such a sun, such a sky at this season, when it is usually so cloudy and cold! Thanks to St. Antonio, we have still delightful weather; and, by his blessing, we are now so near our port, that seventy hours of the very best winds would bring to our destined anchorage." This was so ingenious, and spoken with so much sincerity, that I had no heart to tell him the saint's conduct, in deserting us at this moment, seemed so much more inexplicable; and with happy resignation he repeated, "*La ros' ha bel odore.*"

Dec. 21. *One o'clock in the morning.* We discovered a strange light before us a little while ago, which is remarkably red, and keeps disappearing and shining again, but too irregularly for a light-house. Our nautical books are entirely silent on the subject; and the captain was certain there was no beacon hereabouts, when he was on this coast fourteen years ago. It is evidently at a great distance, yet its size is such as discountenances the opinion that it is artificial; and its shape is no less singular, being long and narrow. It remains bright for a moment, and then, gradually fading, soon becomes quite invisible: it reappears with a flash, like a transparent column illuminated by a sudden fire. "*Vesuvius!*" cried a man in the shrouds; and every one on the suggestion was convinced that the mountain was in a state of eruption, and we are happy at the prospect of witnessing the burning of a volcano.

Dec. 22. Mattia agrees with us in our opinion of the light, but seems to regard it as a matter of no consequence, except as it proves our vicinity to Naples—a city he speaks of in the most unbounded praise. Slight eruptions of Vesuvius occur every year; and he declares that the lava now flowing down its sides will

undoubtedly become cool and stop, long before it reaches the villages at its foot, or even the vineyards above them.

We found, to our disappointment, that the land we had first discovered was not Ischia, but Ponza, one of a cluster of islands off Gaeta, and about sixty miles north of the bay of Naples. The weather this morning is clear but cold; and we are yet surrounded by the islands, which rise out of the water like walls, with high and precipitous sides of brown, yellow, and whitish rocks, presenting a dreary and discouraging view of coasts apparently inaccessible. They are supplied with a few inlets and harbours, which, from the nature of the ground, are usually hidden from the sea, so that a stranger would never suspect their existence.

Mattia's usual liveliness and humour, however, are able to throw an interest over so dreary a region as this. He tells us of a thousand little vallies and recesses among the mountains, where a rich soil has been deposited by the torrents, and where people live sheltered from the storms, among groves of olives green throughout the year. Their employments and their amusements too, he describes with surprising ease and distinctness; so that he seems no less an agriculturist and a fisherman than a sailor. After a most animated imitation of the mode in which they catch eels with long spears, one of the crew burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and declared it was "just exactly so as he'd caught 'em himself in Connecticut river."

Dec. 23. One o'clock in the morning. It has been so calm during the night, that we have hardly moved; indeed we have had so little wind for a day or two that we are almost in the very place we left yesterday morning. Vesuvius occasionally appears, whenever the intervening land is not too elevated; and yesterday

afternoon we could clearly distinguish its conical form, though at the distance of forty-five miles. By a calculation, it proves to have been full sixty miles off when the light was first observed. A few minutes ago I came on deck, and looking towards the volcano, which was shining brilliantly, a broader light appeared just below, and though much paler than the other, preserved the same appearance without change. On searching for the old man I found him sitting beside the caboose, with his pipe in his mouth, and very much agitated. His tone too was melancholy, in a degree I never had heard from him. "Ah," cried he, "how unfortunate they are at Vesuvius! My dear friend there is an eruption of the mountain!" Then taking the pipe from his mouth, he stepped out on deck, and pointing towards the light, said in a voice of unaffected sorrow, "Ah, what a fire! My dear friend, Torre del Greco has been destroyed nine times already, and I fear it is now to be overwhelmed again." "But is your garden out of danger?" "That will depend," he replied, "on the course it takes. If it runs in the old channel it is safe, if it finds a new course I shall lose all. It will cost me more than a thousand dollars. But that is a matter of no moment compared with the distress it may occasion. It is very easy for you to think lightly of the subject; but I have been in the vicinity when the mountain burst out in flames, and poured down a river of fire which swept away a town, and even drove back the sea from its shores. If you had seen the dark night illuminated by that supernatural fire, and heard the screams of wretched families flying from their homes, you would not wonder at the melancholy with which this sight always fills me. Ah, what a fire! What ruin! What devastation!" I could not but sympathize with him in his unaffected distress, and feel interested for

the welfare of a country, in which so honest and generous a heart was bound up.

The night is clear and pleasant, and the air quite dry, notwithstanding the remarkable dews which often fall in this climate, almost like showers, and have sometimes covered the deck with large drops of water. There is hardly wind enough to ruffle the sea, and the moon shines so bright, as to justify a description Virgil gives of a night scene on this coast nearly two thousand years ago.

“ Adspirant auræ in noctem, nec candida cursum
Luna negat; splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.”

[The wind blows softly in the night, nor does the white moon refuse to perform her course; the ocean glitters in the trembling light.]

Dec. 24. This evening we are beating up between the island of Ischia and the promontory of Misenum, through one of the channels into the bay of Naples. About noon we passed so near the island, that we could see white houses scattered about the shore, and cultivated grounds formed of small terraces, like sheep-paths, on a very high and steep hill. The whole island, which is sixteen miles in circuit, is in fact a single mountain, apparently of solid rock, with only a little soil collected into hollow spots. It contains several towns, some of which are celebrated for springs of various sorts, and are the resort of many strangers, principally English.

While I am writing, we have entered the channel between Misenum and the small island of Procida; the head-wind has increased to a gale, and as the captain is not acquainted with the passage, we are obliged to tack very often. Whenever we come near Procida, we can see a great many lights among the streets, some very large, and moving briskly up and down, throwing gigantic shadows of men's heads and arms against the

houses. This, our oracle says, is on account of the usual rejoicings on Christmas eve; and he wishes we were all once well on shore among the people, whose condition is so different from our own. It is with pleasure I remember my own country, and the society in which I spent this evening last year; a group of happy friends, about the generous kitchen fire of a Massachusetts farmer; and I sincerely hope to be again surrounded, at some future time, by the virtuous, cordial inhabitants, the invaluable old customs, the substantial comforts of New England.

ON BOARD, IN THE HARBOUR OF NAPLES. *Dec. 25. Evening.* After we had got well into the bay, as the gale still continued, we lay-to until morning, when we found ourselves so near the island of Capri, that the white houses were in sight, notwithstanding the misty weather. The island is much smaller than Ischia, though of equally bold outlines. We soon took a fair wind, and filled away for Naples. Occasionally the wind cleared away the mist, so that we could distinguish very high land in several directions, though it was long before we could form any idea of the peculiar beauties of the bay; and as there were frequent showers, this land of promise seemed, in no way, materially different from our own matter-of-fact country.

We made little progress for some time, on account of the changeableness of the wind, though we had a heavy sea in our favour: but things by and by began to improve, and the prospect became finer, by our gradual approach to the other side of the bay, and by the dispersing of the clouds of mist. Mount Vesuvius, which had been so entirely concealed that we knew not where to look for it, all at once freed itself from the clouds, and stood supporting a heavy column of dark smoke, which rose to a great height, and remain-

ed motionless, as if above the influence of the wind ; while the fumes were rising from two distinct courses of lava, about three quarters of the distance towards the summit. The sun now broke from the clouds, and shone full upon a range of large white structures, five or six miles ahead, spreading along the shore, and reaching up to the top of a hill, a little to the left. The cupolas of many churches appeared above, and at the distance of fifteen miles, a ridge of mountains was seen beyond them, white with snow. Twelve or fifteen ships of the line and frigates lay in full view, and the masts of many merchantmen began to be discovered, clustered close together ; and Naples lay before us in all her beauty and magnificence. On the left was Posilipo, a high hill five miles in length, descending abruptly to the water, and charmingly varied with villas and hanging gardens. Behind us, and full twenty miles off, was the island of Capri, with a broken outline like a blue cloud ; and from Capo Campanella, the southern boundary of the bay, the whole eastern shore rose hastily to dark hills, half covered with vines and olive trees, in some places succeeded by the summits of the distant Appennines. Mount Vesuvius, on the right, rose from an extensive plain, with a long gradual sweep, nearly abreast of us, marked along the shore with a narrow line of white villages, and scattered with a thousand cottages and villas, as small to the eye as grains of sand ; which shone whenever the sun touched them, and showed, by contrast, the overwhelming size of the mountain. New objects were unfolding every instant ; the city seemed extending its size ; and gardens, houses, and palaces, grew up under our eyes, like objects through a microscope.

We had soon passed the large ships of war anchored in the bay, and were under the guns of the new cas-

tle, when two boats, painted with bright colours, came round the mole, and hailed us. One contained a pilot who spoke English, and took command of the vessel without coming on board. The good-natured face of our old mess-mate was seen at the companion-way: for he had heard the noisy fellows bawling to us, now on this side, now on that; and had come up with his red cap, long gray beard, and ear-rings. One or two of the boatmen recognized him, called him "Mattia," familiarly, and a most animated dialogue instantly began, by which we were convinced that the Neapolitans are not a whit behind the inhabitants of Gibraltar in noise or gesture. We were now amidst the bustle common on such occasions, not a little increased by a large brig following us, which seemed to be in danger of running foul of our vessel; and the crew, gathering forward, screamed with all their might in French to our helmsman, who deigned not to regard them, never moving the tiller a hair, nor altering a muscle of his face. Several reports, as of cannon, had been occasionally ringing through the city; the sounds, however, soon proved to be something more impressive, for a bright flash of lightning crinkled through a cloud, and was instantly succeeded by a clap of the most appalling thunder we had ever heard. It was a succession of several loud, sharp, distinct reports, which rung and echoed among the high buildings and narrow streets, as shrill and clear as if it had been a still, frosty night. Flash after flash succeeded, attended by similar peals of thunder, which seemed to break just over our heads, drowning for a moment the various sounds of busy men, and then, rattled along the side of Vesuvius, and the high coast beyond. This was indeed an appropriate and impressive introduction to the noble scenery of the Bay of Naples.

As soon as we had got round the mole we were in still water, and found ourselves among a great number of vessels moored in rows. There was a long range of white houses, five or six stories high, lining the shore, and following it about a mile and a half to the right, in a gentle curve. Other buildings were scattered here and there on the margin of the bay, which takes a sweep of four or five miles, to the foot of Vesuvius.

Boats crowded round us with men of all conditions, many of whom recognized with great joy their singular countryman; and though some of them were fishermen in ragged clothes, and others merchants with spruce black dresses and powdered hair, they all manifested equal surprise and joy, and called him with equal familiarity plain "Mattia." Several boats came off expressly to speak with him, and after compliments and kind words returned. The old man's heart seemed actually to boil over with delight, and he often made as if he would leap from the vessel. He returned to the unbounded hilarity of childhood—he was once more at Naples, the gathering place of all his happiness; and the memory of the various scenes he had passed through since he left it, seemed to impregnate with delight the very air he breathed, and gave him a degree of importance in his own eyes, because he knew that those who live at home hold a returning traveller in great, though undefined respect. He took care, therefore, to introduce into every sentence a few Spanish words, of which he possesses some dozens; and he even laid claim to an indifferent knowledge of English, though all our instructions have hardly been able to instil into his obdurate memory, the names for ship-bread and the cabin-boy. To our surprise, the language spoken by all around us was such a jumble of

strange sounds, that we found the utmost difficulty in tracing any resemblance to Italian : indeed, we at all times judged of the subject of conversation, more by the looks, tones, and gestures of the speaker, than by the words he uttered. Their speech is quite overloaded with vowels, pronounced with great distinctness, and frequently with a monotonous drawl, like a complaining child. The old man's tongue readily joined the chime of his native dialect, and changing from its usual tone, he screamed and drawled, and became as unintelligible as his countrymen.

Among the reiterated welcomes from all sides, none were more hearty or more pleasant to behold, than those from Mattia's faithful servant, Giovanni : a pale, emaciated man, with a beseeching look, whose appearance and dress denoted the faded fortunes of his master, no less than his attachment bore testimony to the kindness of his heart. He heard, with the warmest gratitude, how St. Antonio had taken him under his care, granted him the peculiar favours of good health, a prosperous voyage, and inclined toward him the hearts of strangers. He communicated in return, various items of family news, some of which caused in his master sighs and clasped hands, and others a loud laugh, and a short dance on deck. The good fellow gladly set off for provisions, and soon returned with two gallons of excellent red wine from Vesuvius, a quantity of oranges, and two fowls dressed with sprigs of box, on account of the great feast of Christmas. Several choice dishes ready cooked, with a bundle of wearing apparel, and some "tobacco for the nose," were added by the attention of some friends, who expressed a strong desire to see the old man once more on shore.

NAPLES, ON BOARD.—*December 26.* We learn, from the American consul, that we have been sentenced

to a quarantine of twenty-one days, as a quantity of nankins, of which our cargo partly consists, are considered peculiarly susceptible of contagion: because no official accounts have lately been received from Spain, although the plague had entirely disappeared long before we left Gibraltar. We are to leave this harbour, therefore, as soon as possible, and go to Nisita, a small island in the bay of Pozzuoli, which is a recess in the great bay of Naples, about five miles distant. This is a great disappointment to us, after the hopes we have entertained of being speedily allowed to land, and to mingle with the crowds of the city, which we have already reconnoitred with our glasses along the quays, and in front of the tall white buildings which cluster on the shore. There we see citizens riding by in coaches and on horseback; peasants gaudily dressed; and groups of pale and wretched beggars, all unconscious of our observation.

Two musicians have taken the pains to honour our arrival with a most singular serenade. One of them, an old man of seventy, bore an instrument like a bagpipe in form, but of triple the size, called zambognada; and the other, a boy of twelve, played a sort of flageolet, called ceramele. They were dressed in coats of sheep-skins, the sleeves of which were of separate pieces, fastened together with a strap behind. Instead of stockings, they wore rags upon their legs, bound about with strings. The boy had a high conical hat, and a leathern pocket, or scrip, hung by his side; and the dress of both was so singular and antiquated, that we concluded they must be the inhabitants of some secluded spot, inaccessible to the changes of costume, and the votaries of a fashion at least a thousand years old. They were from some distant part of Calabria; and our mirth was not a little exci-

ted by their discordant notes, sometimes accompanied with dancing. The boy would occasionally check his pipe, and substitute a cracked voice, with the gesture, air, and gravity of an accomplished singer, and with a most irresistible effect.

Some Neapolitan troops embarked to-day for Sicily; and it was a melancholy sight to watch the friends of the soldiers, crowding the shore to bid them farewell, and then to observe through the spy-glass, the down-cast looks and last signals of friends and sisters, sons and mothers.

We have received various accounts respecting Matia. One says that he has squandered an estate of an hundred thousand dollars:—an immense sum in this country, and has become poor and crack-brained, in consequence of his prodigality and dissipation. Another declares, that he is still very rich, but will soon reduce himself to indigence. Some choose to evade a precise answer, by shrugging their shoulders mysteriously, and tapping their foreheads, so as to leave it doubtful whether they mean that he has lost his wits, or that he never had any.

NISITA, IN QUARANTINE.—*December 27.* The morning was delightful, as we made sail and moved into the bay, with a light wind, on our way to this retired spot. Vesuvius stood behind us, with nothing between but two frigates, and several fishing vessels. We sailed along near the shore of Posilipo, which is a steep hill several hundred feet high, and five miles long, and whose broken surface has been cut down with great labour into terraces, and thus is covered with hanging gardens. Here we passed by vineyards, orange-groves, and fields of flowers, interspersed with many beautiful houses, and villas, and varied by the natural undulations of the surface. A fine road, the

work of Murat, traverses the hill, gradually rising from the shore, crossing numerous ravines on arched bridges, and reaching the summit near the western extremity, which is a bluff, three or four hundred feet high, and overlooks, at the distance of half a mile, the island of Nisita, the place of our retirement.

North-west from this spot is the bay of Pozzuoli, whose hilly coast was formerly covered with many magnificent cities, and was the most populous tract of country in all this vicinity. Here were the harbours of Puteoli, Julius, Baiae, Misenum, &c. the cities of Puteoli, Cumae, Baiae, Baulis, Linternum, and Misenum; the lakes of Avernus and Acheron; the Elysian Fields: and, in short, all that region sometimes called the Baian coast, once so crowded by the edifices of the luxurious citizens, and the magnificent emperors of Rome, and into whose history Virgil has thrown so much of the enchantment of poetry.

As we came slowly round the island of Nisita, this noble bay gradually opened to our view: but the irregular hills by which it is surrounded, bore no signs of inhabitants, except two or three villages, situated several miles from each other; and the soil was not only destitute of trees, but unenclosed and neglected, presenting every where a surface brown with dry grass.

The dreariness of this scene was the more striking, as it succeeded the bustle of Naples; and our spirits began to sink at the melancholy prospect before us, till having sailed under the lofty cliffs of the island, from which an old castle was looking down, we got round the mole, and entered the quarantine ground. Here, under the shadow of a precipice two hundred feet high, lay at their moorings seven or eight vessels loaded with wheat, from the Black Sea, modelled with peculiar beauty, and manned with Greek sailors, whose





Drawn by the Author

Dionford. sc.

GREEK SAILORS

singular costume at once excited our surprise and our mirth: for while their loose coats, flowing trowsers, and coloured turbans, made us question whether they were not women, their deep scowling eyes, and black mustachios, gave them the expression of fierce banditti.

We soon came to our destined moorings, with the row of Greek vessels on our left, under the shade of the island, and almost touching the *Enigheden af Sandborg*, a Danish brig, which lay within a few yards of the shore. The striped volcanic rocks which almost overhang us, are worn so ragged by the elements, as to present a fantastic outline, when seen against the sky; and the chirping of little birds is heard among the shrubs clustering in the crevices, and the ever-green olive trees peeping over the verge of the precipice, which rises to such a height above us, that it threatens to intercept the sun's light nearly half the day. In front, at the distance of half a mile, is the bold bluff of Posilipo, formed of yellowish volcanic rock, and descending on the left to the valley of Bagnuoli, which is covered with a forest of tall trees, supporting vines in beautiful festoons. Two or three mountains on the other side of the bay of Naples, are visible between Nisita and Posilipo; and at the base of the latter stands a small insulated rock, called the Lazaretto, where the stores for quarantine goods are formed, partly by building, and partly by excavations. The view is bounded on the left by a range of uninhabited hills, terminating at Pozzuoli; a miserable town on the scite of the ancient Puteoli. From this place, opens the broad bay of the same name; which, with the opposite coast of Baiae, about four miles distant, is brought under our view by going up the shrouds high enough to overlook the mole.

Mattia has conceived so strong a prejudice against the whole Greek nation, that he particularly requested we would say nothing to them, and even that we would not look that way; professing to know them of old, and to have found them even worse than the Neapolitans: "and they," he cried, beginning to change colour again, "they are a nation of thieves and robbers.—Oh! how hard it is to be the victims of their plots;—to be consigned to the pilfering hands of the quarantine guard," pointing to their hut on the mole, "and to the Cavagliere, and his gang," pointing at the Lazaretto, "and all under pretence of a dread of the plague! Oh! this vessel that came from Gibraltar to Sardinia in four days, and our captain, the best pilot that ever sailed the Mediterranean!—let me tell you, I know Naples—I know Neapolitans—I tell you they have brought us here to rob us—I wish with all my heart the king were in the city; he is my friend, and never would have permitted us to come to this place. It is the most unfortunate thing that could have happened to us, that he is gone at this time. Every thing goes wrong with us. It is only three or four days since he sailed for Leghorn, to meet the congress of sovereigns at Laybach. But this is a pretence; he never intends to return. The government has been overturned by the Carbonari, who last summer proclaimed the constitution of Spain, and have now become so powerful, that it is no longer safe for the monarch of the country to remain in his own dominions. His son Ferdinand is regent, or, as he is called, General of the Constitution: but he is a revolutionist, and cares little for the friends of his father. His father has called me friend. I knew him when he was a *chico*, [a little boy,] and he never has forgotten Mattia. I had once a large parrot with silvery eyes, the most

beautiful bird in Italy. I bought it for an immense sum; for, whatever you may think of me now, I once threw gold away by hand-fulls. The king saw it, and inquired if I would sell it. I told him I valued it more than money; yet, said I, all I have is my king's, and if he will accept of the bird, I shall feel myself most highly honoured. The next day he offered me the command of a frigate; but I told him that I merited nothing, by his acceptance of my gift he having left me doubly his debtor. Oh! he never would have permitted me to come to this den of thieves. Yet things are changed, and mark well, and remember my words, "Il re di Napoli non ha più regno—il re di Napoli non è più re." [The king of Naples has no longer a kingdom—the king of Naples is no longer a king.] But captain, my dear captain, trust to me. You shall not be wronged. I am a Neapolitan as well as they, and will prevent their impositions. I know the prices of things on shore, and in these scales I will weigh what they sell you, and detect their short weight. Do not be cast down, then—patienza! By and by we shall get on shore, and all our troubles will be ended." So saying, his countenance brightened, and he began to dance a fandango, with the agility of a boy; then clapping us on the shoulders, and looking cheerfully into our faces, he brought out his wine, and pledged us in a bumper, saying there was no reason for being either melancholy or abstemious, for the surrounding coast was peopled with his friends, and he was sure of supplies as abundant as if he were at Naples itself. "I have friends," said he, "at Pozzuoli, at Baia, at Procida, at Ischia, at Capri, at Posilipo, and," to complete a Neapolitan enumeration, "*nell' inferno.*"

NISITA.—*December 28.* When the water sparkles at night, it is considered, in the Mediterranean, a precursor of easterly weather. Last evening the waves shone like liquid fire; and to-day we have a wind from east-south-east, with clouds, and a few drops of rain.

The yellow colour, and the granular appearance of the romantic precipices of Posilipo and Nisita, led us to suppose them formed of sand; but on close examination, they proved to be solid masses of volcanic rock, of surprising hardness, and of that description sometimes denominated Pozzolana, from the neighbouring town of Pozzuoli. The bare precipice above us betrays innumerable concentric strata, of different shades and hues, which preserve the same undulations, from the summit to the surface of the water, and are evidently sunk a considerable distance below. Each of these layers, varying in thickness from two or three inches, to several feet, imbeds a great many bits of volcanic stones, which seem to have dropped from the air while the mass was still soft, and retain their form, colour, and texture. Some of them are little sparkling grains, others, small pumice stones, or compact fragments, like variegated marbles, and others still are lumps of black cinders, or scoriae, which mineralogists distinguish by the name of bombs. This singular formation I can account for in no other way, than by supposing it the result of numerous depositions of sand and ashes, thrown out at different periods by the several volcanoes in the neighbourhood. Whether this will be thought even plausible, I know not, for I am not skilled in theories; but it seems possible that such a mass, after a course of time, and exposure to wet, might become indurated, as these

very rocks, when ground to powder, are well known to make a most durable mortar. The principal objection seems to lie in the number of layers, and the astonishing accumulation on the original surface of the earth.

Whatever be the geological history of this vicinity, however, the appearance of the rocks is strikingly singular and picturesque. The dashing of the water has worn many little caverns at the base, which often give a hollow echo to the waves, while the face of the precipice presents many similar irregularities. Mattia declares it to be the universal tradition, that the cliffs above us at some former age were washed by the ocean, which has since receded to its present level. The warm, yellowish hues of the rocks, form a beautiful contrast with the green shrubs and flowering vines, which fasten themselves in every little crevice, though it is impossible to discover the least particle of soil.

The discharging of our cargo has begun, and we have been allowed to land at the Lazaretto, and amuse ourselves as well as we could on that little rock. We found it the residence of half a dozen ragged fellows, and it was not a little surprising, when we stepped out of the boat, to find that they all avoided us, and shrunk into the nearest corner, screaming aloud, if we approached, apparently in the greatest distress. We were not a little irritated at what looked so much like a premeditated insult; and the sailors were ready to fall upon the wretches with the boat's oars. But Mattia begged we would not notice them, saying, that as we were in quarantine, the mere touch of our clothes would subject them to a strict confinement for twenty days; and he at length effected a general pacification, and arranged matters so that we

might pass and repass with the greatest convenience; for he showed as much familiarity with the rules of the place, as if he had been in quarantine half his days. Besides, this singular philanthropist knew half this society by name; and the arrival of "Mattia" seemed to them the harbinger of much enjoyment: for they soon ranged themselves at a convenient distance from him, and listened to what he said, with the looks of men expecting to be pleased. He seasoned his discourse with gifts of tobacco; and occasionally, taking a pinch of snuff, he placed his box on the ground and retired, while his audience helped themselves, and prepared for another of his long stories; which, if we might judge from the laughter they produced, (for the dialect was utterly unintelligible,) were well worthy of record.

Even the limited space afforded by the Lazaretto, proves an agreeable retreat from the vessel, particularly as it commands a much more extensive view, and being exposed to the wind is usually surrounded with dashing waves. There are two little gardens on the brow of a precipice forty and sixty feet above the water, which are supplied with earth brought in boats, and, even at this season of the year, are full of many vegetables we have never seen before, all in a most flourishing condition.

We are indebted to the old man, not only for a great deal of amusement, but for many opportunities of observing the peculiarities of Neapolitans: for he seems to delight in stirring them to the greatest show of hostility, and then in pacifying them, as if to exhibit his countrymen in every point of view. This, though not very comfortable to the subjects themselves, is deeply interesting to him, and was at first highly amusing to us: for it seems that the wordy quarrel he

brought with him when he came on board off Gibraltar, is a fair specimen of half the employment of those by whom we are daily surrounded. These are principally pale, ragged, and effeminate men, without much ostensible business, and apparently the surplus of a beggarly population. But they are, if possible, still more noisy than idle; and if they do five times less than ordinary men, they talk ten times more. A single word of raillery from the old man, is sufficient to raise their hasty spirits to the boiling point, and a most violent ebullition is the immediate result. But a cause of provocation is never long wanting among themselves: for scarcely a boat leaves the shore, without an insulting address from some quarter, which never fails to bring on a retort, and an engagement of tongues soon becomes universal. The recruits are as noisy and violent as the principals; fists are clenched, bodies thrown into contortions like violent spasms, and the most tremendous oaths poured out in torrents. At first we looked with dread at such signs of deadly rage, and expected blood and broken heads: but in an instant all became quiet, and proceeded as if nothing unusual had happened. Unusual indeed it was not, but unaccountable it is still; and we are as much at a loss to explain these sudden transitions from one extremity of feeling to the other. Mattia's mind is certainly wrong, but where, it is difficult to tell: for many of those extravagances which seemed to stamp him as a madman, are now converted into national peculiarities. He is not, as I can see, a whit more irascible than his countrymen. They all fly into fits of passion as hastily, and yet show that they possess the same control over themselves when in a frenzy. The loud voices and drawling tones which they assume on such occasions, have so often proved them all a set of noisy

cowards, that we no longer give them any notice. We hear them quarrelling twenty times a day, but not a blow has yet been struck. "If they were Yankees," was the reflection of one of our sailors, "half of them would have been dead long ago." Their behaviour forms, indeed, a striking contrast with the noiseless and unimpassioned lives of ourselves, the Danes, and the Greeks, who are all too proud to be affected by their useless clamour. Yet, when undisturbed by passion, the Neapolitans show a vivacity of mind, a propensity to humour and satire, and a natural ease of expression, above all other men I have ever seen. The most degraded of those around us, will often enter into a conversation with the greatest appearance of wit, fluency, and easy gesture. They never speak without making a motion of the limbs or body correspondent to their words, so that they may be said to speak two languages at once. A deaf and dumb person would often comprehend their meaning, by observing the innumerable and expressive signs with which they enforce their words; and they exceed the French in this particular, at least as much as the French exceed ourselves.

NISITA.—*Dec. 29.* A boat came rowing from Pozzuoli to-day to bring Mattia a present of wine, oranges, &c. with a notice that the friend who had sent them intended to pay him a visit, and bring his wife and children to meet him on the mole. "Three beautiful children!" exclaimed the old man, "two *chicos* and a *chicorridito*," for he really loves miniature men and women, and maintains the staunch bachelor doctrine that he alone truly enjoys their smiles and prattle, who is able to fly from their tears and their inharmonious complaints. The Spanish words above quoted, mean *small*, and *very small indeed*; and these, in the jargon he

uses to us, are applied equally to the glass for rossoglia, (the famous Neapolitan cordial,) a coal for lighting his pipe, and to Sam, our little cabin-boy.

To-day, by a most unlucky accident, the favourite parrot of our non-descript messmate flew on board the Greek brig beside us, much to his chagrin: for he dreaded lest the guards should discover it, and interdict its return, as the Greeks lie under an eternal quarantine, on account of the plague which now rages on the coasts of the Black sea. The crew of the brig collected about the parrot as soon as he touched the deck, and formed a group truly Asiatic, with their round jackets, loose trowsers, legs bare from the knee, and some of them with shaggy great coats and hoods. Their turbans were of different colours, and showed a tuft of red cloth, or dark hair on the crown. A request was made that the guard might not become acquainted with the circumstance, (for many of the Greeks understand a little Italian,) and a young man, of a finely-proportioned and muscular frame, came forward with a few words in Greek, and took the "chicorridito" under his charge. This was the commander of the vessel; who, by the strength and manly beauty of his form, his regular and expressive features, and, above all, by the native dignity of his carriage and behaviour, would have figured at the head of a fleet. His face possesses many of the peculiarities for which ancient sculptors manifest so decided a fondness, though yet varied and tamed in such a manner, as to be entirely free from that faultless insipidity which is at first their most striking expression. The national physiognomy may be traced through the whole crew, and the effect of it is much heightened by their black mustachios, and their hair which hangs in curls almost to the shoulders, after the ancient

fashion preserved in the Apollo Belvidere and many other statues.

These men are all active seamen, decidedly more so than any others we have ever seen; though they make, to our eyes, an awkward figure aloft, and look, when they are handing the sails, not unlike a council of old women. The Greek merchant vessels are considered the finest models in the whole world: but the men are deficient in that skilful and neat performance of their duty, which our sailors regard with so much delight, as the perfection of their art. Several of the vessels near us are well armed, and they all carry such large crews, as to ensure their safety against the attacks of both cruisers and storms.

NISITA.—*January 1.* Yesterday morning, (it being both Sunday and the last day of the year,) several boats came to visit the vessels, and to supply such persons as were inclined to buy, with religious pictures, crucifixes, &c. Each of them contained a priest or two, who succeeded in bartering a few of their wares, and obtained in return money for themselves, and wine for their rowers. The Greeks were their principal customers, for their own church resembles that of Rome in some particulars; and the noble young captain in the adjoining vessel kissed, with great solemnity, the emblems he thus obtained.

The day was bright and warm, and in the afternoon we went to the Lazaretto. Every thing was still, except the dashing of the waves against the base of the rock, forty feet below. Towards the south-east, the eye ranged, without interruption, over a part of the bay of Naples, bounded at the distance of near twenty miles by a ridge of blue mountains, ending at Cape Campanella; beyond which was the bold form of Capri, and the sea beyond, soon intercepted by the little neigh-

bouring island of Nisita, sloping towards us, and covered with vineyards and olive groves. Several vessels were sailing for the harbour of Naples; but not one of them turned her course towards the bay of Pozzuoli and her numerous ports, once so important in commerce and in war. From the northern precipice of Nisita, under whose shelter the quarantined vessels lay at their moorings, this bay opened to view, with its opposite shore, four or five miles off. Saving two or three villages, the hills were varied only by a few shapeless heaps, the ruins of edifices, which, under the empire of Rome, gave this scene a degree of magnificence, of which Naples, with all its splendour, can afford us but a faint idea. To realize with what throngs this coast was once populated, and then to turn and look upon it as it now is, strikes the mind like the sudden shifting of scenes in a drama. The soil is neglected and wild, the navies have disappeared from their anchorage, the sounds of life from an overflowing population, have given place to a solemn silence, and the deserted bay of Pozzuoli spreads out before us: a bare sheet of water, on which nothing is seen but the crazy boat of some wretched fisherman. It is not the silence of well-earned repose, and of calm meditation, such as overspreads our country on this Sabbath: but it is the stillness of desertion and ruin.

HARBOUR OF NAPLES.—*January 15.* After a fortnight more spent in the monotony of quarantine, we this morning received permission to unmoor; and the sailors immediately began this work, with a loud “yo-heave O!” which, in the clear morning, rang among the rocks like the notes of a bugle. So light was the wind that the sun set before we reached Naples, and the bright red in the west threw a brilliant hue upon the waves, where it mingled with a rich blue borrowed

from the sky, like the play of colours on a dove's neck. When the twilight had succeeded, this rich tint still remained, though much faded, and partially broken by several English and French frigates lying at anchor in the bay. In the east, the moon was beginning to shine over the mountains; and the water, when disturbed by the passing of a boat, sparkled like silver dust; Vesuvius, rising dark and almost to the moon, was spotted by different masses of the flowing lava, like red-hot iron; and threw a long train of light upon the bay, where it was darkened by the shade.

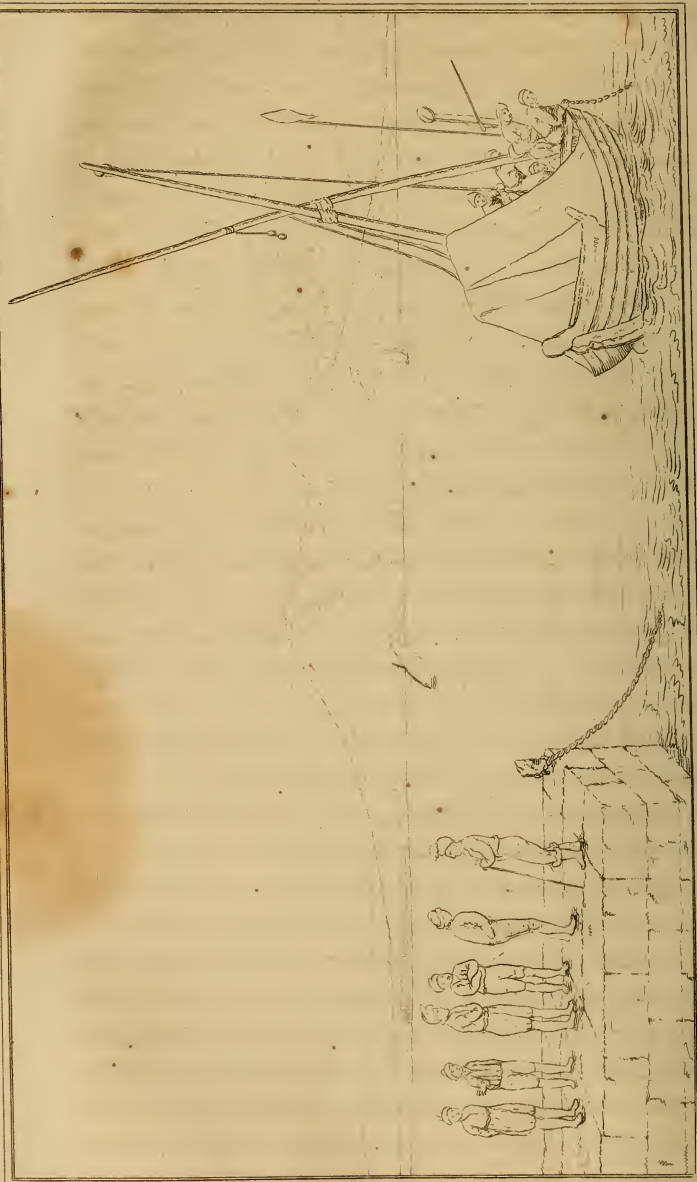
As the carnival is to begin to-morrow, we were led to expect unusual signs of festivity; and, as we approached the city, a thousand lights were moving along the shore. Candles shine from the windows, at different heights, and torches from the fishing-boats in the harbour. Many of them are constantly moving, frequently hidden by passing crowds, and each throws a bright ray upon the water, so that the scene is not unlike that presented by one of our meadows, when illuminated by a host of fire-flies on a still summer evening. A confused but musical sound is heard from the city. It is the bustle of the crowd of Naples on a holy-day evening, mixed with the chiming of bells, the explosion of fire-works, which resembles the roll of a drum, the loudest notes of many a distant serenade, and the roar of the surf dashing against the shore.

January 18. The celebrated scenery of this vicinity is of a peculiar description. The bay of Naples is well nigh thirty miles in diameter; and this immense basin, or goblet, as the Neapolitans are fond of denominating it, is surrounded by mountains on a corresponding scale of magnificence. As if to add a master-stroke to the scene, a volcano is introduced, with all that is imposing in its size and figure, and all the sublimity of a depository of power so enormous,



MOUNT VESUVIUS

Lazzaroni



so mysterious, whose terrible effects are seen in devastated fields and ruined cities. It rises near the shore, from an extensive and fertile plain, at first with a slope so smooth and gradual as to be hardly perceptible, then steeper and steeper, till its upper part is a perfect cone, like the heap of sand in the bottom of an hour-glass, and formed in the same manner, by materials supplied from the top. In addition to the various appearances which, in common with other mountains, Vesuvius assumes from the changes of season and weather, the smoke, which is continually ascending from the crater, gives an important variety to it at every change of wind, light and shade. When it is perfectly calm, the smoke rises to an immense height, like a noble column supporting the sky: at other times, it flies to such a distance that it forms all the clouds that are to be seen, and heightens the scene at sun-set, by a reddish dusky hue, peculiar to itself. This morning the sun rose a little southward of the mountain, among piles of broken clouds, which dazzled the eyes with red, yellow, and orange-coloured light. The wind was strong from the north-east, and, blowing the smoke from the crater, rolled it slowly down the side of the mountain, in a dense, unbroken volume. At two-thirds the distance to the plain it lifted itself up, and forming a fine curve, rose into the air much higher than the crater, growing broader and brighter, till it assumed the colours of the clouds and mingled in their company. For half an hour, the mountain was entirely in the shade: but when the light of the sun at length shone over the summit, it fell upon the descending volume of smoke, and tinged the edges of its ten thousand little curls. A view like this is worthy of being longer dwelt upon, if it could be adequately described:—the mountain seemed pouring out a flood of coined silver.

NAPLES.—*January 20.* Our quarantine having expired, we stepped on shore this morning, among a crowd of pale and ragged men, who extended their hands, not to welcome us into their country, but to beg for alms. “Take care of your pockets, gentlemen,” cried our friends—“they are great thieves.” “Keep your mouths shut,” said Mattia, (or something like it,) “they will steal your teeth.” The buildings are very high, the streets narrow, and crowded with people bustling about among a thousand shops, whose windows are stocked with articles of all sorts exposed for sale. The Corso, which is one of the finest streets, appeared to us inconvenient, both by its narrowness and its want of side-walks: for foot-passengers are obliged to mingle among horses and coaches, to the no small risk of life and limb, in a most motley crowd; and we were often forced from the wall by a row of orange-women, or other little merchants, who are permitted to occupy some parts of the narrow pavement. This new scene was quite bewildering. Citizens were passing by at various paces, all wearing black mustachios, which are here considered necessary for soldiers; and, since the proclamation of the Constitution, every man holds himself ready for its defence. The state of things is extremely doubtful. An Austrian invasion is regarded as almost inevitable, sooner or later, and the presence of so many French and English ships of the line and frigates, twelve or fifteen in all, which have been collecting in the bay for some time without any avowed object, has caused suspicion and uneasiness. Many persons, both foreigners and natives, are removing with their property to other countries; and the little money-changers, who sit at the corners to give copper for silver and gold, without discount, prove practically the increased value of the precious metals.

It was amusing to observe the street-scribes, whom we frequently passed, seated with small tables before them, and all the materials for writing. This is a description of persons, I believe, found no where else, though they certainly seem to be considered here of the utmost importance, by those who need their services. These are chiefly soldiers, who wish to communicate with their friends at home, and some of them assume the penitent air of a wild son, or the glistening glance of a faithful absent lover, while they stand at the ear of the scribe, and dictate their epistles. A Hogarth would love to perpetuate on his canvass the groups they often formed, and catch the half comic expressions of abstraction and diligence in their respective faces, while the sigh is translated into written language, the letter sealed and the money paid.

There is something peculiar in the physiognomy of the Neapolitans—round faces, black eyes, dark complexions, and a national resemblance remarkable only by a stranger, but as palpable to him as the strong family likeness in brothers and sisters.

The consul and the members of an American mercantile house, to whom we brought letters, have received us with a cordiality which testifies the attachment they retain to their country, after a long residence in a land of strangers; and to them, as well as to the Americans in Gibraltar, we are already indebted for many offices of kindness.

In the evening we looked down, from an upper window, upon the funeral of one of the king's old generals, which passed along the street, from a church in which it had lain some hours, to the "Holy Field," without the city, where many of the dead are now interred. A long procession of troops proceeded in silence, while the lamps shone on their arms and

steel helmets, yet left them in such obscurity, that the antiquated and foreign aspect of the houses, with the motley crowd of gazers at window and balcony, sometimes brought to mind a crusade army, sometimes a Roman legion. Forty friars followed, muffled in white frocks, and bearing lighted candles, their faces concealed by linen caps, with holes for the eyes, and shaded with broad black hats. All at once the trumpets struck up a dead march; and long after the procession had passed by, we heard volleys of musketry fired over the grave.

A gentleman who had politely offered to conduct us to the landing-place, for fear of some accident in the darkness of the evening, stepped into the boat to accompany us to the vessel, as we have had no opportunity to seek for a hotel. With much enthusiasm he referred to the liberal institutions of America; but his praises of our country would have flattered us still more, if he had shown any distinct idea of the subject. He is quite young however, and many of his countrymen may be much better informed; though, to confess the truth, after this introduction to Naples, with its dizzying bustle, and stunning sounds, I believe we are all willing to allow, that it is difficult to form an intimate acquaintance with any people, except by personal contact and observation. Our friend however showed that warmth of manner, while speaking of the situation of affairs, and declared with so much enthusiasm, his resolution and that of his countrymen to be free or die, that I am sure we shall think of him, wherever we are, when we hear of the termination of their contest. On taking leave to return on shore, we were obliged to yield to the fashion of the country; for, in spite of his long mustachios, he insisted on giving each of us a memorable salute on the lips. A

momentary silence ensued among us, which was caused by our making involuntarily a mental inquiry, whether similar things were likely often to occur; though it is certain, that in the case of so warm a heart, the true value of a kiss should not be regarded as diminished by a long beard. But after all, how difficult it is for a traveller to foresee “through what new scenes and changes” he must pass!

NAPLES.—VESUVIUS.—*January 20.* We had fixed on to-day for making an excursion to Vesuvius; and according to a previous arrangement, Mattia, that compound of eccentricity and good nature, was put at the head of the expedition. At sun-rise a carozza, (a sort of four-wheeled carriage with a bellows top,) stood ready for us; and notwithstanding its size, was made to contain our whole party, including the officers of the vessel. Little Sam, the cabin-boy, rode behind, his presence being insisted upon by the old man, who had given him his word that he would carry him to Vesuvius, for he takes equal delight in the happiness of old and young. It was a clear, delightful morning; and as we rolled swiftly along the curved shore, the little fountains seemed to play with unwonted life and freshness. When we had emerged from the shade of the long line of houses, which borders the margin of the water for a mile or more, the view opened upon the great plain on the left; the bay lay spread out beautifully on the right, with its mountainous shores and distant islands; and Vesuvius stood majestically in front, with all the smoke of its crater rising to an immense height, through the still air. Fishermen were collected along the shore preparing their nets, or pushing off their boats, with that air of languor in their motions and postures, which in pictures seems so much like the creation of the artist.

The delightful plain on our left stretched off to the Appennines, about fifteen miles; and, though now so much changed from its ancient fertility as to be called the "Fields of Labour," instead of the "Happy Country," the tract around us seemed the richest and best cultivated ground in the world. Here are numerous gardens, which supply Naples with vegetables of various sorts, all divided by ditches, through which water is distributed from reservoirs, by means of bucket-wheels, like those used in ancient times on the banks of the Nile. The beds were covered with crops of a rich green, heightened by the dew, and by the horizontal light of morning; and the plastered and thatched cottages here and there were more picturesque than comfortable. Many peasants were on the road, with loads of vegetables on mules and donkeys, long pipes of wine in carts drawn by oxen, of a most uncommon size, and a light grey colour, sometimes working with a puny donkey, not much larger than a dog, harnessed with old ropes, and sticking to his side like a collateral circumstance. On the whole, the scene was of the fairest and brightest, notwithstanding the figure it makes when thus led out to view in the fetters of written prose; and it would have done nothing more than justice to all our feelings, had we joined our voices with little Sam, who declared it to be his full belief, that he should never see such a day again.

The immense range called the King's Granaries, is about half a mile in length; but the white villages which border the bay at the foot of Vesuvius, proved to be clusters of miserable old houses, instead of the neat and elegant structures which they had promised to furnish when at a distance; and the inhabitants, like their dwellings, excited only ideas of the most antique and slovenly fashions.

Having passed three or four distinct towns, we arrived at Portici, where we were instantly surrounded by a set of ragged fellows, leading mules and donkeys enough to carry forty men. Each tried to attract our notice by calling louder than his neighbours, and forced his sorry animals as near to us as possible, by dint of the most outrageous cudgelling. It would have been almost impossible to proceed—luckily we had reached our stopping place, and Mattia, hastily seizing some provisions he had got at Naples for our dinner, and desiring us to follow, pushed through the crowd and led us down a dark lane, where probably no inhabitant of the New World had ever strayed before. Keeping at his heels, we entered a gate, scaled an outside stone stair-case, and startled a quiet family by our sudden appearance. But all was set right by the fluent tongue of our leader, who explained to a man and his good-humoured old wife, with large eyes and curious broad ear-rings, that he should take the liberty to bring us to the house of an old friend, on our return from the mountain towards evening, to dine on the provisions he had just laid on the shelf, to wit: a leg of veal, two small animals which resembled skinned cats but proved to be lambs, together with various other articles. This proposition was heard with pleasure, though they much marvelled who and whence we could be—such singular faces, such strange clothes—men that could not understand a “Christian” when he spoke, but jumbled together an incomprehensible mass of sounds, and had doubtless come from a very far and a very strange country. Curious eyes were seen peeping at us through half-shut doors and old-fashioned latticed windows, and we were glad to hurry away and bestride the horses, donkeys and mules which we found waiting patiently for us at a corner.

Our saddles were so old, and the animals had been so cruelly disfigured by the galling of various harnesses before, that it was difficult to tell which was saddle, and which was skin. We mounted, however; and long ears and rope-halters were the order of the day.

Our cavalcade indeed was a ludicrous one, and corresponded well with the anticipated description we had heard of it, off the coast of Sardinia. For what with the wretched appointment of our animals, their proverbial stubbornness, increased rather than softened by the hardness of their lot, together with the awkwardness we felt on shore, excited the mirth of persons both up street and down; and windows were thrown open and doors crowded on all hands, to witness our setting out. Great confusion immediately ensued—some of us were borne along sideways towards a stable or an inn door, by the inveterate habits of our animals, and others found to their surprise, that knotted ropes and broomsticks, possess little or no virtue in Italy: some clattered awhile along the pavement, like a cat shod with walnut-shells, and then, by a sudden stop, were near being thrown to the ground.

By dark and narrow lanes, we began a gradual ascent. Vineyards succeeded, which at this season are quite leafless; and for about two miles the ride was dreary, and the few persons we met wore ignorance and poverty written in their countenances. The stones of which the walls were built, were only varieties of volcanic matter; and it was evident that every particle of the soil had originally proceeded from the crater. On inquiring of Mattia for his garden, he said it was on the opposite side of the mountain, and inaccessible on account of the lava.

At length, we reached the limit of cultivation, and all the obstructions of vineyards and houses being

removed, the bay and its coasts were seen below. In front was a tract of level ground, about a mile across, rising very gradually to the foot of the conical mount, properly called Vesuvius, and presenting a surface made entirely of black stones, thrown together with the utmost irregularity, like the broken ice floating down one of our rivers in the spring. This is the path of that stream of lava which burst out at the side of the mountain in 1794, and swept away the village of Torre del Greco, near the shore. It was easy, with the description given by the guide, (a man in tattered clothes and a sugar-loaf hat,) to understand the state of things during an eruption, and the degrees of risk to which different parts of the neighbourhood are exposed. The failing of the springs, the subterranean sounds, and the earthquakes, which precede every great eruption, give the inhabitants sufficient warning; and flames, smoke and ashes burst out at the crater, before any great quantity of lava makes its appearance. Sometimes indeed it overflows, and rushes down the side of the cone before us with great rapidity, for it is very steep and smooth in every part. But a chasm is usually opened at the foot of this cone, whence a stream flows out till the internal commotion is relieved : and this is sometimes great, as we might well conclude from the sight now before us. This plain, perhaps not more than a mile broad, yet extending to the right, and then following the natural declivity of the ground for about three miles down to the sea, presented an uniform surface of broken, black stones, where was not to be discovered any other object whatever, nor a single spot of any other colour.

As we left the sand and short turf, and entered upon this dreary tract, the lava grated under the feet of the mules, though it is of such hardness and durability

that the path, which has not been trodden for many years, is now scarcely perceptible. It led us however to the left, across one corner of the current, and to a steep ridge about three hundred feet high, which runs from the base of the cone towards the bay, and seems the only spot entirely out of danger. The sides of the ridge are partly covered with scattering trees, and in many places present only the naked faces of stratified volcanic rocks of a warm yellow hue. A sudden turn showed us a steep path, winding with toil through a natural rift, where the scene instantly became circumscribed, but wild and striking in a high degree—a mere foot-path between natural walls often surprisingly smooth, and sometimes irregular with overhanging cliffs, and bunches of shrubs. Our cavalcade was in such excellent keeping with this wild place, that it was a most fortunate circumstance for us there was no artist on the spot to carry us off in his port-folio, like pressed leaves in a *hortus siccus*.

Having passed along the ridge to near the middle of it, we mounted a bank, so steep that our nautical companions thought of nothing but “wind and tide ahead,” and found ourselves at the Hermitage. It fronts the west, where is a large area lined with old trees, and a garden declining in front; and the view is delightful over Naples, and the bay. Some of the ships below were firing salutes; but distance had so much diminished human concerns, that although we heard the cause, my memory refused to retain it. The building is large for two men, certainly for two hermits. It contains stables for a number of horses, and lodgings for their riders, beside the small apartments occupied by the brethren, the furniture of which is so antiquated, and the stone walls and floors so worn away, that the aspect of the whole might be compared with that of a





countenance embrowned and wrinkled by extreme old age. Near at hand is a spot occupied by a number of stone posts, called the Stations of the Cross, intended to represent the several circumstances which, according to the traditions of the Romish church, occurred on the way from the judgment seat to Calvary. Here the religious sometimes perform a solemn circuit, kneeling and praying before each, according to prescribed rules, miserable pictures being painted there to describe the various scenes.

This rocky ridge on which we were now travelling, was very narrow; and a little beyond there was barely room for a path. On the right, lay the dismal plain we had lately left, three or four hundred feet below, while before us rose Vesuvius, in an immense cone, surrounded and capped with clouds of smoke. On the left was a deep ravine, the opposite side of which rises to Monte Somma, a broken summit of bare, grey rocks, the highest as well as the most ancient peak of the mountain. Down this narrow valley ran the current of lava which burst out I think during the eruption of 1772; and it now lies at the bottom—a broken bed of black and useless rocks. It had to pass a precipice seventy feet high, where, during the night, it presented the splendid spectacle of a cascade of fire; and one may form some idea of its appearance, as well as of the manner in which a current of lava usually flows, by observing the broken masses lying confusedly below, and others still hanging from above. The upper surface soon becomes partly cooled and hard; and, by the motion of the half liquid mass beneath, soon cracks, and is thrown up in flat pieces, exactly, as I have before remarked, like the ice in a river, torn away by the stream. Thus the ridge on which we were standing, has been almost insulated by torrents

of a terrible description; and the hermits have been sometimes seriously alarmed, though without much reason, as they are at a great height above them.

We crossed the old lava just above the precipice; and here were obliged to dismount and go on foot, because of the present eruption, which a month ago sent a stream in this direction, and to this spot. It was still warm, and even hot under our feet, and in many places hot air rose from the crevices, so that it was probably still soft beneath. Passing this, we arrived in a few minutes at Monte Somma, which is formed of a light grey volcanic rock, speckled with dark, crystalline grains. Notwithstanding its apparent durability, it gradually yields to the elements: for several veins, or dykes, which cross it nearly perpendicularly, are left projecting, from one to three feet, like low stone walls.

The guide now led us towards the foot of Vesuvius properly so called, which rises, like an immense ant heap, about twelve hundred feet high; and all the way we trod on newly-formed lava. Steams were issuing out on all sides; but at the foot of Vesuvius, the place where the lava first appears, smoke was rising in clouds, which sometimes shaded the sun. There we scrambled up a heap of loose rocks, along the top of which was slowly flowing a stream of half-fluid matter, in a ditch three or four feet wide, self-formed but perfectly straight and regular. It was encrusted with a porous, black surface: but whenever a cloud passed over, or rather when the smoke of Vesuvius rolled for an instant between us and the sun, it brightened like red-hot iron, or a rattle-snake suddenly enraged, while a strange crackling sound passed over it that made us start. Quantities of the lava were easily taken out with a stick, but the heat was so great as to make the operation somewhat inconvenient. It was so hot as to

make the wood blaze ; but soon grew hard, and in a few minutes cold enough to handle. While thus employed, we heard repeated sounds like distant thunder, which we supposed to be the guns discharged from the ships in the bay, though our guide declared they came from the mountain.

About thirty yards above this place, was a heap of rocks fifty feet high, which marked the spot where the lava burst from the ground. Smoke was passing off by a hole in the top, while the current flowed from its base. Within a short distance, there were several other mounds of this description, each of which was performing on a small scale the work of a volcano, and was in fact a mimic Vesuvius. By an accumulation of stones, the passage gradually becomes clogged, and at length the lava finds a new vent, where it forms a new channel and a new cone.

Through a hole, we saw the lava just as it issued from the mountain—there it was, fifteen feet below us, in a cauldron it had formed, eddying and almost boiling, like melted iron, shining in its own infernal light, and possessing an aspect unaccountably dreadful, as if it had brought along some of the horrors of the bottomless pit. Here, we were told, a Frenchman lost his life few days before. Whether his death was accidental or intended, we could not satisfy ourselves. Our guide, the brother of him who had accompanied the Frenchman, declared he threw himself in : but nobody, I think, could look down this chasm and believe it. That he perished here is certain however ; and the Neapolitan saw his remains re-appear below, and float down the current !

But the most arduous part of our enterprise still lay before us. The quantity of lava lately thrown out has raised the surface considerably, and left a narrow

space between it and Vesuvius, in crossing which we sunk to our ankles at every step, in black ashes. We told the guide to lead the way up : but he pretended surprise at finding we thought of going any further, declared that a stream of lava was running down from above, which had cut off the usual path, and finally told us the ascent was impossible, and he was resolved not to proceed. This was probably only a pretended objection. We set out, therefore, leaving half our party behind, and climbed up the side of the mountain, which was made of sand and ashes, smooth, and compacted very hard ; while at the distance of every three or four feet, were the projecting corners of stones, which have been thrown from the crater. The angle of ascent we judged to be nearly forty-five degrees, so that the labour was great. Sometimes we slid back on the hard surface, sometimes lost one step out of two among soft ashes, catching at the sharp stones, for a hold, and thus labouring on till we could hardly creep, and then sat or lay down to recover breath. Above, the smoke appeared more and more distinctly, rising up in thick curls : but when we had reached the top, the crater was still at a great distance. An irregular plain of five or six acres lay before us, bounded by hills on three sides ; and just opposite was a conical mound, about an hundred and fifty feet high, with the great column of smoke issuing from it. The unobstructed view we had just had under our eyes, of the bay and its vicinity, now suddenly gave place to a most revolting landscape : little hills and vallies of black, volcanic matter, with rocks so arranged as to form a sort of scenery, but of such a gloomy character as cannot well be imagined.

Our guide, who had unwillingly followed us to this place, now declared it would be utterly impossible to

proceed any further : and we were inclined to believe him. Clouds of smoke were rising from the broken rocks in every direction, and often obscured the sight ; the flat ground at the foot of the little hills on the left, was the place occupied, only last year, by a smoking mount, which had suddenly fallen in, and given place to that now before us. Even where we stood the lava was hot to our feet ; and scalding streams burst out from the crevices, with a loud hiss, like the leaks of a steam-engine. After some persuasion however, and the show of more resolution than we actually possessed, the guide consented to proceed, and led the way up this “valley of the shadow of death ;” which, with the surrounding hillocks, was reeking like a smothered furnace, through a surface as black as the coals.

Mounting the ridge on the left, and walking in the soft ashes of which it is composed, we reached the conical hill, or “mouth,” as the guide called it, and here saw the first mark of former footsteps, in the deep volcanic sand and ashes. The wind was so light, that it was safe to approach to the very edge of the abyss, and to stand so near the precipice as almost to reach the column of white smoke with our hands : but unfortunately, it was so dense that we could scarcely see three feet beyond.

This spot is more than six thousand feet above the Bay of Naples, which, with its irregular shores, here crowded with inhabitants, and there encumbered with ruined cities ; the fertile campagna scattered with white cottages ; and the Appenines, whose most distant peaks were in Calabria and Apulia, presented at once a rich banquet to the eye and to the mind. By so gentle a swell does the mountain rise from the plain, that it is considered to be thirty miles in circuit

at the base; and from this spot we could see the several courses which the lava has taken at different eruptions. Portici on the west side, and on the margin of the water, stands over Herculaneum, and on a spot which probably has been overflowed by repeated eruptions. The guide called our attention to a cluster of buildings on the south-eastern side, at the distance of four or five miles; and we were not a little gratified to learn that they belonged to Pompeii. For a great distance around them, we saw but a few solitary cottages; and this old city had been dug out among uniform acres of cultivated fields.

Thus we were furnished with numerous objects of various descriptions, but all highly interesting. The Neapolitans compare this landscape to Paradise, seen from the infernal regions: but every one must feel his mind ennobled by such a view of the present and the past—the soul spurns at the magnificence of kings, for there are the wrecks of Roman grandeur; and exults at the reflection, that when Naples shall have sunk into ruins like Baiae, the spirit shall be but in its youth, and from some nobler eminence than this, may take a more sublime survey of an ampler past, and a no less boundless future.

But we stand on dangerous ground. The hill under our feet has been formed within a twelvemonth, and like a thousand similar ones, which in turn, have risen and disappeared, is destined to a speedy and a tremendous destruction. Probably Vesuvius once rose to a perfect cone, and smoked three or four hundred feet above us: nay, it is supposed that Monte Somma itself, which shows the bend of a concentric circle immeasurably greater, raised the summit far higher, before the destruction of Herculaneum. We turned to descend, when an explosion was heard under our

feet, from that lake of fire far below, to which the lava we had seen was but a rill; and the sounds re-echoed as if the whole mountain had been hollow. Our descent commenced very speedily, and it was hardly necessary to step at all—our feet ploughing a trench in the loose ashes, as we slid down without exertion, till we reached the dismal valley, having had repeatedly to empty our shoes of the ashes, which in some places were hot enough to scorch our feet, if they sunk deeper than usual. The surface around us was here and there covered with sulphur, and various salts, white, red, and yellow, which sometimes spread over a quarter of an acre like a coat of snow.

When we arrived at the brow of the great cone, we chose a narrow stripe of soft ashes, on the edge of a stream of lava which had flowed down a few weeks before, and thus descended with ease and great rapidity. In a few minutes we reached the spot where we had dismounted, but could not at first perceive either of our animals, because they were so nearly the colour of the rocks. At the Hermitage, the remainder of our party were regaling themselves, at an old marble table under the trees, served by the master of ceremonies, and we felt happy at being restored again to society. As soon as the old man perceived our approach, he hastened to help us dismount, rebuking us gently for undertaking so arduous an enterprise, led off our mules, and then returned to conduct us to a seat in the shade; and filling our glasses in sight of the whole bay of Naples, drank to our safe return, and to the memory of Nisita.

A party of peasants were collected at a little distance, with a store of dainties they had brought with them. They were arrayed in their gayest clothes, and most splendid ornaments, and excited

our wonder with their odd combinations of round, stupid faces, gaudy colours, short persons, long waists, crucifixes, ear-rings, and quaint devices; which, when Mattia perceived, he insisted on bringing us nearer, and introduced all round. The peasants, in spite of the surprise which this occasioned, received us with that urbanity which seems wrought by nature into the composition of the Italians, and heard with a full relish the sarcastic descriptions he saw fit to subjoin to each of our names.

“Two brother hermits, saints by trade,” made their appearance at the call of Mattia, with their large limbs and full-fed bodies wrapped in brown frocks, their shorn heads covered with hoods or cowls, crucifixes at their breasts, knotted cords about their waists, and—small kegs of red wine in their hands. But it was our bill that was now demanded: for we were all mounted, and our purse-bearer had begun to handle his ducats and carlines. He soon saw fit to question the justice of their demands, and a dispute ensued which was rather uncanonical, whether the subject be considered, or the warmth of the holy men. The Italian words “vino,” and “argento,” [wine, and the root of all evil,] were all that we could well comprehend, till Mattia coolly desired us to proceed without him, while he unburthened his soul. This he did in a full and unrestrained torrent of abuse and curses, loaded without remorse on the astonished hermits, calling them mock-saints, rogues, cheats, wine-bibbers; and then throwing them some money with the utmost disdain, and crying that he hoped to be delivered for ever from such devils in brown jackets, he shrugged his shoulders so as to hide his ears, uttered a groan which was audible at the distance of several rods, gave his mule

a hollow bang with his club, and came hurrying down hill as if there had been a new eruption of the mountain.

During the remaining part of the descent, our attention was divided between the prospect below and the perverse tricks of our horses, donkies and mules: for many of them were outrageously stubborn, and did despite to the nautical science of our friends, and set at naught all the rules of navigation. "It is of no use," complained one, "to crowd sail on this crazy old hulk, it only deadens her head-way and makes her uneasy;" another proposed "that his ship should be hauled down and condemned;" a third, who had broken the rope that suspended his left stirrup, "hove to to set up his larboard rigging;" while another still complained that, though he had been to sea off and on for fifteen years, he had "never been aboard such a craft" in his life. She was so "by the head she would pitch bows under"—She was "an unsafe boat—wouldn't mind her helm when it was hard up." Nay, she had several times "broached-to, and got stern-way on her."

At length we reached the house where we were to dine; and having mounted the stair-case, which like the house, and indeed like all Portici, was built of brown lava, we entered the dining-room, and after having been supplied with wash-bowls filled from pitchers of an antique form, and towels clean, though coarse, we sat down to dine under the approving smiles of half a dozen heathen gods and goddesses, that looked calmly down from the old oil pictures on the walls. Each plate was supplied with a napkin, a small loaf of bread, and a bottle of Vesuvian wine. A soup made of maccaroni was first set before us; then boiled and roasted meats were brought on in succes-

sion, but in such small quantities, and at such distances that the Yankees would probably have been as well content with a simpler meal and a more liberal supply. It was impossible however to beat out of the Italian fashion, either the cook or the waiters, and we proceeded as we might, while the whole family stood by, heartily amused at our language, and at seeing us use both knife and fork at once. After dinner, something was set before us like a sallad, which our master of ceremonies hailed in high glee, as a delicacy he had long desired: but it was disgustingly sweet, and proved to be nothing but the stalks of fennel! Oranges, nuts, a better wine and rosoglio having been discussed, and our teeth being almost broken and our mouths sweetened with half a dozen sorts of confections, we expressed a wish to Mattia, which we desired him to translate to his friends, the master of the house and one or two others who were beside him at table. It purported that, whereas we had now conformed with such scrupulosity, to the ancient and respected customs of Italy, we craved permission to drink a glass of wine after the fashion of our own country, and give the health of Mattia and his friends. The Italians, with their characteristic shrewdness and warmth of feeling, instantly comprehended the spirit of the thing, and entered into it heart and soul. They filled their glasses, while their dark eyes brightened with pleasure, and drank "I Americani e la loro patria," [to the Americans and their country.]

NAPLES.—*January 22.* Our Neapolitan companion, who begins to see how little real comfort is to be expected by an old man of sixty, from executing such laborious plans as we have laid, took an early opportunity this morning, to enter his protest against our scheme. Like all his countrymen, rich and poor, his

heart is bound up in Naples; and though he feels proud of the scenery, and the remains of antiquity in the neighbourhood, he loves them principally as the scenes of past pleasures. He submitted therefore to our consideration a plan for all future excursions, in which there was more comfort than curiosity, and more wine and *rosoglio* than ruined cities and melancholy reflections: but we are in haste to leave Naples before the approach of the Austrian army, which is said to be already on its march, and have reluctantly rejected it. He promises to see us occasionally, though he says nothing further of his Vesuvian garden, which has either passed into the hands of others, or was the fair creation of his own fancy, intended only to amuse us with pleasant hopes.

The weather being fine, and our party reduced to four, we took an early breakfast at a coffee-house, according to the Neapolitan fashion, and set out about sun-rise for Herculaneum and Pompeii, or as they are called by the moderns, Ercolano and Pompeia. Our road, as yesterday, lay along the shore to Resina; and there a beggar boy led us to a small house where the "custode," or keeper, was at breakfast. He came out in an old military dress, wiping his mouth, and with an obsequious bow conducted us down into a ravine, over which the street was built on an arch thirty or forty feet above; and, unlocking a wooden door, entered the cellar of a house, and consigned us to the charge of a pale, crouching, half clad man, who has learnt by rote a description of the objects under his care, which he delivers to every traveller in a whining tone, to us almost unintelligible and quite ludicrous.

He took some candles in his hand, one of which he lighted, and preceded us down a dark stair-case, cut in the solid volcanic rock. In a little time the light of

the sky broke in through a shaft which was dug in 1711, for a well, and by means of which the buried city was discovered. The workmen dug up the pieces of a beautiful marble pavement, but the surrounding rock was so hard that the excavations were not begun till some years after. It is well known that many houses and several temples, forums, a theatre, &c. have been discovered, from which statues, columns, pictures, and papyri, or ancient books, have been removed and deposited in places of safety.

Several Roman historians had mentioned the destruction of certain cities, which were overwhelmed during a terrible eruption of Vesuvius, and the first on record, in the year 79, under the reign of the emperor Titus: but the situations of them all had been only conjectured before the accidental discovery of Herculaneum. Unfortunately, there were very few objects brought to light of sufficient real value to tempt any farther researches through streets and buildings completely filled with solid rock; and the work has not only been abandoned, but, for fear the pressure above should prove too great for the diminished support, every part, except the theatre, has been filled up.

The guide continued to descend.—“That step,” said he, “is modern: the next is ancient. We are now in the theatre, and descending the flight of steps which leads to the middle of the theatre. It was originally cased with marble: but nothing is left except these fragments,” he added, lowering his light, and picking up bits for us to put into our pockets.

On account of the hardness of the surrounding rock, a large part of the building is still imbedded, and only the principal passages are accessible. We saw the curve of the long seats which rise behind each other

in semicircles, walked through the arched corridors beneath them, bending in the same manner. A narrow path has been hewn out before the marble seats of the musicians, who occupied the front of the stage: we ascended to the elevated seats of the consuls, from which two equestrian statues have been removed; and examined with surprise the three doors of this noble structure, which are of most beautiful architecture, and cased with coloured marble, still smooth to the touch, and shining to the light of our candles, which were raised on poles to show the height of the arches. An ancient bronze mask was found in one place, and we saw in the solid rock the impression it had left.

We would gladly have remained here for hours, lost in the interesting reflections so natural in such a place, and entirely forgetful of the world above us, (except, indeed, when the sound of a coach on the pavement, overhead, roused us for a moment,) for even the monotonous rehearsal of the guide worked like magic, when he told us that through this place the most honourable citizens used to proceed to their seats; by these steps the rabble used to crowd to their more elevated places, all eager for the dramas acted here so many centuries ago; that this window, which, though now filled with lava, once lighted the arched passage, and looked towards Vesuvius—and from that, the eyes of men had ranged over the harbour of Herculaneum, the bay of Naples, and the surrounding country, covered with population, and magnificently adorned with the structures of ancient times.

But we had a long and laborious excursion still before us, and dismissing such thoughts with a secret promise that we would indulge ourselves with another visit to this interesting place, we rose again to the un-

welcome light of day, and soon changed the sublime silence of Herculaneum for the disgusting noise of cicerone and custode begging for a larger gratuity. As we remounted our carozza, we were besieged by a whole mob of ragged men and boys, some of whom begged most clamorously, and others urged us to hire the ragged animals they had brought along with them. At Portici we were so beset, that the coachman found much difficulty in proceeding; and hearing a shouting behind, we saw many more hastening on, with long poles, a score or two of animals, which seemed to be emblems of the multiplied distresses to which their kind is liable. The coachman plied his whip, and we had for a short time to contest the honours of a race against the most ignoble competitors.

A short ride brought us to Torre del Greco, a village which has been swept away nine times by eruptions of the mountain, and exposed by the nature of the ground to every succeeding one. Soon after we entered the town, the tall white houses on both sides, built of volcanic stone, and compacted like the closest city, suddenly gave place to a waste, a mile in diameter, where no object was to be discerned above the uniform surface of black lava. It reached on the left, far up the mountains, and on the right, to the neighbouring shore of the bay, where it disappeared under water. The houses which stood on the verge of the current were burnt within, and had nothing left but walls, while those next them, like almost the whole village, had been borne away by the irresistible mass of melted lava, and left not a single remnant in sight. The road now runs across this solid pavement, several feet above the former one; and as we proceeded we could not discover a vestige of a building—every thing was the same black and porous.

stone we saw yesterday. Probably the very materials of which the houses were constructed were melted, and swelled the torrent: for every rock and every pebble, the sand and the soil, are all volcanic. Nay, the particles which form the vegetable productions, have proceeded from the crater of Vesuvius, and the bodies of men must necessarily be composed of the same materials; to which certain philosophers have very sagely referred the fire of their tempers, and the smoke of their threats and promises. Men of common sense have often wondered at the unaccountable folly of those who inhabit places peculiarly exposed to danger, and the people of this very village have long been notable for the blindest confidence in volcanos, hurricanes, and earthquakes, after they have repeatedly ruined their ancestors and themselves. Yet it seems that the total destruction of nine villages is no reason why nine more may not be destroyed; and many proprietors have gone gravely to work to ascertain their old limits, and enclose, with loose walls, yards and gardens of lava. We had no time to examine the law of the land concerning taxes: but it is probable a clause might be found, suspending for a term the ground rent of a tract buried by an eruption, as the lava of 1794 is as barren as ever, after having lain fallow near forty years.

Leaving the neighbourhood of the bay, and turning off to the left, to keep near the base of Vesuvius, we soon found ourselves restored to the fertility of the vast plain, which stretches off on three sides to the Appennines. The land is so low as to make it necessary that the road should be raised on a causey, and we looked down on a thousand little square fields dug up in ridges for the purpose of draining, and planted with vegetables for the Naples market. The utmost

care and skill were shown by the gardeners, in the good order and flourishing condition of every thing: the soil is almost jet black, and the plants were singularly placed, so as to grow from one side of the ridge. This beautiful scene extended for a mile or more on both sides, occasionally varied by a vineyard with its tall trees and high festoons, and then gave place to extensive fields of wheat, and pasture land.

An unfrequented road at length turned off toward the left, and after a short ride, on the level of the plain, we saw a gentle elevation before us about thirty feet high, extending to the right and left, a mile and a half, and covered with tall trees and vines. The path wound to the right, and passed along just at the base, where was a large hillock of earth, evidently heaped up by art; and the next instant we caught a glimpse behind of the place whence it had been removed, and the walls of twenty or thirty small brick buildings, which had been dug out of the hill. "Stop!" we cried, rising up eagerly, "it is Pompeii!" "Gentlemen," said the coachman, in a pacifying tone, and so coolly as almost to make us ashamed, "have a little patience. You may trust me to take you to the proper place to begin your examination of this ancient city: for there is not a public coachman in Naples, who is ignorant of one of all those places, in which the strangers who resort hither every winter take such interest."

We drove on therefore, a short distance farther, and having passed several great mounds of earth, stopped under a wall of red brick, so fresh and so like a modern one, with white cement which seemed to have been laid scarce five years, that we could hardly believe it ancient. A cicerone offered his services; and unlocking a modern door through the wall,

while our eyes were aching with curiosity, stepped into a small room, through which he led us into a large, open, oblong piece of ground, surrounded on all sides with rows of low buildings opening with broad doors, and in front of which was an interrupted line of broken columns. This was a forum—a public square, but whether intended for assemblies of the people, or a market, is uncertain, because the Romans made them all on the same plan; though the small buildings around it, which look like shops, countenance the latter supposition. Pompeii, as well as Herculaneum, was deeply buried by the showers of sand and ashes which descended from the clouds during the eruption of the mountain: but Herculaneum was afterward flooded with a river of hot water, which converted the whole mass into a solid rock of cement; and it is conjectured that a quantity of lava subsequently flowed over it, by the heat of which those ancient books, or papyri, lately discovered, were converted into charcoal, and rendered imperishable. Pompeii, on the contrary, was found imbedded in ashes so loose as to be easily removed with a spade, and about one third of the low hill which contains it has been dug away, and a number of streets and some hundreds of buildings are opened again to the sun.

It was easy to account for the disappearance of the roofs, which had been crushed in by the superincumbent weight: “but how,” we inquired, “have these columns been all removed or broken?” for many fragments of columns and friezes lay in heaps in the corners. “They were thrown down,” replied the cicerone, “by an earthquake which happened several years before the destruction of the city;” and these fragments were collected here when Tiberius was emperor of Rome, by the Pompeians themselves, who

were preparing for a new colonnade, and little thought the nineteenth century would look on their work and find it unfinished.

Adjoining the forum are two theatres—the tragic and the comic, the access to which is through vaulted passages, intended to conduct the spectators to the piazzas of the forum, when the performance was interrupted by a shower. They are built on the same plan as that of Herculaneum, though much smaller and far less splendid. Fifteen rows of seats rise behind each other in semicircles, supported on the outside by a wall of the same curve forty feet high, and internally by four tiers of arches which form the corridors, or passages leading to every part of the building. The involved plan on which these passages are arranged, often brings the stranger abruptly to a stair-case or a dark and narrow door, when he least expects or wishes it; but every spectator was provided with an ivory ticket, marked with three or four numbers, which corresponded with the Roman letters over the passages, and conducted him without confusion to his proper seat. On the steps and floors, which were both of hewn stone, we frequently noticed places much worn down by the feet of our ancient predecessors, particularly among the upper parts, and in places where the vulgar, to whom they were devoted, had often crowded to witness some interesting exhibition. The door-posts leading to the upper seats also bore the marks of much crowding and leaning. On the other side of the theatre is a high and straight wall, at the foot of which is the stage, with a semicircular space, or arena, in front, for the occasional exhibition of wrestling. The lower seats were for the most honourable citizens, while the musicians sat just before them, and the consuls occupied elevated plat-

forms above the doors, which open on each side of the arena.

Turning round, we looked down from the height of about forty feet upon a great many small, unroofed buildings, crowded confusedly together, and interrupted here and there with an open space, or a few broken columns. Just below, on the right, a narrow lane ran by the wall of the theatre, and at a short distance turned suddenly to the left, and was soon lost in the city.

Our guide begged us not to loiter: telling us we had yet so much to see, and objects of such superior importance, that we should thank him for having hastened us on. He led us therefore into the street, which is the Consular Way. It is only about fifteen feet wide, with side-walks of a foot and a half more on each side, and is lined with buildings of a single story. We eagerly inquired whether every thing we saw was really ancient—whether the houses had not been repaired, and whether the deep ruts in the large stones of the pavement, had not been worn by modern carriages. He requested that we would have a little patience, promising to tell us every thing: but first we were to go, if we pleased, to the Amphitheatre. As he spoke we turned to the right, into another street, and came to a spot where the double line of buildings entered the side of a sandy bank and disappeared, for here was the limit of the excavations. Having scrambled up we found ourselves in a vineyard, with a path winding before us till it disappeared among tall and leafless trees, the campagna on the right, and Vesuvius on the left. The scene appeared to have assumed an aspect of peculiar gloom, since we had been in Pompeii, and could realize that two-thirds of a city lay buried below.

A walk of a mile brought us to the eastern extremity of the mound, after we had seen a few farm-houses at a distance through the trees; and here a street with its houses emerged from a broken bank. At thirty yards distance, on the right hand, stood a large oval structure of hewn stone, with three arched entrances opening upon the street. We had hardly stepped within the threshold when we heard a noise from the interior, very loud and confused, which seemed to proceed from a number of persons stamping or clapping their hands. As we proceeded through a dark arched passage, we began to see the rows of seats on the opposite side of the house, which rise behind each other like those of a theatre, but form a complete oval, of such a size that the flat ground in the middle, which was devoted to games and battles, is eighty-four steps in length. Nobody was yet to be seen, though the sounds continued till we stepped on the soft sand, when they suddenly ceased; and on looking round, the whole arena was clear, and we were alone in the amphitheatre. We had heard but the echoes of our footsteps; and when we spoke, our words were repeated distinctly on the opposite side. It was no deception, for our words were justly pronounced whether in Italian or English.

The building may be compared to two theatres united: and the ascent is in the same manner, by steps leading to long corridors, which are numbered and communicate with every part. As in the tragic theatre, the marble casings have been removed, and the upper parts of the wall are decayed: but one may mount to many places with ease, looking out upon the campagna from the windows of the corridors, seat himself on the short turf which bears the shape of the old rows of benches, and recal with interest the scenes which

passed in the arena so long ago, while Vesuvius, the destroyer and the preserver of Pompeii, is seen opposite, throwing up columns of smoke.

In the arched passage by which we entered and left the Amphitheatre, are shown several small dungeons, in which it is probable wild beasts were kept for the shows, and in the door-post of one of them, an iron staple still remains.

Having gratified our curiosity at this place, and entered a few of the neighbouring buildings, probably shops, which were very small, and entirely empty, we eagerly returned by the way we had come, and a deep melancholy seized us as we descended again into the city of the dead. The narrow Consular Way, paved with heavy stones, in which deep ruts were worn by ancient wheels, and lined with small shops, built close together, led on before us about fifty yards, and then turned to the left and was lost. The side-walks were made of bits of marble, and other stones of all colours, laid in a hard cement, and worn perfectly smooth by the feet of the old inhabitants, but they were very narrow, and every thing about us was on a most diminutive scale. There was not a single window, yet every door was open, which gave an air of hospitality to the town: but when we entered, we found the roofs gone, no furniture to be seen, and nothing but the remains of a fire-place raised two or three feet from the floor, or a few earthen jars.

A little way from the street on the left side, is the Temple of Isis, which occupies an oblong piece of ground, open above, and surrounded by rows of plastered columns. An inscription which was found here, but has since been removed, purports that the temple was ruined by the earthquake before mentioned, and rebuilt by Numerius Popidius Celsinus. On one side

is an altar for burning victims, and on the other that for receiving the ashes, a quantity of which were found on digging it out. The sanctuary, at the farther end, is ascended by seven steps, where the great altar is seen, faced by a vestibule with six beautiful columns, and ornamented with a picture in Mosaic. This was one of the principal temples of the city; and here were found the skeletons of several priests.

Near this place is the tribunal—a small square with a pulpit on one side, surrounded with twenty fluted columns; and just beyond is the great tragic theatre, already described. There is an inscription which mentions the rebuilding of it, together with “the tribunal, the public fountain, and the water channels.”

The public fountain is a large reservoir close at hand, under which have been discovered several conduits branching off to the lower parts of the city: for this spot is a little elevated.

Beyond, the ground rises gradually to a gentle hill, with a precipitous termination towards the south. The top is occupied by a ruinous temple of Grecian architecture, and near it is the grand portico—a spacious triangle on the brow of the hill, with the wall of the tragic theatre on the left, and a row of fifty-six columns on the right. From this airy spot the view ranges over the neighbouring parts of the campagna, and of the Bay of Naples, the opposite mountains and several distant villages, and towns, and villas. In all probability, the base of this sandy and stony hill was formerly washed by the sea: for Pompeii was an important sea-port, though the shore is now nearly a mile and a half off, and the intervening plain covered with cultivated fields.

Close by is seen the city wall, twelve feet thick, and twenty feet high, this point being one extremity of

Pompeii: but retracing our steps for a short distance, we again found ourselves in a quiet street. Still, the narrow pavements, the ruts of small carriage-wheels, and the lowness of the buildings continued to strike us as very diminutive: for though the public buildings were large and even magnificent, the streets and houses seem intended for a race of pigmies, and quite unfit for Romans.

The Consular Way crosses at right angles the street in which we now were walking: and, turning to the right, and passing down it some distance, you come to the house of a surgeon, in which more than fifty surgical instruments were found. It consists of three small rooms, which, according to custom, are plastered and ornamented with pictures, in water-colours. The Pompeians were so fond of pictures, that scarce a house is to be found in the city without them. It is well known, that all the valuable ones are removed as fast as they are discovered, by a very ingenious process, by which they are taken down and transported to the king's palace at Portici, without the least injury. In these apartments however they had all been left untouched, and proved much more interesting in their original localities. They were all small, and one occupied the middle of each wall. Two of the rooms, I think, were painted with birds, and the other with groups, relating to the profession of the inhabitant, of which I can recal but one: Adonis, lying on a bank surrounded by Venus and her weeping nymphs, with a bloody bandage staunching his wound. The group was graceful; and the colours, which are all metallic, were as bright as if just painted. In a closet was still remaining a wooden shelf, from which the instruments had been taken to be carried to the palace of studies at Naples.

Returning from this place toward the Public Way, on the opposite side of the Consular Way is the shop of a sculptor, in which were found bits of marble, several busts and statues, with others half formed of rough blocks, and the tools with which they had been wrought. In some of the dwellings were found tickets for the theatres and amphitheatres, in the forms of birds, beasts, &c. with Roman numbers answering to those of the doors and stair-cases; but all these various objects have been removed to Portici.

Near this is the Temple of Esculapius, and the intersection of the Public Way with the Consular, by which the city is divided into four irregular parts. Beyond, are the ruins of many buildings, in which were found some beautiful paintings and marble pavements. Next, are the houses of Marcellus, and Suetitius Popidius, an edile. On the opposite side, are the dwellings of Caius Julius a decemvir, Kneius Hilarius Sabinus, and S. Fortunata.

The mode in which the largest dwellings were built, is singular, but, on many accounts, the best fitted for the climate and situation. All, except a very few, are of one story, probably to guard against the effects of earthquakes: and the rooms are very small, I presume on account of the scarcity of room. According to their size, houses and villas contain one or more square courts, open above, and surrounded with piazzas, which partially protect from the weather the entrances to the sleeping-rooms, usually ranged around them by fours. Other apartments of the house are situated according to the taste of the builder: but it is easy to conjecture the uses to which they were devoted by the remains of furniture, utensils, or the pictures on the walls.

At a corner of the street is a building, with a picture on the outside, of a serpent biting an apple, which

is supposed to have been the shop of an apothecary from this circumstance, as well as on account of the dry vases and pills found within.

The villa of Julius Equanus, has a number of columns surrounding the principal court-yard, which are painted imitations of Mosaic.

Next to this is the villa of Julius Polybius, the historian. Here, as in the other splendid habitations we had seen, were courts, bed-rooms, a kitchen, and various other apartments, supposed to have been the parlour, dining-room, and hall: but there were some objects of more than usual interest. In a corner of one of the courts, was the ancient well, guarded by a circular curb, cut from a solid block of marble, and worn inside in many deep channels made by the rubbing of the bucket-ropes. Besides, in a small yard is a narrow bed of earth, in which herbs and flowers seem to have been once planted; and behind it are still remaining untouched, long branches of trees, and birds of various plumage, painted on the wall to deceive the eye. At a little distance, in a recess, is a triclinium, or small circular table of marble, standing between two long seats, made of stones and plaster, which slope gently outward to favour the recumbent posture, used by the Romans at meat. This was evidently a favourite retreat for the family, from the bustle of the city, and the warmth of the house; and every thing around us spoke of seclusion and domestic enjoyment, while above us was the open sky of this delightful climate, and the top of Vesuvius, the destroyer, was seen at a distance throwing up volumes of smoke.

Contiguous to this, and separated only by a single wall, is the house of Svettius Erennius, with the name of its ancient inhabitant written over the door. We

then passed several other houses ; and crossing the street, entered the door of a smith's shop, in which were found iron hoops, and many tools : hammers, pincers, &c. In a shop, beyond, we saw a number of large earthen jars of antique forms, with curious turned handles and ears, in which oil and wine were kept for sale. Some of them have a dry crust within, the remains of these liquids. Next is the ruinous house of Julius Cecilius Capella, and another with the name of Caius Salustius, which is one of the finest dwellings in the city.

Proceeding still farther along the street, we passed another oil and wine shop, a public fountain and reservoir, long since dry, two shops where wine was sold by the draught, a soap-manufactory, and the public weighing-office. Here were found weights of lead and marble, two pair of scales, and several *steelyards* ! Near by, is a baker's shop, where was a heap of wheat perfectly black, and converted into charcoal ; with a loaf of bread, in the same state, which had been baked in a round, scalloped dish, and was marked with crossing lines on the top, and the brand of the maker.

After we had thus followed our guide for a long time, from one place to another, he told us, that before proceeding farther in the Consular Way, we were to turn off to the right, through a narrow street, to see a number of buildings lately brought to light by the workmen. We followed him, therefore : but, in spite of all our care, we soon began to grow uncertain, and then perfectly bewildered, so that we could not tell a single point in the whole compass. New streets and lanes, shops and villas, opened upon us at every turn, while the guide preceded us, with the familiarity of an inhabitant : now, along a blind alley,

to shorten our walk, and now through a private house, and dark passages, to a breach in the garden wall. We often hesitated to enter so unceremoniously, places which had, at first, the appearance of being inhabited; yet not a person was to be seen, and not a sound to be heard.

A large building of two stories, lately cleared of earth, contains a statue of Ceres, erected by the bakers of Pompeii. It is much admired, and has been suffered to remain, with the inscription on the wall behind it. What followed, is a confused impression of much that was surprising and interesting in a high degree, which gave the mind alternately great pleasure and great pain, until we came to where the streets and houses have been uncovered within a year—a month, a week; and saw fine buildings whose names or inhabitants have not yet been conjectured; rich marble columns, variegated pavements, and beautiful paintings, still untouched; and, at last, where two or three labourers were at work, with spade and mattock, in the loose sand hill which still entombs so large a part of the city. These half-clad wretches fell a begging as soon as we approached, though the sound of a voice made us shudder with an involuntary horror: for this house had been dishumed to-day, and the figures on the walls seemed the men of antiquity just waking from the dead, and gazing on the heavens again, after a sleep of seventeen centuries.

On our way back, we were still bewildered, and so occupied with thoughts we could not express, that scarce a word was spoken. We were looking at the very objects with which the inhabitants of this city were familiar, when Pompeii ranked among the cities of the earth—when each house was a dwelling-place, when these pavements rattled under the wheels of

coaches, and the steps of thronging men were wearing their traces in the stones. The streets with their lines of buildings, preserved their ancient aspect as unaltered as the sky above; and the inhabitants—the inhabitants! were continually obtruding upon our thoughts. We listened to catch the sound of their voices, and looked anxiously in at every door. Surely they must be at hand.

We entered once more the Consular Way; and the feet of men have worn a hollow in the side-walk by turning hastily round the corner. Here is the villa of Cicero. You gain it by a single step from the street, but linger unconsciously at the threshold for some one to bid you welcome. Your eye falls upon the paved floor, made of small squares of white marble, and just before you is the Roman salutation, "SALVE," inlaid with black. It speaks like the voice of the venerable inhabitant, and you pass from room to room, wondering to find them all deserted. Here is the kitchen—on one wall is painted a heap of dead birds, on another, pieces of flesh, there fruits and vegetables, and over the fire-place, which was raised two or three feet from the floor, are oysters, live eels, and other fish, of various shapes. Proceed to the first court—the inlaid pavement is slippery with frequent footsteps, the marble well-curb is marked with the draw-ropes of Cicero's servants. Did you not see the waving of a garment as some one entered yonder door? Follow, and see. It is his bed-chamber, and its walls are beautifully painted with figures of sleeping gods and goddesses. But where is the inhabitant? Perhaps in the street, at the forum, at one of the temples, where he officiated as high priest. They are empty. At the amphitheatre,—you think you hear the applause of the multitude as you enter; but the

arena is clear—not a solitary spectator in all those ranges of seats. Return.—What would you not give to meet a single man? But no. It is a delusion. It is seventeen hundred years since this city was deserted by its inhabitants. And such a flight! What tumult, what dread, what shrieks did Pompeii witness! But all has passed; and the silence of ages has settled upon it. And what has occurred in that time? The thought is insupportable—it stupifies, it overwhelms, yet, by turns, it delights, and absorbs so entirely the mind, that every other subject is thrust out, and even the faculties of hearing and speech seem suspended.

You forget yourself and the age you live in. Where am I? It is Pompeii—the old city, which has been dug out of its grave—and the inhabitants! Ah! they are long since dwellers in another world, and there the faces are seen, and the voices heard, which you seek for here. Thus you reflect, and are convinced: there is no one here; and at the very next corner you start, because the street is empty. Where are the people? Hush! it is Pompeii! Full of a thousand new thoughts, and feelings, his mouth closed, because it has failed to express them; the traveller wanders on from object to object, and stares wildly round him, as if he had just opened his eyes on a new world, and hardly deemed himself awake. “I shall have nothing more to desire,” he says, “I have lived a whole life to-day. Antiquity has stood before me like an ill-formed dream—it is now reality. I stand, I move among the men of old times. They are not shadows, the indistinct visions presented by the imagination, when we would recal our predecessors back to this world: not the confused multitude in the back-ground of a picture, where a single dash of the pencil makes

a score of things you would fain call men : but human beings, each possessed of a peculiar look, and voice, and air ; with an object, a character, and interests of his own. Now you are surprised at the mist through which you have always seen antiquity. History changes at once from the cold, dull words of a moth-eaten volume, to the liveliness of a speaking voice ; and her children have lost the dead and stony gaze of a marble statue : the blood flies through their veins, and they turn upon you with moving eyes and speaking lips. But this is not all : we feel superior to history herself, and proud at enjoying privileges of which she would have boasted. She has instructed us with a parrot's tongue in the deeds of the great men of ancient times : but we are admitted like associates into their houses. We converse with them, we feel with them ; we look from their doors, and through their eyes, upon their world. Nay, we mingle with their friends and a thousand of their cotemporaries, who have been forgotten, because not a papyrus in Pompeii bears their names.

The scholar may range through an ancient world of his own, which he has formed in his study of the men whom partial history has enrolled for immortality : but, in the streets of Pompeii, we mix with the subjects of Rome : the objects of her laws, the materials of her empire ; part of that world for whose applause great deeds were undertaken by her soldiers, and even by her emperors : a mass of those beings on whom the philosopher, the statesman, the poet reflected, and based their own peculiar systems. All her long boasted wisdom history now resigns, and humbly places herself at our feet for instruction : for we are familiar with things of which she doubted the existence ; and those of which she formed the wildest conjectures, we see and handle.

But would you escape to some retirement, to indulge at leisure in reflections on some few and definite objects? Step in at this open door—go on to one of the most secluded apartments. This is the home of a happy family. Mark their faces—these are not the bold, harsh lines of Roman physiognomy, nor the classic, but inexpressive features of a Grecian statue: but the looks, the expressions with which we have been familiar, such as exist in our world, traits which remind us of our friends. Here is one surrounded by a circle of her children, the centre of which is to her the most blessed spot on earth. This house once bounded her affections—yes, this apartment, so long deserted and forgotten, and now exposed to the sun and the rain, this apartment was seventeen hundred years ago the home of a family. A thousand delightful things were once associated in the minds of its inhabitants with this neglected place, with the seclusion of this retreat, with these very pictures on the walls. Can you tell how much it interests you to stand in the midst of them, and to take a view of the world from their peaceful hearth? There is something irresistibly affecting in the solemn silence of this place, when you think of it as the peaceful abode of persons, who were alive to more amiable affections than the love of fame—who regarded the deeds of Rome, not as they promoted the glory of the empire, and triumphed over subjugated nations, but as they touched the happiness of friends, and blasted the hopes of parents.

Whoever has a father, let him remember the head of this house. Who has a mother he loves? Here was once such a woman; yes, in this spot. Do you not recognise in her manner, her smile, her eye, all that is amiable in an affectionate mother of modern

times? Centuries, indeed, have passed away; but the human features, as well as the human character, are essentially the same. Look at that picture on the wall; smiles and tears were known in Pompeii. Are you a husband? Here lived a husband, the father of a family. This apartment was not always empty: it was arranged and garnished like your own home, by a woman who drew her happiness from his approbation and love. In this place, he found such domestic peace and happiness as attach you to your home, and make you love to live. But where has he gone? You are told his life is an antiquated, a long forgotten tale; that there is no trace of him on earth. Nay, did I not hear his voice in the next apartment? No—the roof is gone, nothing is seen above but the sky. The truth returns upon you, as it were, with a staggering blow; this house has been untenanted for ages: its last inhabitant was a Roman citizen, and he lived under the reign of the emperor Titus: a man who heard of the desolation of Judah, from captives taken fighting on the walls of Jerusalem, and the first glad news of Christianity—perchance from the mouth of Paul himself. Perhaps he was one of those who believed the wondrous tale of the resurrection; and if so, however humble and poor, was capable of instructing the wits and the statesmen of Rome.

You remain speechless—for what can you say? You are in the cell of a magician, whose wand bears control over time, and rolls back past centuries, like clouds before the wind. A supernatural power is at work, producing effects which strike us with awe, and calling up the ghosts of antiquity, to frighten away our usual enjoyments. And seen from this place, how does the present world appear? A mass of the bones and ashes of men; a melancholy shore, which the

waves of time have strewed with the wrecks of nations, and heaps of broken sceptres.

There is too much of distress in the scene.—Let us pass on.—Nay, stop! This is the place where men should meditate; here a monarch would find a reproof for his pride, and despise the tinsel of his crown: for here the voice of death would whisper, nay, scream in his ear, and remind him of his mean mortality. This is a book of history spread out before the world: and who can help but read?—Here ruin stands; and while he points at antiquity, to show the spectres of past centuries, flitting away, and lost, and a thousand times forgotten, he raises the finger at the cities, the successors of departed Pompeii—at the world, the phantoms of to-day, and threatens them with a downfall as complete, and an oblivion as deep and inevitable. Here months, years, and ages have sunk together in silence, like the waves of the ocean in a whole climate of calms: here time has left his glass unturned, for seventeen hundred years.

No man ever visited this place for the first time, without considering that day an era in his life. It opens channels of thought, and sources of serious reflection, as well as of high enjoyment, which can never be exhausted. Pompeii surfeits curiosity with painful heaps of novelties. The ears, the eyes, all the passages of sense, are choked; and leisure and seclusion are eagerly sought, to arrange and preserve the precious hoards of knowledge.

A traveller once exclaimed that he had been into the quarry of antiquity, and dug out history like blocks of marble; and added, that he should spend his life in reflecting on what he had seen, and in rejoicing that he had reached there, even if he had reduced himself to poverty in performing it: for there were

mental riches there to be obtained, with which all the gems of the world are not fit to be compared, and without which a monarch would be a beggar. "They will ask me," said he, "why I am thoughtful—why I am not cheerful like other men. I will point to Pompeii, and remain silent. Pompeii is an answer to every question, and propounds questions which the world cannot answer."

We returned again towards the Consular Way, whether by the route we had come or not, was a matter of doubt; but at length reaching a corner, where a little hollow was worn in the side-walk, by the feet of the ancient passengers, we recognized some of the dwellings and shops already particularly mentioned. On the left we examined the ruins of a block of large houses, of which little more than the cellars are now to be seen; and these are upon a steep declivity, so that we descended into them by broken stair-cases of stone. The ground beyond is now cultivated; and the bay, I think, was hidden from us by the trees, although it seems incontestable that this was the margin of the port. In spite of the grass and shrubs with which the walls are much overgrown, enough may still be seen in the size and solidity of the buildings, the broad stair cases and doors, to prove that they were devoted to the reception and storing of merchandize in large quantities; and in one place is a ring-bolt fixed in a wall, intended either to assist in raising heavy articles, or for fastening small vessels to the shore.

The remaining part of the street is lined with such little shops as have been spoken of before, with only a few buildings of different descriptions. In one of the former, which is supposed to have been a money-changer's, was a jar half full of gold coins, which is

the only money yet found in the city. "Had not the inhabitants had time to remove all their money and jewels," remarked our new guide, "all Pompeii would have been laid open long ago." On the marble sill of another shop, we saw a small circle worn in and stained, which is generally taken for the mark of the cups in which wine was sold to passengers. What I have here called a window, served indeed the purposes of one, but was thrown into one general opening with the door, not divided even by a post.

One of the city gates was now in sight before us; and near it is a building with a wide door, supposed to have been a place where carriages were mended and let. On another house is an inscription, which, if rightly translated, indicates a state of public manners and feelings, more corrupt than we would fain attribute even to the ancient worshippers of the Roman, Grecian, and Egyptian gods. Such a religious system, however, as they were taught to believe and practice, must have effects; and those effects must inevitably be opposed to the fundamental laws of a virtuous and well regulated society. In fact, so far from being surprised at such proofs as Pompeii and Herculaneum have furnished, of the moral degradation of the ancients, a little reflection makes us wonder at ourselves for not suspecting them before.

The city gate is a solid structure of hewn stone, thirty or forty feet high, connected with the wall, which is partly dug out. It was formerly the only passage on this side, and stands over the Consular Way, the road to Naples and Puteoli, the latter of which is about thirty miles distant. This ancient road is supposed to continue, with few important interruptions, at the present day, as it has been discovered in several places beneath the surface. Immediately after passing the

the gate, a new set of objects present themselves : a long range of tombs on each side, generally built of white marble, and in excellent preservation, as well as of an imposing size and great beauty. One of them particularly was of so pure a white, and retained all the marks of the chissel with such freshness, that we could hardly credit the guide, when he said it was not a recent work. The almost total want of inscriptions left much of our curiosity ungratified ; for their costliness, together with the manner in which they were elevated from the street, showed very plainly that rival families had vied with each other in their construction. One of them is supposed to have been built for gladiators killed at the public games, because it has sculptured weapons upon its outer wall ; but that in which our friend the captain seemed to feel the warmest interest, was the tomb of a sailor. It was about twenty feet square, and perhaps of the same height, accessible as usual from the street, by a flight of steps, which are of the same snow-white marble as the structure itself. A little walled passage leads round it on three sides, from one of which we looked, through a grate, into a small chamber with three niches, one of which contained an ancient glass vase, partly filled with human bones and ashes. At some distance from the ground, is carved a Roman galley, with a long latteen yard, apparently rigged on the same plan with the boats now used in the bay of Naples.

The road soon brought us to the remains of a large building on the right, which is supposed to have been a custom house for articles from the country, or a toll house for those who passed the gate. The skeletons of horses were found collected about stone posts, to which they had been tied. This countenances the opinion that a toll was to be paid, which would pro-

bably induce strangers to leave their horses outside. It is not conclusive, however, for the house may perhaps have been only an inn after all.

There remains one more villa to be seen: that of Marcus Arrius Diomedes, one of Cicero's friends. It stands among a few other ruins, which formed the village known by the name of Pagus Augustus Felix, and is much more spacious than those we had visited in the city. It enclosed a large court, which we overlooked in passing along an old gallery on the second story. The cellar is built of stone and mortar, arched overhead, and dimly lighted by narrow slips or loop holes, extending round the three other sides of the court. Here we saw many amphoræ, or jugs and jars of different forms, and some of them large enough to contain a barrel or two, some of which were lined with a crust—the remains of the oil and wine which they formerly contained. Whole rows of similar vessels have been removed, as well as certain other objects of a more melancholy description, such as the skeletons of seventeen persons, who had probably sought refuge here during the fatal eruption of the mountain. It is to be supposed that they had been detained in the neighbourhood by saving their property, or searching for lost friends, until they were afraid to attempt an escape, over a region covered with cinders and ashes from the mountain, which had overspread the whole surface, with such drifts as we saw on our journey to the crater, and had already crushed in the roofs of their own or their neighbours' dwellings. The substantial walls of this cellar, and its arched roof, were admirably calculated to withstand such a dangerous pressure; but they were overtaken by another calamity, which was as inevitable as unexpected. The mountain poured down a river

of hot water, which, although it did not enter the walls of Pompeii, flowed through this little village, and drowned the forlorn and terrified persons who had fled to it for safety. The neighbourhood was consequently covered with a hard cement, like that at Herculaneum; and the bones, which were principally found heaped together in a corner, were thus imbedded, and protected from decay. At a little distance from them was the skeleton of a man, probably Diomedes himself, with necklaces and coins in his hand, and a bunch of keys, once fastened to his girdle, now to his bones; and behind him that of a servant, with several vases of silver and bronze. Among these gloomy reliques, were the bones and jewels of a woman, supposed to be the mistress of this once magnificent edifice; and the surrounding mass of indurated ashes retained the impressions it had received, from the arms and the breast of the corpse, although the flesh had long ago mouldered away.

We had now done with Pompeii and its vicinity, where our minds had so long been lost among the men and the scenes of ancient days, that for a moment we could hardly recollect what century we lived in—what age the world had reached: but as we passed out of a little gate, where our coachman was waiting for us, we were suddenly beset by a herd of beggars, who fairly teased us back to modern times. There were many reflections now returning to our minds, which were received as unwelcome visitants: some related to the fatigue we began to feel, others to the state of things in degraded Italy; the worst of them all was the conviction, that there was now no imagination in the case. Yet in some points of view the world had improved by the change; and it was with a throb of exultation, that we recurred to the

new world in the west : its institutions, its prosperity, its inhabitants.

On our return from Pompeii, we stopped at the king's palace in Portici. Here are to be seen a great number of the pictures taken from Herculaneum, Pompeii and Stabiæ—a third city covered by Vesuvius, and now partly dug out. A large part of the paintings were transported to Sicily some years since, for fear of the French : but those which remain are interesting in a high degree. With such care have they been taken from the walls, that many of them are injured only by the carelessness of their ancient owners, or by the shaking of earthquakes. There are fifteen hundred and eighty in all, of various sizes and descriptions : and they are ranged in order around the walls of ten or twelve apartments. The first two or three contain specimens of ornamental lines, gracefully drawn, and brilliantly coloured—mere flourishes, often delineated with the most scrupulous exactness, according to the principles of grace and proportion. Next we saw great numbers of birds and beasts ; then a few landscapes and pictures of buildings. But the largest part of the collection consists of single figures, or groups of gods and goddesses, nymphs, and many other of those aerial beings, with which the Roman mythology is crowded. Many critics have taken occasion from the imperfection of these pictures, to speak lightly of the art as it existed among the ancients : but who would look on the plastered wall of a house, or even of a villa, for the painting of a master ? It is not surprising that we should find haste and imperfection in this place : yet if one were disposed to defend the side so often attacked, he might speak of the permanency of these water-colours, the beauty of the design, in those especially which appear

to be copies from others of more value, and the many strong, masterly touches, which betray an experienced, though a hurried hand.

An old man, of a very modest mien, conducted us through the various apartments, with something like the gratified air of one who has a promising family to bring out to his friends. He is so swallowed up in a long past age, that he seems hardly to have any connection with present time : but who, among objects like these, would be content with less than an enthusiast ? He is an antiquary by profession : and I am more and more surprised, at the number and variety of the objects preserved in this vicinity, as it were, expressly for the pleasure of such men.

It may easily be supposed, that so soon after going into Pompeii, and mingling with the ancients in the ordinary concerns of life, the numerous pictures of imaginary beings will not prove the most interesting to a traveller. He cares not for the gods and goddesses of their poets, and his attention is much drawn away from the statesmen, wits and heroes of their historians : he looks for men and women. The four pictures to which the “antiquary” first directed our attention, are the largest, and some of the finest in the whole collection, (two of them being six feet and a half high,) and were taken from an apartment of a private house in Herculaneum. The process by which the pictures are removed remains a secret ; but, by some means or other, the plaster is torn off from the wall, with such art, that even paintings of this size are not broken, nor anywise injured by the operation. They are indeed generally cracked in several places, but as they were so when discovered, it was probably done by the shaking of the walls by earthquakes. Flora, Hercules and a Victory occupy the first picture, but to what par-

ticular incident it refers is not decided. Here the figures are done in a dingy flesh-colour, upon a brownish red ground: and in this respect it may be given as a specimen of nearly the whole collection. Cleopatra with an asp, Theseus and the dead Minotaur, and a centaur learning the young Apollo music, are the three others. In the latter, the monster is playing the harp, and the beautiful boy stands gazing at him, with a countenance expressive of the deepest attention. Theseus, it appears, effected the death of the Minotaur with a common walking-stick, hastily cut from a tree and cleared of its twigs. Connoisseurs discover many beauties in the composition and the drawing of these pictures, while the execution is so inferior as to make it probable that they are hasty copies; and I dare say they might find much pleasure in standing here, and discussing the state of the arts in Italy under the reign of Titus. But untaught travellers will be gratified with such things as introduce them more directly to the ancients, and to the scenes with which they were actually familiar. Perhaps one will no where feel more strongly the desire of truth, so natural to the mind: and fortunately he finds much to gratify him. These paintings have brought to light few facts of great import: but many minute circumstances, beneath the notice of history it is true, but not beneath our desires, and exactly what a man of common sense seems to require, in order that he may realize in a vivid manner, that his old predecessors in the world were beings like himself, affected in the same manner by similar circumstances, and driven by similar exigencies to the same expedients. He longs for something to remove the cold reverence he feels while viewing them at such a distance, to take them as it were, by the hand, and feel if they really be flesh and

blood. At Pompeii, and at the cabinet of Portici, he finds this something removed, and his desire fulfilled in a manner the most satisfactory.

The following enumeration I made with my pencil on the spot, being unwilling to trust my memory with such a number of particulars, in which accuracy is quite indispensable.—A young lady, with a fan shaped like a large leaf, has a very amiable expression of face, though her features are such as we call ordinary, and her nose, so far from what we call the Roman standard, is short, and a little turned up. I might not have been surprised to meet her in modern times: but how strange to find her living in Pompeii!—Sappho meditating an ode, with her stylus, which somewhat resembles a pencil, pressed to her lips. In her left hand, she holds her tablets: four thin, square plates, like ivory, tied together with a blue riband, in the form of a small book.—Cupid holding a parasol, which is shaped exactly like a modern one, and is ornamented in the same manner, with a fringe.—Ariadne deserted by Theseus. She is starting from sleep at the sound of his vessel passing by, part of which is represented on the picture, and shows two oars through the stern, to be used instead of a rudder.—The education of Bacchus: taught to drink before he can well walk. An old saddle on the back of an ass, which the painter has introduced, might be mistaken for one of those on which we rode up Vesuvius.—A family at dinner. Here is set out a triclinium, or small round table with three legs, on which are three vessels, and something which may, perhaps, be a spoon. A girl is bringing forward a square smoking dish, a man, on the right hand, reclines upon a bench, and his wife opposite is sitting on a circular chair, which has no back. The husband is drinking from a horn, which he holds at arm's

length, in such a manner that the liquor runs into his mouth. The woman is speaking to the girl, and wears large ear-rings, with her hair curled and dressed high on the top of her head.

There is a picture of Dido deserted by Enæas, and one of the introduction of the Grecian horse into Troy. There is one which represents the harbour of Puteoli; but, unfortunately, the rules of perspective are all so set at nought, that a man is fishing from the top of Nisis [Nisita,] and the water stands up straight before you. It presents the mole, now a mere ruin, in its perfect state; and two gallies, of three banks of oars, are entering the port. The holes for oars are ranged in three lines, like the ports of a line of battle ship. Splendid buildings crowd the shore, and many others run out on piers, presenting a magnificent display of white walls, and colonnades. A little portico rises from the bay, toward the south, the substructions of which the old man declared he had seen, remaining under water about thirty years ago.

In one place were children playing with masks; and in another, caricature-drawings of men and women, much after the modern fashion, with enormous heads and small bodies. There are also priests in their officiating dresses, which doubtless must afford some hints on the subject of religious ceremonies.

Painted signs were found over several shop-doors in Pompeii, which, without the use of letters, told the occupation of the master. One was for a shop of kitchen utensils: and another is, a picture of a shoemaker's shop, executed in the most wretched style. There is something like a work-bench, too indistinct to be well seen, and many shoes hanging from above. A man and woman have brought in their little boy, whom the craftsman is fitting with new shoes. Next,

stands a sign taken from the door of a school, in which is a most satisfactory proof of the antiquity of horsing: a punishment some moderns are well acquainted with. A delinquent is held on the shoulders of one of his school-fellows, while another holds his feet, and the pedagogue is bestowing his chastisement. The other boys are ranged round on benches, with something like bits of parchment in their hands; and, terrified at the example, are studying with all their might. Another sign, which seems to have been merely ornamental, is a picture of three equestrian statues erected by the road-side, before which several men and boys have stopped, as if to read their inscriptions.

A small apartment was found in a private house at Pompeii, which is supposed to have been devoted to religious worship, and its walls were removed hither, covered as they were with painted serpents, and many inexplicable things. In the next room is a picture of a private apartment, with a *glass* window opened, which looks into a small yard, where a Corinthian colonnade is thrown into beautiful perspective: as if to prove, in the most satisfactory manner, that many assertions concerning the ignorance of the ancients are unfounded.

On the walls of some buildings in Pompeii, which are by some supposed to have been barracks, were found a great number of inscriptions apparently in red and black chalk, which have often been taken for the scribbled jests of soldiers. The characters are so antique, that I could hardly make out a single word: but the old man, who is familiar with them, declared they were almost all names. Here is, however, an advertisement of nine hundred shops to let for five years, by a woman named Julia Felix.

We were afterward shown a very melancholy sight: the skull and arm-bone of Diomedes' wife, taken from the great cellar near Pompeii, together with a lump

of indurated ashes, bearing the impression of her breast, and part of the arm about the elbow, made while the form was perfect.

After the highly interesting subjects in which my mind has been lost for two or three days, I deem it little better than trifling to descend to the king of Naples, and the royal palace of Portici itself. On applying for admission, a servant took the keys and led us through a long succession of apartments, which he designated as halls, chambers of pages, audience-rooms, guard-chambers, private parlours, dining-rooms, bed-chambers, libraries; besides the apartments for princes and princesses, the servants' rooms, &c. &c. Many silken hangings and curtains it was here our lot to see, together with beautiful pictures, tables made of costly stones, inlaid in the richest manner, splendid furniture, and sometimes walls composed entirely of coloured marbles: but, to our plain minds, there seemed little comfort in tiled floors without carpets, and little refined taste in the king's young wife, in whose library I observed, among other English books, "Tom Jones," and "Uncle Thomas."

The view from many of the windows is, however, delightful; and the garden is extensive and remarkably fine, being, at this season, so shaded by cypresses, oranges, and other evergreens, as to put winter quite out of memory. My friends visited also "La Favorita," another palace of the king, and describe it as very beautiful.

When, at the approach of evening, we at length returned into the street, we were surrounded by fifteen or twenty of the most impertinent fellows, pressing us to hire their carriages, and driving their horses across our path. Each seemed to claim a sort of property in us: and when we refused to agree to their exorbi-

tant demands, they screamed around us like maniacs, and made such a noise, that the inhabitants of Portici threw open their old-fashioned windows, and heads oddly decorated looked down from the sixth or seventh story, as from a cloud.

NAPLES.—*Jan. 24.* We set out this morning betimes, and entered the grotto of Pozzuoli, the length of which is about two-thirds of a mile, and its antiquity unknown. Some antiquaries suppose it to have been made by the Cumæans: others believe it was at first only a quarry for building-stone. From the marks of wheels still seen in the walls, twenty feet from the present floor, it is reasonably supposed to have been at first of much smaller dimensions. Lamps are hung from the roof and lighted in the evening, and for the day-time, a communication is opened with the upper air, by two slanting shafts near the middle. It is however a gloomy ride at best; and we were well pleased to reach the end, and descend upon the valley of Bagnuoli, which is covered with a forest of tall trees, from which vines are stretched in festoons from limb to limb. Toward the west this valley opens upon the water; and here we suddenly caught a view of the island of Nisita, and our late neighbours, the Greek vessels, lying in a hopeless and cheerless quarantine.

A ride of two miles along the shore, brought us to the gate of Pozzuoli, where several men and boys made their appearance, and offered not only to instruct us in the curiosities of their own town, but to lead us to the lake of Avernus, the city of Cumæ, and the whole coast of Baia. Their appearance formed the most ludicrous contrast with their pretensions: for while they ran over the names of ancient cities, Roman heroes, and the sacred retreats of divinities,

with almost a sacrilegious familiarity, they trotted by our side in the dust, some with torn jackets, some with half a shoe, and some with none at all. One, more forward than the rest, actually leaped up behind the carriage, to sing his own praises with more effect in our very ears ; and when driven down, outstripped his ragged companions, followed us hard a full mile, and, when we dismounted, was among us again like a familiar spirit.

Our coming excited a general buzzing among scores of beggars, who seemed to have been lying in wait for exactly such a party as ours, and forthwith surrounded us, offering their petitions, in such a variety of voices and tongues, that not one of them could be understood : “ *Date mi qualche cosa, signore,*” repeated over and over, till we could scarce recollect where we were, or what they wanted. If we separated, each was attended by a swarm of his own, from which there seemed to be no escape ; and if we met again, their combined noise quite drowned our voices, and broke up the consultation we had intended to hold at this place, concerning the best plan for our future route.

We were in a large square, and had alighted beside a piece of sculptured marble in the middle of it, which is supposed to be a monument erected in Puteoli, to the Emperor Tiberius, by fourteen cities of Asia Minor. It bears emblems of those cities, with their names written below, and is too valuable an antique to be exposed in a public place ; though to do the Pozzuolites justice, they seem to respect it as it deserves, as well as a Roman statue at a little distance from it.

But we had already remained on this spot quite long enough, for neither threats nor entreaties availed to

deliver us from would-be guides and real beggars ; and taking to our heels, we ran down a neighbouring street, followed by the rabble in full chase. The same persevering cicerone before mentioned still kept at our elbow. "What do you want?" we inquired angrily, "Gentlemen," he replied, in very good English, with a shrewd smile, and his hat in hand, "I want to rid you of these troublesome fellows. I am a cicerone ; and, if you will trust yourselves to my direction, you will make the tour of the various interesting scenes in this neighbourhood in the shortest time possible, and with the least fatigue. My father was a cicerone before me, and instructed me in all the knowledge he was possessed of." So saying, he drew from his pocket a book full of recommendations, from travelers of many nations, who had all been signally benefitted by the profound literature of Pietro Rocca. But the rabble were now coming up ; so, hastily accepting him as a guide, we desired him to lead our retreat. This checked the ragged mob ; and Pietro, with a short speech in the dialect of Pozzuoli, which Mattia had before taught us to regard as perfectly ridiculous, sent them all back the way they came.

We had now time to look about us. We were on a smooth modern quay on the north side of the town, and under the shadow of a range of tall and deserted store-houses. The remains of the ancient mole lay further south, like a row of black rocks just above the surface, but not visible from this place ; and the harbour, which it has long since ceased to protect, contained only two or three fishing-boats. The beach, running about a mile to the north, made a bold sweep to the foot of Monte Nuovo, a hill several hundred feet high, which was thrown out in one night by a volcano, from the bowels of the earth. On the opposite

side was the harbour of Baia, with the modern town on a hill just below it, and the remaining part of the cape ending two or three miles down, at a bluff which still bears the name of Misenus, the friend of Æneas. Among a thousand other interesting incidents, which the scene is calculated to recall to the memory, there is none more splendid than that which is said to have been exhibited by Caligula, the narration of which was still fresh in mind as recorded by that downright historian Suetonius, or, shall I say it? his still more downright translator John Clark. The story was indeed questioned, even when the lives of the Twelve Cæsars were written: but the historian quotes his grandfather, whose authority we are bound to treat with respect on his account. From the end of the mole, he tells us, ships of burthen were drawn up and moored in a line, which reached to Baïæ, a distance of $3\frac{1}{2}$ Roman miles, and covered with earth so as to resemble the Appian Way, over which the emperor passed and repassed for two days, in a triumphant manner. The first day he went on horseback, with a crown of oak leaves, dressed in cloth of gold, and armed with a shield, sword and battle-axe. The next day he drove a chariot, drawn by two celebrated horses, and attended by a young Parthian hostage named Darius, and some of his friends mounted in British chariots. According to the account given by the grandfather of Suetonius, this was done in consequence of an astrologer having declared, that Caligula would no more be emperor, than he would ride over the bay of Baïæ on horseback.

But this scene, with all its magnificence, was far removed into oblivion, when we recollected "a certain ship of Alexandria, whose sign was Castor and Pollux," that once entered this port, and brought

as a prisoner the great apostle of the Gentiles. Here he remained seven days, among a company of believers whom he found, in a city where Serapis and Diana were worshipped, and where afterwards Augustus was added to the number of the gods. This soil was trodden by Paul, while acting under the command of the vision that said, "Thou must bear witness also at Rome."

When we had determined to make the travellers' tour by land, instead of taking a boat to Baia, and walking over the neighbouring country, Pietro dispatched a man for three donkies, and then led us to the temple of Jupiter Serapis, where, on an oblong piece of ground, 140 feet long, and 120 wide, English measure, (like all future dimensions in this journal,) were three granite columns standing, and several lying at their feet, still highly polished, and about five feet in thickness. The friezes also are rich "beyond compare," and their minutest flowers and beads are as smooth as pearls.

In the baths, we observed sculptured dolphins; and some of the basins are still in good order, supplied by a spring of warm, sulphureous water, and used for bathing.

Three miserable donkies were waiting for us when we left these magnificent ruins; though we at first refused to take them on the score of humanity, when we saw how they had been galled and ill-treated by their inhuman masters, we soon found that no better could be obtained; and, having arranged the knotted harnesses as humanely as possible, we at length mounted and set off. One of the poor animals however stumbled and fell over the first stone, the rider being thrown into the dust as far forward as the stirrups would permit, and both lay as dead; but it happened for-

unately that neither man nor beast received any injury, though they looked more like a miller the rest of the day.

A lonely ride of about two miles, over a sandy beach partly shaded with bushes, brought us to Monte Nuovo, when we turned to the right, and followed along at its foot, till at length we began to ascend an adjoining hill. From the top, we caught through a chasm, a glimpse of a dark pond, about a mile in circumference, surrounded by high, steep banks, which had an air of desertion and seclusion decidedly melancholy. It was the lake of Avernus: and no traveller perhaps ever saw it break thus suddenly upon him, and heard the guide pronounce its name, without a thrill of pleasure. Beyond, the road lay on the top of the bank, on the north side; and a little mound near at hand commanded at one glance a view of the whole. A few scattering trees opposite, standing in a gap of the hills, are called the remains of the Groves of Trivia; the mouth of a cave among them is said to be the entrance to the infernal world, through which Æneas was conducted by the Cumæan Sybil; and a ruin on the left, which rises from the margin of the water, is called the Temple of Apollo.

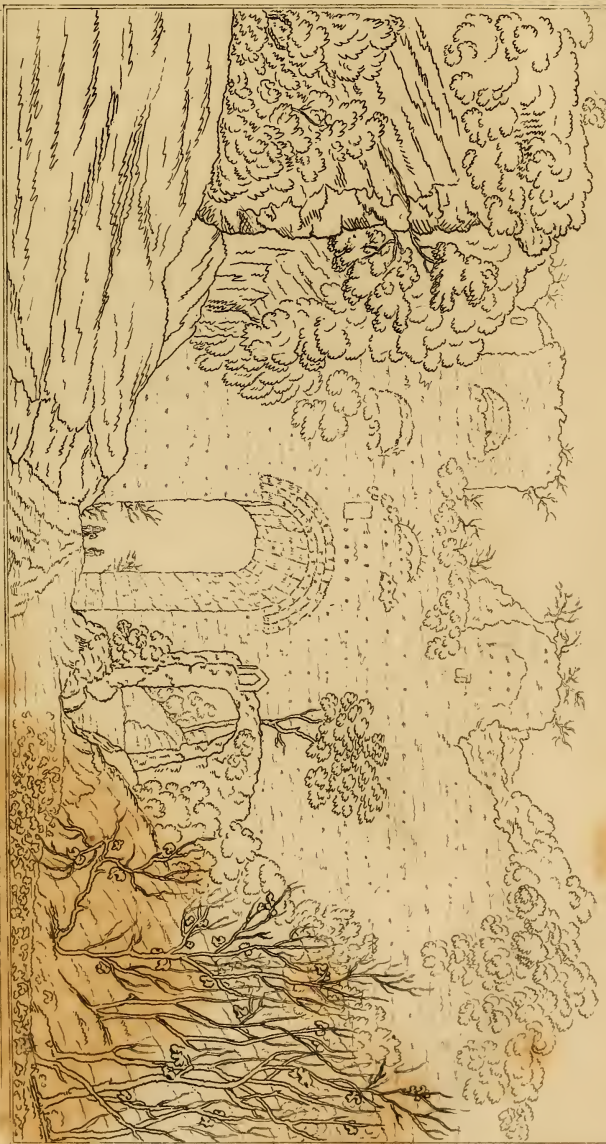
In the sand-banks by the road, were the broken parts of an aqueduct, built perhaps by Nero, while that mad fit was on him, which induced him to attempt to bring water from Baiæ to Rome. They are built of brick, shaped like narrow drains, and large enough for a man to walk through them, by stooping a little: but the surface has been so much raised by ashes from the volcano, that the aqueduct is buried beneath the soil.

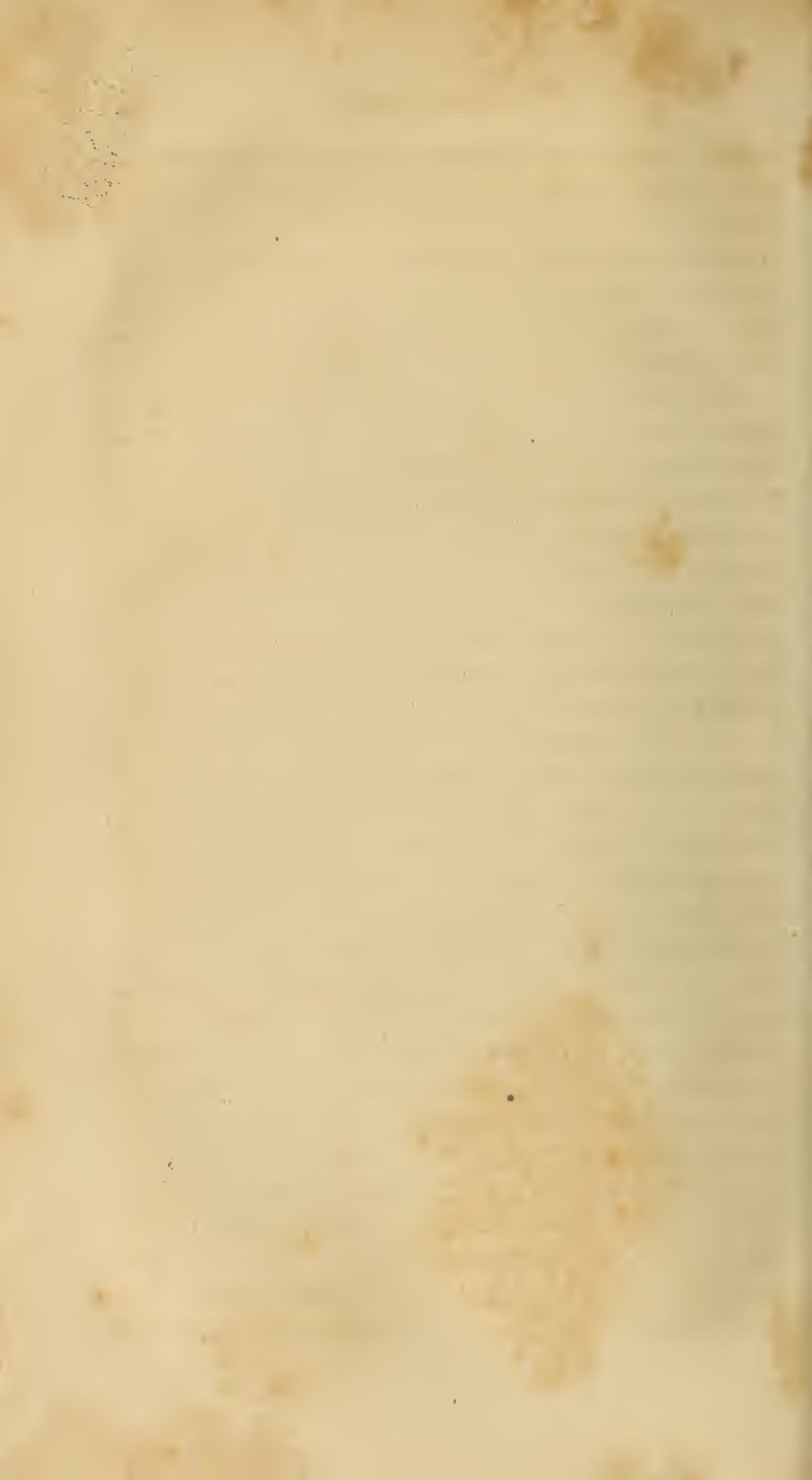
A mile or two beyond, are the ruins of Cumæ, a city founded by a colony from Eubœa, and the

most ancient settlement on this coast. The gate, which is called the Arco Felice, is the largest ruin we have seen; the arched passage being about thirty feet wide, and fifty high, and the whole structure about eighty feet to the top. It is built of broad and thin bricks, and pierced with two holes, which may have given room for aqueducts. Its broken summit is overgrown with green bushes, and commands a very extensive view toward the west, of the Mediterranean and the distant island of Ponza. The retirement of the place partook not a little of solemnity; for my companions having passed, there was no sound except the voice of a shepherd boy, singing at a distance, and the rustling of lizards among the dry leaves. A trampling was afterwards heard, and an exclamation in broad English of "There's the Arco Felice! What a d—n fine ruin!" and two English sparks passed by on the gallop.

The road which passes under this noble arch, once led into Cumæ, but now is a mere mule-path to the vineyards by which its ruins are covered: for Cumæ is as completely enveloped by the ashes of Monte Nuovo, as Pompeii by those of Vesuvius. But an important difference is to be kept in view; Pompeii was overwhelmed while it was a crowded city, but Cumæ lay a heap of ruins for centuries. We readily acceded to the proposition of our guide to diverge a little to the right, in order to call at a solitary farm-house; and there regaled ourselves with some excellent white wine, resembling the best cider, which was drawn from one of a huge pile of casks, and afforded at a very moderate price. Beneath us, all this time, lay a whole city in ruins; nothing appeared to betray it, except along the path, where old houses were frequently seen peeping from broken banks; and, for the distance of

THE ARCADE





a mile, the ground is half paved with old walls, frequently worn down a foot or two by the passage of mules.

Here are the remains of what is called the Giant's Temple; and the amphitheatre, a little farther on, retains nothing of its ancient appearance, except its form: the arena being covered with old olive trees.

Having passed Virgil's lonely lake Acheron, we turned east, and soon came to the top of a hill, looking down upon the bay and the town of Pozzuoli, Nisita, and many distant points of the coast. A steep and broken path before us, descended to the shore of a beautiful arching bay, shut in by hills, in the form of a horse-shoe. The surface was every where uneven, and in some places were green olive trees, standing on small terraces. Indeed a great part of the ground seemed, at first view, to have been cut in this manner for cultivation: but a little attention proved that the appearance was owing to the walls of buildings, now many centuries in ruins, filled up by the washing of rains, and the ashes from Monte Nuovo, which furnished the fine theatre of sloping hills, with numerous broken tiers, like the remains of seats for spectators.

This was the scite of Baiæ, and these were the remains of the baths, villas, palaces, and temples, with which it was rather crowded than ornamented. But the elements have made such havoc here in the course of ages, that there exists not a single ruin with an undisputed name; and not more than five or six whose character can be even conjectured. Near the foot of the hill, on the left, is a Temple of Mercury, consisting of a circular room with a vaulted roof. The walls are bare, but well preserved; and a low whisper may be heard by a person on the opposite side, at the

distance of forty steps. Near the shore is a Temple of Venus, connected with a range of ruinous baths; and at a short distance Pietro made us stop again, at a dark hole overgrown with weeds, which leads into several chambers, with gilded walls, supposed to be the tomb of Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, and mother of Nero, whom he poisoned, and afterwards buried with much pomp. There were but three or four dwellings to be seen among the heaps of ruins around us; and they were small and comfortless, though built of stone, and tolerably white without; so that the twenty-seven wretches we now counted pressing round us, clamorous for alms and offering antiques for sale, must have formed nearly the whole present population of a place, where half the emperors of Rome, and many of her most wealthy citizens, once built their favourite villas and palaces. The scene has changed, indeed, since this spot was the centre of all that was attractive in this delightful vicinity; since aqueducts brought the water of many distant springs for the supply of its baths; the fertile Campagna yielded the richest fruits and wines for its inhabitants; and particularly when, on some part of these deserted hills, stood the villas of Mæcenas, and Augustus, the resort of Horace, Virgil, and their contemporary wits and poets. Virgil, could he see this coast in its present state, would find it reduced nearly to the desertion of the times of his Æneas; and Horace would discover little of that luxury which once provoked his satire. The long piers which were run out far into the harbour, to furnish room for new buildings, after all the land had been occupied, have now disappeared; for the earthquakes have long since destroyed them all, and filled up the port with their ruins; and, as we walked along the beach, the sand was full of broken

bricks, white and coloured marbles, verde-antique, and fragments of red earthen jars, rolled together and thrown up in ridges by the waves. Here are sometimes found gems of some value; usually small carnelians, engraved with various figures, an art in which the ancients are quite unrivalled. Most of them were probably for rings, and all of them are well calculated to take the fancy of any one, who possesses the least degree of the spirit of an antiquary: but they are so well counterfeited in glass by the Neapolitans, that hundreds of spurious ones are probably carried away every year, by travellers who have the credulity to trust the asseverations and oaths of the wretches now inhabiting these shores.

On the high point which bounds the harbour on the south, is situated the modern Baia, a miserable village fortified with a small castle; and, for two or three miles beyond, we rode on high land, and enjoyed an extensive view, over a large part of the Bay of Naples, including some of the islands and Vesuvius, interrupted only by one or two villages beyond. Here the houses, though often tall, and substantially built of stone, were extremely old, and looked comfortless within; while the streets were so narrow and broken that we were usually forced to proceed in a single line, and half the inhabitants instinctively muttered, "*qualche cosa signor,*" and stretched out their hands as soon as they saw us coming. The women were almost all engaged in spinning, and that in the ancient fashion, without the music of a wheel, twirling a heavy spindles with the right hand, while they drew the flax with the left, from a reed fastened at the waist.

Extreme poverty is no less evident in the dress of these people, than mental degradation in their features; and while they receive from the soil they culti-

vate, the scanty share allowed them by griping landlords, they gaze like idiots on the magnificent scenery, once familiar and delightful to the eyes of the greatest Romans, and stumble among the ruins of their habitations, which they regard only as they encumber the ground.

As we passed through Bauli, the streets were almost paved with the buried walls of the ancient city of Baulis, over which the surface has been raised, as over Baiæ, and Cumæ, and probably in the same manner. When we had passed the modern town, the ruins often interrupted the wheat fields, and vineyards; and Pietro frequently warned us against leaving the foot-path for a moment, lest we should fall into dangerous holes among the weeds, with which the heaps of stones are often overgrown.

The southern point of the promontory, at the head of which stands the scite of Cumæ, is a bluff still called after the name of Misenus, the pilot of Æneas's fleet; and just this side of it is the Dead Sea, a pond, probably a mile in circumference, defended from the ancient naval port of Misenum on the left, and on the right from the channel through which we entered the bay of Naples, by low beaches of smooth sand; and seems to have been admirably calculated for an inner port to that of Misenum, with which it was connected by a canal made by Julius Cæsar, now entirely filled up.

The day was now fast wasting; and we found it necessary to return towards Naples, which was many miles distant. We were obliged, therefore, to content ourselves with a distant view of the ruins of ancient Misenum, a town beyond the Dead Sea; with the small but populous island of Procida, and the steep mountains of Ischia.

By a narrow and devious path, which turned off to the right, we reached the Hundred Chambers, or the prison of Nero, and were conducted by candle-light, down a winding stair-case of hewn stone. Here we found a great number of small apartments, in excellent preservation, and were particularly struck, on arriving at the end of a passage, to find four small cells, which met at such a narrow door that a single man, standing between them, completely guards, or rather blocks up the access of them all. In another place there remains a ring-bolt, from which time indeed has long since freed the prisoner; but the sight is enough to awaken anew the strongest detestation of the tyrant.

We returned through Baia; and following the beach, climbed the opposite hill, from which the retrospect was very fine. But Pietro besought us to hasten forward, and not linger at the ruins of Cæsar's palace, for a row of loaded mules had been seen coming round the head of the bay, and must now be near the entrance of the grotto of Baia, which penetrates the hill just beyond the place where we were. This grotto is made much like that of Posilipo, and probably of still greater antiquity. It is about a quarter of a mile long, and arched above; yet, though about twenty feet wide, is so much filled up with rubbish that only one mule can pass at a time. Pietro screamed therefore as he hurried on our wretched animals; and when we emerged from the darkness of the grotto, we found the muleteers waiting for us, together with an old crouching man, who offered to conduct us to the Vapour Baths of Nero, pointing at another dark hole in the hill.

A steep descent brought us to a narrow stripe of low ground, which divides the bay of Pozzuoli on the

right, from lake Acheron, on the left. Following the bend of this lake for three quarters of a mile, and then winding along a blind path through overgrown fields, we reached the side of a hill, which sloped to the shore of lake Avernus. Three ragged men made their appearance, at the mouth of a gloomy passage overgrown with bushes; and while they were lighting torches, the length of which threatened us a tedious subterranean journey, we had a little time to look around, and see what changes had taken place here since the days of Æneas. There are a few old trees scattered about, which are called the Groves of Trivia, the Temple of Apollo is in ruins opposite; and the lake has lost all its ancient gloom. There are several apartments belonging to the Sybil's Grotto, as the cavern is called : but their floors are covered with water, and we were carried through them on the backs of the guides, while Pietro hastened them on, with such screams as are used in this country in driving mules and horses. Here are the remains of gilded ceilings, and a passage which pierces the hill, and opens on lake Acheron : but we returned by the way we had come, and reached again the shore of the bay, without meeting a single person, (such is the solitude of almost every interesting spot in this vicinity,) except a few sailors, cutting bushes and making them into fagots, under the direction of a midshipman, belonging to a small British vessel, at anchor in the harbour of Baia.

The beach, as it swept round the head of the bay of Pozzuoli, brought us to the base of Monte Nuovo, and to the ruins of the mole, which once shut in the Julian Port ; and a little beyond, we saw several masses of ancient brick-work or masonry in the water. Approaching Pozzuoli, we passed again the ruins of

Cicero's Villa; for he had a villa at Puteoli as well as Baïæ and Pompeii. The margin of the water in front of it is strewn with bricks and marbles; and gems are sometimes picked up by children playing in the sand.

We passed through a part of Pozzuoli; and, when we had reached the fields, the surface was often broken by ancient walls, shaken down by earthquakes, and buried by the ashes of Solfaterra, now a smothered volcano a little way off. The houses of the peasants, who cultivate the vineyards through which our path lay, are so old, as hardly to be distinguished from those of Roman dates, except by the fact that they are built above them: for the door-posts are sometimes half cut away by time, and wherever utensils or furniture are usually placed, the stone wall is often worn in, to the depth of several inches. The dress of the inhabitants too was whole ages out of date, and so quaint that it bordered on the ridiculous: yet it is evident, from what we saw in passing, that contentment may be found among the ruins of palaces, and that even the Pozzuoli dialect is, to a native, an intelligible and very useful language.

The remains of the amphitheatre are in a large field; and prove the structure to have been second in size only, to that of Titus in Rome. In point of antiquity, it has even the advantage over that by some years; and possesses a still farther interest, from the fact, that in it was martyred one of the early Christians, since adopted as the patron saint of Naples, St. Januarius. The arena, where he was first exposed, unhurt, to wild beasts, is now covered with vines and trees.

A short walk through the fields, brought us to the place where an ancient tomb has been lately disco-

vered. A vine-dresser, who accompanied us to the spot, was at work in the fields, some time in the year 1817, when the ground suddenly gave way under him, and he fell down, twelve or fifteen feet, upon the floor of a small square room. The sides were furnished with niches, in which were placed four white marble sarcophagi, or coffins, richly ornamented with reliefs and recumbent statues. One of these coffins has been sold and removed to the palace of the studii, at Naples; the others still keep their places, and even contain small quantities of human ashes and bones. Every thing speaks of a wealthy owner. The niches were covered with Mosaic, and one of them bears the picture of a galley of three banks of oars, made in white and gilded marble.

"Nothing found here belonged, of right, to the discoverer," said Pietro, with a knowing look, "and therefore Vincenzo took care to find nothing worth having." This was spoken in English: then turning, he said in Italian, "The gentlemen inquire whether you found any thing of more value than these ashes." "Nothing," said he, with an air of affected sincerity, only half supported. "Nothing," repeated Pietro in English, with a Neapolitan shrug: "yet he carried four hundred dollars worth of coins the next day to Naples, beside a quantity of such stones as these, and has been *contented* ever since." The stones he showed us were small, and bore the profiles of men and women. They were found in great numbers, and most of them were alike.

It is impossible to tread on a soil like this, without wishing it might be inhabited by men of intelligence, or at least of more curiosity and activity, who would not rest till they had brought to light the treasures with which it teems, and ransacked old Puteoli to her foundations.

Near a mile farther on, is a Franciscan convent; and on our way thither we walked for a few minutes on the Consular Way, which is here laid bare by the washing of the rain against a hill-side. That road formerly extended from Pompeii to Baiæ, and probably this is a part of it, though it is almost every where else destroyed, or concealed under the surface. During our walk, Pietro amused us with a story of his spending two years in a British transport, merely to learn English, to fit him better for his business; and with his complaints against the emperor of Austria, for threatening the country with an invasion, and thus injuring the business of an honest cicerone. He gave us a description too, of the twenty monks who inhabit the convent during the winter; the only season when it is safe from the unhealthy atmosphere, which at other times infects the neighbourhood. "They have heads the same as a bullock," said he, "for the best bread is for the monks, the fattest mutton is for the monks, the best wine is for the monks. Go there any day after dinner, and you will find them all asleep. They have nothing to do; they live better than any body else, and do a thousand things which they would call great sins in me. They pretend to be poor, and go into Naples to beg for the convent; but nine times out of ten the poor Franciscan will stop on his way home, and leave the alms he has received in a shop."

On reaching the convent walls, we found reason to believe some part of this shrewd fellow's statement: for two donkies came up loaded with casks, from which the red wine was dripping; and we were forced to knock loud and repeatedly, before we could gain admission. A tall, broad-shouldered young man at last appeared, in a coarse brown frock, with his cowl thrown back, leaving his shorn head uncovered. "Brother

Giacomo," said our guide, with much familiarity, "I hope we have not disturbed the whole convent: but really you slept so much more soundly than usual, that I thought you were all dead." Brother Giacomo smiled, and led us to the cells, which are ranged about a small court, and certainly appeared comfortless enough. Pietro looked incredulous, and assumed a corresponding tone of irony. "Brother," said he, "you are too austere. Take care of yourself; too much abstinence sometimes may be worse than a little indulgence. Your flesh is wasting away, and here you are mortifying yourself in every possible manner; and that cord you wear about your waist—is it not a hard and knotty thing to be whipped with?"

We were now in the chapel; and surely, the altars and the pictures were of no inconsiderable value, while the half-worn inscriptions under foot, proved that many persons had thought it worth their ambition, and probably their money, to be buried in this holy place. The monk, with a slight attempt at an expression of reverence, opened a case, in which was a wretched picture of St. Januarius; and then showed the bloody stone on which he was beheaded. "How old is that picture?" inquired Pietro, at our instigation. "Dont you know? Is it four thousand years?" "Yes," replied brother Giacomo, "at least that."

On returning to Pozzuoli, we were beset with children offering us coins, and hastened through narrow streets, to the church of St. Proculus, where are several fine Corinthian columns built into a wall, which are the remains of a temple erected to Augustus as a god.

We took a carriage after sun-set, to return to Naples, and met about fifty boys led in procession by a priest, who was their instructor. They were dressed in large

cloaks, and three-cornered hats. According to Pietro, who followed us out of the city to bid us farewell, all schoolmasters are members of the priesthood. Our coachman would not consent to go so late to the Dog's Grotto, for fear of the bugbear of "robbers and Carbonari."

In about half an hour, we entered the long, dark grotto of Posilipo, with a row of feeble lamps hung along the roof; and a ride of two miles more after night-fall, and an occasional glimpse of Vesuvius, with spots of fire on her sides, brought us again to Naples.

As the country is, at this time, in great ferment, military parades are frequent in the city, and the coffee and dining houses are sometimes crowded with officers and soldiers. They are almost without exception, noisy and ill-bred, and have so disgusted us, that we hope and care less and less for their success. What wretched republicans would be made of the Pozzuolites and the Baians! and the national guard, the yeomanry of the kingdom, seem more like braggarts than patriots.

NAPLES.—*January 28.* We must suppose the clear skies and pleasant weather, in which we have been so long indulged, to be very near their close: and whether we look at the usual character of the winter seasons in this climate, or the long established system of this world, our period of enjoyment must shortly be succeeded by a double share of clouds and storms, for which we are already deeply in arrears.—Such were our reflections this morning, as the early light began to steal silently into our apartments: but the voices of Neapolitan criers, from the narrow streets below, rung so clear and shrill, as to dispel in a moment all our melancholy forebodings, and yield a fair promise of another delightful day. Some of our neighbours were soon afterwards heard conversing with great liveliness, from

the little iron ballustrades with which the upper windows are usually furnished ; and there was so much hilarity in their tones, and such mellowness in some of their cadences, that they resembled the notes of singing birds, when they start away in a prolonged current of unintelligible music, and then dwell upon the close, and prolong the sweetest chord in their little octave. When we had studied awhile the quaint device by which our windows were secured, and had succeeded in opening them inwards, from the ceiling to the floor, the old women, girls, and children, who appeared at almost every opening, together with the antique structures they inhabited, presented a scene foreign and singular, like some strange aviary, stuffed with birds from some newly discovered country, and many an uncouth combination of discordant colours and forms. Here was a face all lined and interlined with wrinkles, set off with gilt combs, sparkling gewgaws, and gaudy ribands ; and near by, and perhaps in the act of paying to it the compliments of a delightful morning, a smiling, dimpling girl of thirteen, crowned with a cap of such a sad and antiquated form, as would have done credit to an Egyptian mummy. The hilarity of the morning seemed to have every where diffused itself ; for, on emerging from the hotel, to seek breakfast in a neighbouring coffee house, the coachmen were unusually urgent in the offer of their services, taking it for granted that the “Englishmen,” as they call us, could not fail to be tempted into the country by such a morning ; and crowded round us with their importunate cries of “Andiam’ a Pozzuol’, a Baia, a Ercolan’, a Pompeia—amdiam’ signo’ !”

But our course had been determined in another direction ; and consulting our books, we set off for the

tomb of Virgil. Among dark and narrow streets, we wound our way, and passed through the long public garden, while the drops of dew were yet on the cold marble statues, which lined its then deserted walks. The noble sculptured bull, which occupies a large pedestal in the centre, frowned upon us as we passed; while the muscular exertion expressed in the young man who holds him forcibly by the horns, was admirably contrasted with the passive terror of poor Dirce, who lies at his feet, with her long tresses entangled in the horns of the ferocious animal. The little temple beyond, lately erected to receive a bust of Tasso, and the view of the broad bay, which opened full upon us when we began to tread the sweeping beach of the Margellina, seemed to harmonize with the reflections which occupied our minds, as we gradually approached the object of our research; and even the promptitude with which the little children came up of their own accord, and offered to conduct us to "*il sepolcro di Virgilio*," only proved beyond controversy the permanency of a great name.

A long and steep zig-zag road soon afterwards appeared, and conducted up the hill, with many a toilsome winding. When our height permitted a view beyond the neighbouring houses, the bay appeared more and more extensive at every pause we made; while, close at hand, the lofty precipices of hewn volcanic rock, and the vineyards and gardens with which they were crowned, afforded many new and interesting varieties, and called again to mind the picturesque peculiarities of the country.

Every one has looked with pleasure on the striking points of Italian landscapes, as detailed on the canvass; but I apprehend it is usually with a monitory whispering of doubt. Painters have forms and colours

submissive at their command, and are never bound to follow nature when she contradicts the rules of harmony, or deviates from the line of grace; and to their invention are often attributed the riches of the scenery, the languid postures and striking costumes of the figures, the quaint caparisons of steeds, the mysterious shades of the cavern, and the warm tints of the surrounding landscape. But a slight attention to the subject on the spot, is sufficient to convince us that, in these respects, the artist may be a mere copyist: nature has supplied him abundantly with models, and among her works are to be sought the elements, or rather the originals, of his designs. The peculiar appearance of the lower class of the people has been noticed before, as well their manners and their dress; but the richest and most appropriate foregrounds are afforded, in this vicinity, by the artificial forms of the rocks, whose warm red and yellow volcanic tints light up afresh at sun-rise and sun-set, and harmonize most generously with the richest colours of the pallet. However useless may now appear the vast labour bestowed in chisselling them down to their present forms, at some long past and unknown period, they may serve to recall the time when these regions bore many marks of Roman luxury; when the magnificence of Baiaë and Puteoli overflowed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and even reached the elevated ranges of Parthenope or Pausilipus; when the villas of the splendid were seen encircling the bay, and Grecian columns stood in marshalled ranks along the shore. There is now indeed no want of fair country-houses on the neighbouring summits, nor of stately and royal edifices on the distant promontories; and their clear whiteness beautifully sets off the deep purplish blue of the remoter mountains: but how sadly changed

since ancient times! The stranger is at first filled with regret at the comparison: but when he looks on the distant shores, where cultivation and sterility assume the same colour and appearance; on the strongly featured islands of Capri and Ischia, where all the traces of man are entirely lost to view; on the still more distant Appennines covered with a shroud of snow; and then turns to Vesuvius, rolling out its clouds of mysterious vapours; he acknowledges that there is a luxury inherent in the scene, which survives untouched the common wastes of time, and far, far transcends the utmost reach of art.

In the sight of these noble objects it was, that Virgil chose to spend the latter years of his life; here, at his own desire, were deposited his ashes, and no one I think can visit the place and not associate ever afterwards his favourite residence with his memory, and trace some of his admirable conceptions to this scene, so adapted to lofty poetic meditation. Though divested of its former adventitious decorations, the same picture is before us in its native grandeur, and must doubtless add, in the mind of a scholar, a new interest to many of his lines, by enforcing their meaning and redoubling their effect.

We were admitted through a little door into a garden, by a young man, who led us some distance through long alleys, and under the shade of olive trees; till turning to the right, and descending a flight of stone steps cut out of a great rock, we came to the very brow of an artificial precipice, and found ourselves hanging over the entrance of the dark grotto of Posilipo. A small square tomb of stones and plaster stood beside us, overgrown spontaneously with wild olive and myrtle, and sprinkled with a few flowers. In one of its niches, is said to have been deposited the cinerary urn of Virgil,

although one account declares that his remains were placed, at his own request, under one of the stones of the old Puteoli road below, in front of the inscription affixed to the base of the precipice. The seclusion of the spot where the tomb is placed, well corresponds with the feelings which its history excites; for nothing was to be seen except the ragged yellow cliffs around, fantastically ornamented with the streaming tresses of pendant vines, and crowned with verdant shrubbery; while a rude colonnade through which the steps conducted us, all cut in the living rock ["vivo saxo,"] completed a scene in which the bard perhaps might have learnt to say, what now a stranger might repeat for the bard:

———— "Ite capellæ:

"Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro,

"Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo."

"Carmina nulla canam."

[Leave me, my herd! No more shall I lie in my shady cavern, and see you hanging from the distant mossy rock—I shall sing my songs no more.]

Returning by the way we had come, the broad bay of Naples opened once more to view, with its noble expansion of water, thirty miles across—ranges of mountains for its shores, and Vesuvius for its beacon. Human power is too feeble, man is too diminutive, either to improve or to mar its beauties. We may indeed admire a neighbouring villa, or might perhaps look out with more pleasure from a hanging-garden, or a marble portico; but cottages, palaces and towns are diminished into mere spots at the foot of Vesuvius, and grow more and more dim at each successive headland, until they are all entirely lost in the rich purple hue of Capo Campanella. There the varieties of surface are no more distinguishable; and the richest coat

of verdure can boast no beauty over the most hopeless sterility. The bold outlines of Ischia and Capri also, only seem to enclose their portions of a deeper sky, enveloping their villages and pastures, their olive groves and rocky pinnacles, in one unvarying hue of azure. In such a scene all human grandeur loses its majesty; and all that art can do is but to speak its own imbecility, and impress the mind with double awe, at the overwhelming superiority of nature.

This was its effect when Virgil knew the scene; and for this it was that it became his favourite retreat. It presents to the mind a continual reference to a superiour world: to a loftier, a purer state of being. Like a face in which all the female virtues are displayed, as well as the corresponding traits of beauty; or like the sublime expression of a patriarch's features, it directs the thoughts to a brighter realm, where many a counterpart exists, and where those laws of indescribable harmony prevail, whose benign influence is never manifested on earth, save in the production of such lovely and exalted forms, and those corresponding sentiments and qualities of the heart, with which the mind considers them naturally connected. Such a poet as Virgil could never have been insensible to ideas of this description, while all around him was proclaiming lofty things, so congenial to a soul that delighted in far and daring flights; and here it was, our fancy tells us, while contemplating this scene, that he exclaimed:

“ — Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,

“ Terras, jactusque maris, cœlumque profundum:

“ Aspice venturo lætentur ut omnia cœclo.”

[See how the sphere of this great earth is moved: The land, the sea, the immeasurable sky—all things exulting in the coming age.]

Truly the scene might seem to speak such language; and who that beholds it can fail to think, that it conveys a hope more bright than all the rites and doctrines of the heathen: such conceptions as could never have been drawn from the ancient mythology, even by Virgil himself, unless at some moment when he arrayed his gods in attributes far purer than their own. How willing we are to indulge the suggestion, that he spoke under the influence of a belief very general about that time, that great though undefined events were soon to be developed, far transcending in importance the most splendid spectacles which the world had ever witnessed. How do we regret that he could not have lived to join in the admiration of those, who witnessed the fulfilment of what he thus unconsciously prophesied, and were admitted to the fruition of what he so dimly and inadequately comprehended. How do we lament that his age was passed, his ashes deposited in the earth, before this period arrived: that he was not permitted to await its approach; and while contemplating this his favourite scene, to descry from afar the white sails of that ship of Alexandria, which brought to yonder port one of the wonders of that age he had longed to see—a mind no less noble than his own, conversant with subjects above his boldest conceptions, and actuated by motives which had put to the blush the vaunted wisdom of Athens, and fitted its possessor for a great and permanent example to the human race. Could Virgil but have imbibed the sentiments and feelings of Saint Paul!—how delightful it is to reflect on what he must have become; and to trace, even in imagination, the range his soul would have taken, when taught to glow with the spirit of Christianity, and rapt in contemplating the glories of the true God. But it was not to such as he, that the

changes of that remarkable period were designed to reach: the humblest minds were destined to be the most exalted, that things which were before esteemed great might be compared with their proper standard; and how like the proudest structures of art scattered over the scene before us, did they shrink, and fade, and disappear, in the superior presence of truth and genuine virtue.

Descending the hill, and returning by the splendid church of Piede Grotta, as far as the grotto of Posilipo, we passed along the valley of Bagnuoli, where we overtook two little boys on their way home from Naples. One of them had a round Neapolitan face, with bright black eyes and red cheeks, and was carrying a small bag of flour on his head. They inquired if we were going to the *Lago d'Agnan'*, clipping and drawling it according to custom, and offered to conduct us thither. We did not need a guide, but consented to take the little boy, on account of his beauty and his manners, which were those of nature, and of good nature too. He was a Neapolitan however in every particular, for he insisted on an unreasonably large reward, and when he found we should otherwise leave him behind, consented to be content with much less. Without betraying any disposition to smile at our broken language, he would stop and fix his fine eyes on us in serious attention, till he reminded me of the picture of the young Apollo learning music in the cabinet at Portici; and would stop, lay down his bag, and instinctively resort to a thousand graceful and expressive signs, when we were slow in comprehending his meaning. He told us he lived near the shores of the lake, where his mother was now expecting him and his bag of flour, to make many sorts of good things for them to eat. Their

drink was water and some wine, which was red indeed, but taken by him in such small quantities, that he did not believe it was that which produced the colour in his cheeks. He had taken up the business of cicerone, I presume, for the first time; yet with much gravity he began to throw out remarks on such things as we saw. There was a remnant of something like a Roman aqueduct on one side of the road, shaped like that near the lake of Avernus, and built outside of small square bricks, turned with one corner up, in the ancient reticulated form. Of this he knew nothing—but pointing at a rough, heavy stone, which had fallen from the high hill through which the path had been cut, declared that was very antique.

The lake is about three miles in circumference, and surrounded by high hills, which slope, like those of Avernus, with the greatest regularity. The prince is to make a fishing excursion there to-morrow, and boats were brought there on carts. The peculiar character of these lakes constantly reminds one of a crater, and always inclines me to refer them to a volcanic origin. Two buildings are erected for the extraction of sulphur from the soil; and at the foot of the hills are some Roman ruins, which, an old man told us, are called the city of Nero. The Dog's Grotto is close at hand. It is so called because a small animal going in, is temporarily suffocated by a heavy gas, which rises only a foot above the floor.

Our little friend was impatient to go home. "Here is the Lago d'Agnan," said he, "and there is the grotto del Can', and now you have seen all." He pointed out his path, which followed the shore of the lake nearly half way round. "There it goes," said he, "across the turf near the water, and up the high hill opposite. On the ridge of the hill, you see a

row of large trees. My home is just beyond. Will you go with me, and see how it opens upon you?" We had no time, but sent him off with a present which made him happy; so taking up his burthen, he left us with a light heart, and hurried on to communicate the news of his good fortune.

When we reached the great garden of Naples on our return, it was thronged with people, collected to witness a presentation of colours to the National Guard, who were paraded along the Chiaia—a fine broad street extending the whole length of it. Prince Ferdinand, who has been left with the regency of the kingdom during his father's absence, has entered heartily into the revolution, and bears the title of General of the Constitution. Soon after the declaration of the constitution last summer, the National Guard was raised for the defence of the country, and is chiefly composed of exempts. All that part of it raised in the city and neighbourhood, were now paraded here, to the number of seven or eight thousand; and, after the colours had been received from Prince Ferdinand, were reviewed by him and his brother Leopold, who both rode through the line with their children and attendants. Leopold married a daughter of the Emperor of Austria, who is now with her father; and he is therefore considered an enemy to the constitution. The soldiers however made no distinction between the two brothers, but received them both with equal acclamations; being stimulated to it by men who ran behind the lines, a little in advance of the procession, crying, *viva! viva!* in their ears.

The princes and their families went to the Royal Palace, which is a monstrous structure with a high, flat, tasteless front, and stood at a balcony while the troops passed below. Notwithstanding the loquacity

of the soldiers in coffee-houses, we should have expected to find them silent on such an occasion as this : but many of them seemed to take little interest in what they were doing, and often a whole squadron appeared to be in conversation. They were well made men, and extremely well dressed, and their mustachios, which they have been training ever since the declaration of the constitution, gave a fierceness to the expression of their features.

At sun-set the eating-houses, or trattorias, were crowded with officers and soldiers, who became so noisy that they were intolerable. It was even difficult to find a vacant table, as they often came with whole families, ladies included. On all ordinary occasions, these houses possess many accommodations: You may be retired and even solitary, have a long bill of fare to select your dinner from, and be furnished with tolerable wine at eight cents a bottle.

But something less flattering must in justice be said of the coffee-houses, where many of the citizens resort in the morning. They are abundant in the principal streets, but small, and open with large doors, like the common shops here and in Pompeii. Not a window is to be seen in a coffee-house, nor indeed is any necessary. The floors are of stone, the tables small, the company mixed, the rooms ill supplied with servants, and the servants with brooms. But this is not all. Boys offer you the Gazette, or "A letter to the Ministry," (for almost every body reads the news;) a pedler urges you to purchase a knife, a bright buckle or a spotted handkerchief; shoe-blacks insist upon brushing your boots, while you are drinking your coffee; a man sits next you who has come in merely to get his own cleaned; and, to crown all, a miserable beggar, sick or deformed, ever and anon holds out his

hand or catches your eye, and with a pitiable look, a serious manner and a low tone, implores you for a single grain, or a bit of the bread you are eating.

When walking in the streets, we are singled out by every beggar we meet as strangers, and are pursued with his persevering petitions. Wherever they can find a vacant spot in the street, where they may bask in the sun, they collect by dozens, twenties, or fifties, and exhibit the most disgusting groups of poverty that can easily be imagined. The beggars of Naples are called Lazzaroni, and are poor in the extreme. They are idle ; but whether from necessity or choice I know not.

NAPLES.—*January 30.* The Palace of Studies in Naples is the depository of all the curiosities found in Pompeii, with the exception of the paintings. Several long halls on the first floor are devoted to hundreds of statues, busts and vases, some of which are very fine, though the rest are of no great excellence. Hercules at rest, a colossal figure, occupies the most conspicuous place : but one of the most striking is a wounded Amazon, falling backwards from her horse. It is very natural, and much admired by Canova. Above, is a succession of large apartments, filled with shelves containing tools and utensils of all sorts, and in the greatest abundance. They are nearly all of bronze, as those of iron were corroded and consumed by salts contained in the ashes. Here are bells made of a flat piece of metal, which were carried in coaches to be struck on entering a narrow street ; cow-bells, made like common modern ones, except that they are round ; instruments found in the surgeon's house at Pompeii ; stirrups, and various sorts of nails, much like ours ; play-tickets of ivory, in the shape of almonds, birds, &c. with the numbers of the passages leading to the

seats they belonged to; a loaf of bread, quite black, but retaining its form, being scalloped at the edges, marked in quarters, and branded with the baker's name. There are great numbers of lamps of graceful, antique forms, made of clay or bronze, in some of which the wicks, and a dry crust left by the oil, are still found. There is a quantity of unground wheat, which preserves the forms of the kernels, though it is perfectly black, and converted to charcoal: not I presume by heat, but by a slow decomposition, for the ashes must have been cooled before they fell. I observed a great number of scales, and even steel-yards, made very much like ours. An oil-mill, found in Pompeii, we were assured is of the same description with those now used in the neighbourhood. It consists of a mortar, made of a block of lava four feet high, and two hemispheres of the same revolving in it on a wooden axis, part of which remains bound with sheet-iron, which is fastened with small wrought nails. Here are a great many earthen jars, some four or five feet high, for grain, wine and oil; and a large collection of Etruscan vases. Several apartments beyond are devoted to suits of armour, altars, censers, household gods, and beautiful cameos and intaglios.

As we were leaving home this morning, we met one of our friends going to our lodgings, with an American gentleman just arrived from Rome. He was in the dress of a diligent and industrious traveller, stepped quick, and I thought had a hurried expression in his eye and manner, as if his journey were not quite finished. We inquired the news. "I narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the robbers at Terracina," said he, in a way that made us start. "They came down from the mountains, night before last, and took off fifteen or twenty boys from a

school. The school-master and a soldier were killed in making resistance, and the country was in a state of alarm. The courier made the postillion set the horses into a gallop, as soon as he heard the news, and they ran all the way to Fondi. There is very little pleasure in travelling that road, I assure you. You hardly see a man in all that tract of country, who does not look as if he were half an assassin." This intelligence was not very encouraging, particularly when we recollected that two Englishmen had lately been taken by this same band of robbers, and liberated only in consideration of a large sum of money. They had released one of them with a draft from Lord — whom they detained, for 2000 napoleons; and one of our companions happened to be present the other day, when it was presented and paid, at an English banker's. We inquired what was the news from Austria, and received for answer, that an army was on the march against the kingdom of Naples, and that, on this account, he was determined to return to Rome as soon as possible, allowing only a little time for seeing the curiosities in the neighbourhood.

NAPLES, *January 31.* The old king of Naples has several palaces in the vicinity of the city, among which he divides his time; and with the aid of an occasional fishing excursion on the Lucrine Lake, and a boar hunt in his parks, contrives to pass his life probably with as much enjoyment as he is capable of. Rural retirement has been the favourite of great and good men in all ages; and a taste for the chase has always been considered a manly if not a humane taste. But the king of Naples does not deserve the credit of being fond of rural retirement, nor even of possessing the spirit of a huntsman. He does nothing, it is said, towards raising or pursuing his game—that is

done by his attendants. Neither is he more fond of danger than of fatigue, for if the animal be a powerful one, he chooses to await his approach in a place of safety, and shoot him down with the bloody disposition of a mere butcher. In the palace at Portici are shown several pictures, in which he is represented in his favourite employments; and that of the boar-hunt I viewed with peculiar disgust, because it exhibits decided proofs of a despicable disposition. Several boars, which have been driven into a small stream, are prevented from making their escape by a dam built across it, while high aloft, perched in security on the bridge above, “the king of the Two Sicilies” is seen firing among them, as they swim about here and there as harmlessly as so many tame swine. His Majesty’s smile says it is excellent sport; but I could think of nothing but the boar-hunt in Don Quixote, and of Sancho Panza in the cork-tree.

I cannot allow to such a man as this, the soul to enjoy the delightful country seats he possesses, which I believe owe their existence more to the common custom of European princes, and a fondness of useless expense. Considerations of this sort, however, need not prevent us from enjoying a sight of the palace and gardens of Caserta, particularly as the old king has gone to the congress of Laybach, and is not likely soon to return. Having taken our seats in a *carozza*, or public carriage, early this morning, we therefore set out, but were obliged to turn back and seek a new passage several times, on account of a great military parade, as to-day the Constitutional Congress has been prorogued. The appearance of the troops is certainly much in their favour; and if their spirit only half equals the accoutrements and their professions, the new government is already insured. But

ah ! a Neapolitan must make a different sort of free-man from the men we are accustomed to call such.

Just outside of the gate we were accosted by a priest, who rattled a small iron box in his hand with a few copper coins in it, called *grani*, and solicited our charity for the souls in purgatory. Men of the protestant belief could hardly be expected to contribute for such an object ; and therefore we did as we find most catholics do, passed on without noticing the petitioner.

Our road lay across the *Campagna di Lavoro* ; this fertile and delightful plain, which, beginning at the base of Vesuvius just where the descent of the mountain gently subsides into a level, extends off on three sides to the nearest ridges of the Appennines, from eight to fifteen miles distant. The ground was perfectly smooth, and principally covered with vineyards, which, as the vines are trained on tall trees, are in reality so many groves. There were, however, many open fields devoted to various other crops, among which I recognized wheat, beans, flax, and lupines, all of a sufficient height, even at this early season, to form a coat of the richest green. The lupines are raised for cattle, and are the only food I have seen the coachmen give their horses. The inn-keepers in the villages sell them green, in small bundles, and they are made to supply the place of oats. We met several large droves of hogs going to market, all of them black, without bristles, and of an uncommon size. The sheep and the oxen were also very large, and the latter of a beautiful light grey.

The whole appearance of the country intimated a thorough system of husbandry : the fields were defined with the utmost precision, and the crops were uniform throughout, though they were not separated

either by hedge, wall or ditch. The sheep and pigs, that were seen feeding in droves upon some of the young crops, had evidently been bred with a direct reference to this state of things; for with the attention of only a man or a boy, they would proceed in a compact body round or across the field, eating every leaf and stem close to the ground, without infringing upon the adjacent property, and thus clear the whole with as much uniformity as a mower. This presented a striking contrast indeed to the roaming habits of our domestic animals, but had a little too much in it of the *old regime* to please me exactly. I was a little surprised to find that the shepherds here carry the same long stick, headed at one end, which I have seen among the Spaniards near Gibraltar. In several instances we saw parties of peasantry, women as well as men, working in the fields under the direction of overseers. They used either hoes or small shovels with long handles, and moved along in a line, with hardly any inclination of the body, apparently labouring with scarcely any fatigue and to very little purpose. The soil, as they dug it up, was of a deep black, well corresponding with its fertility; yet in some places heaps of manure were laid on the ground, and I judged from appearances that some of the crops were raised only for the purpose of enriching it.

Our view was often confined by extensive vineyards, sometimes for several miles together. The trees are of the natural form and size, and are made to support large vines; which mingling their branches with one another, at an equal height from the ground, make regular festoons about twenty feet over head, and must form in summer a complete roof of verdure, and the most delightful shade. The trees are placed in rows with such perfect regularity, that we could look

through their numerous vistas for a mile or more on either side, so that the novelty of the scene impressed me with high ideas of the perfection and beauties of Italian agriculture.

This tract of country formed part of the “*Campania Felix*” of the Romans, and to my eyes bears no indications of having lost any of that fertility, which in ancient times rendered it famous for the richness and abundance of its productions. It was in a good degree the luxuries supplied by this soil, which rendered the bay of Naples the resort of the wealthy Romans under the empire; and I should be slow to believe that the soil alone has degenerated. In modern days it has been repeatedly sprinkled with volcanic ashes from Mount Vesuvius: but this should increase its fertility, for the best wine in the neighbourhood is made on the mountain itself. No, it is the inhabitants, or rather I should say the government under which they live, that have produced the change. The labourers, apparently living under the full rigour of the feudal and the pontifical systems combined, are crowded together in little dirty villages, basely ignorant and humiliated, without the power and without the disposition to improve: while the mellow and luscious fruits of their toil are sent to the palace and villa of the indolent and vicious landholder, or the overflowing treasury of some church or convent—the abodes of sloth and vacuity. What was exactly the state of things here in the days of Old Rome, I have no time to inquire: bad enough I know; yet some impulse existed then which now has failed, since the products of the field are not purchased by foreign wealth; and the natural consequence of that change acting with the present state of society, has converted the *Campania Felix* into the *Campagna di Lavoro*.

The villages through which we passed bore the strongest marks of a poor and degraded population. Some of them must contain 5 or 6000 people; yet the houses were low and small, and many of them, I will venture to say, not built since the discovery of America. The windows showed vacant and dirty faces, the doors ill-furnished rooms, and heavy stone walls and floors deeply worn by the feet and hands of numerous generations. Nothing like a new house, nor even an improved or a repaired one was to be seen; and I made up my mind while passing on, that not one of the men I saw looked capable of making a chair or a window-shutter, or even of putting a new button on his door.—The streets had once been paved, but the stones generally lay loose in the dust, and did more harm than good. Now and then we passed the high walls of some forbidden ground, the premises of a petty title-bearer, or the garden of some convent; but every thing was concealed except the tops of the nearest trees, and nothing but the owners and the birds could conjecture at what they contained.

It was an after-thought with me to draw a comparison between these villages and our American towns, for there was nothing to make me think of it at the time. The houses were as closely built as those of a city, and the streets as narrow and uncomfortable. There was no neat and tasteful mansion which might be the residence of the lawyer, the physician or the clergyman, and there was not a single brushed coat or tidy gown in the street, to discountenance the universal poverty and slovenliness.—There might be a higher character hidden behind the walls of the convent or of the petty palace, but the other inhabitants are as much shut out from its intercourse as from the sight of the gardens and grounds, which

in our country is equally participated by the rich and the poor.

No one, indeed, can cast the most hasty glance about him, without being convinced that the state of society is entirely different from that among ourselves, and so different as to make him doubt what sort of change would ultimately prove most beneficial to the country. The people are ignorant and poor. Under the present (that is the late) state of things, they will always remain so. Overthrow the moral oppression of the priesthood and the political oppression of the lords, and you will make it possible for them to improve. But what sort of government should be established in the mean time? There must be an interval, and a long one too, between the establishment of a new and better system, and the securing of that system by a proportionate improvement in the people. It must be a government which will not only protect the lives, the property and the independence of its subjects, but which will improve their minds and their habits. Now in what proportion should be mingled the ordinary elements of a supreme power? The people will make but a sorry figure at legislation for some time yet to come, if we may judge from their appearance when at their daily occupations; and will the monarchical or the aristocratical branch of the national tree cherish and protect the infant shoot, for the express purpose of allowing it to rise high above and overshadow themselves? This has not been the inclination usually shown by them in other countries, but it must be so here, or, for aught I can see, the Neapolitan people are likely to gain little by this revolution.

But it is a cold task to reason thus, while they are praising the Constitution, levying troops around us,

and exclaiming indignantly at the cowardly escape of the old king to Leghorn, on his way to Laybach. Let the trial be made then—at all events resist the expected Austrians to blood; and now that a beginning has been made, proceed, and trust the event to Providence. —The result may be a more fortunate one than is promised by the commencement. This long train of remarks and reflections was interrupted by our approach to the *Royal Palace of Caserta*, whose magnificence, contrasted with the sublimity and loneliness of the mountains behind it, at once put far away all recollections of the distresses and the contentions of men. The situation which was selected for it was admirably chosen, so as to afford all the advantages of a smooth and fertile country, and of the immediate neighbourhood of a range of mountains. A shady avenue a mile in length conducted us to the front of the palace, while level and luxuriant fields still spread out on both sides, and the peaks of the naked Appennines elevated themselves high in front, their upper ridges entirely covered with snow.

On reaching the end of the avenue, it may easily be imagined that the appearance of the palace was imposing, when it is mentioned that the building is of white marble, and presents a front of 746 feet.

Strange as it may seem, the appearance of such an equipage as ours produced some bustle at the palace gate; for during the absence of the royal family, the attendants have nothing to do but to wait on the strangers who come on visits of curiosity; and a small sum of money is in this country so mighty a thing, that the most distant hope of it is a full price for the most humble obsequiousness. So soon as it was discovered then that we had come to see the palace, and that we could not understand more than half that was said to us, a dozen men stepped forward to tender their ser-

vices, and nobody except the sentinel at the door, seemed unmoved by our presence. Two or three successive messengers soon brought out the *custode* or keeper, who, though he wore a long splendid livery, and was possessed of a promising exterior, accosted us with a bow so low that he seemed to have laid his humble service at our feet. We could scarcely move a hand or turn an eye without hearing "What does your excellency wish?"—and all this for the anticipated value of two shillings.

Such servility at once blunted my taste, and half disgusted me with the magnificent objects to which we were introduced. There is something wrong here; for while walls of marble are heaped up to the clouds, and hung with the richest productions of art, the mind of man is sunk in proportion, and humbled to the very dust.

The *palace* occupies a quadrangular piece of ground 746 feet long, and 564 broad; it is divided into four large courts, and traversed by two spacious passages on the ground floor, which cross in the centre of the building. The grand stair case is here considered the most superb in Europe; whether justly or not I cannot tell.—It is very broad, the steps are ornamented with sculptured animals, and the walls entirely cased with a precious, variegated stone, found somewhere in the vicinity. This has a magnificent effect, and not a little resembles the doors of the ancient theatre in Herculaneum, yet the architecture is nearly lost in the confusion of shades and colours.

The bare enumeration of all the apartments through which we were conducted, and the splendid statues and pictures with which they were decorated, would exhaust too much time, and after all would probably communicate but a very imperfect idea of their

appearance. From the enormous size of the palace, it may easily be supposed the halls and chambers are numerous, and of no ordinary dimensions. We were, indeed, quite weary with following the keeper through the long succession of halls of waiting, and halls of audience, entrance chambers, guard chambers, pages' waiting chambers, dining rooms, breakfast rooms, banqueting rooms, libraries, cabinets, antichambers, baths and bed rooms; and were more astonished at their magnificence than pleased with their accommodation to the convenience of men. The walls are usually hung with silk, and the floors are all made either of small red bricks or of party-coloured stucco; and the only things to be seen like carpets, were three or four small coarse mats, not near so large as the rooms, and too poor and mean for the house of one of our day-labourers. Carpets, however, are almost as rare here as palaces are in America, and the king himself would hardly miss it if that in his bed-chamber were removed. The ceilings are all vaulted and splendidly painted by the best masters of fresco or water-colours; so that in admiring the beauties of the palace, not only our feet were benumbed, but our necks almost broken by looking upwards. The king's chapel is large enough for a small church; and there are two theatres in the palace, one of which is of such size and elegance that it is considered inferior to none in Naples, except that of San Carlo—the most splendid in Europe.

The *Gardens* are situated in the rear of the palace, and are of very great extent. From the entrance of the palace, the eye ranges through the principal passage, and along the whole length of the grand avenue, no less than two miles long, at the end of which is an artificial cascade, so formed as to resemble an im-

mense Corinthian column. Every thing here is planned on a scale truly magnificent: indeed the palace and the gardens are decidedly too large for men, and better proportioned to the size of giants.

On the left, we entered *the forest*, which is a thick wood, occupying one corner of the garden; and followed our guide through many unfrequented paths, which wound along under the shade of tall trees and shrubs. In several places, the paths emerged from the woods into handsome grass-plats, with a few clusters of evergreens, and were ornamented with marble statues, beautifully relieved against the foliage. There we met with a fish-pond, in the midst of which is an island, containing a cottage and two kitchens, where the king occasionally makes a repast, crossing the water by a little rope-ferry. In another place is a castle, built for the purpose of instructing the young princes in the art of war. It is not above twenty feet in height, but is furnished with a moat, towers, and battlements, and is accessible only by a draw-bridge.

All the water in the garden is derived from the cascade, at the farther end. There we at length arrived, and reposed ourselves for a time, at the foot of the rock down which it is precipitated. The fall is 100 or 150 feet, and at its foot is a broad basin of white marble, in which are two mossy rocks, ornamented with groups of beautiful statues. The first of these represents Diana and her nymphs bathing, and the other Acteon, just changing into a stag and attacked by his own hounds.

The view from this place was extensive and remarkably fine. The water from the cascade, following the broad avenue, sometimes spread out in large fish-ponds, and sometimes sunk under ground; then re-

appearing, burst out from rocky caverns, and flowing along to the next terrace, poured over the descent in one smooth sheet, or dividing itself into numerous channels, dashed among the rocks, and spouted from the mouths of marble animals and sea-monsters. The ponds abound with fine large fish, and before us were two beautiful Arabian gazels lying upon the grass. The place where we stood was so much elevated by the successive terraces, that we overlooked the whole garden, and the palace, which was now two miles off. Beyond was seen the beautiful Campagna di Lavoro; then the bay of Naples, with the islands Capri and Ischia on the right, and Mount Vesuvius on the left. A scene like this, so overflowing with the beauties of art, and the magnificence of nature, seemed absolutely wasted on such a being as the grovelling minded king of Naples. O, this land is deserving of better masters!

Not far from the cascade is the entrance to the *English garden*, which is about three miles in circumference. After a walk among the gentle hills, where the prospect was continually changing from thick woods to open spaces scattered with shrubs and large, solitary trees, we came to a little path, which after a few windings disappeared below, among the shades of a dark wood. We followed it under clusters of deep evergreens and overhanging rocks; and, in several places, through grottos roughly cut out of the solid stone, so narrow and crooked that we could hardly force a passage, and so dark that we often had to feel our way; when suddenly we found ourselves on the banks of a small, silent pond, so surrounded by trees, that it seemed as if twilight had shut in, while every distant object, and every breath of wind

were entirely excluded. The surface of the pond was half covered with the leaves of water-plants, and not a sound was heard, except the dashing of a little fountain, which started into the air close beside us. The shores were made of a broken ledge of rocks, which had been hollowed out so as to form a succession of grottos half round the pond, and so skilfully chiselled, as to present a most perfect imitation of the antique. Indeed I am now half disposed to question whether the excavations were not formed by the old Romans, such was their appearance of antiquity. The different apartments and passages are feebly lighted by small openings towards the pond, and are usually named after the mutilated statues with which they are respectively decorated. In one place, a part of the roof had fallen in, and the fragments of Roman bricks were still lying on the floor, while vines and creeping plants hung down through the aperture, some of them gay with blossoms.

A blind path led us away from this secluded spot, which seemed too much like fairy land for any scene in this world ; and we were soon lost among the neighbouring groves, where trees and shrubs are mingled with as much disorder as in an American forest. Emerging at length, we came again to smooth, sloping grounds, shaded here and there with neat clusters of trees, and gently declining to the margin of a clear river. On the banks were two or three cottages, and several ancient Corinthian columns, some standing, and others fallen down, probably arranged by art, yet so placed, as to seem the remains of some magnificent heathen temple. This was a master-touch—a mode of referring to antiquity of which the Italians are peculiarly fond, and which generally adds a mental interest to their artificial, as well as their natural

scenes, inseparable from the soil, and incapable of being transferred to most other countries.

The old town of Caserta is situated on one of the rude hills behind the cascade; and to it is annexed a ducal title, which has now reverted to the king. We went into the modern village to find our carriage. It is truly a wretched place, though it probably may contain three or four thousand inhabitants. The beggars were a great annoyance, coming round us in sickening groups of blind, maimed, weak and deformed: each making his own misfortunes as conspicuous as possible, and begging for a little money. It is natural to inquire whether the king's superfluous treasures might not have been spent, in some way, by which these his wretched subjects, both as monarch and duke, should have been supplied with some stimulus to industry and improvement. Now, they discredit both him and their country in the eyes of every stranger.

The grand aqueduct, by which the cascade, and the fish-ponds in the gardens are supplied with water, is twenty-seven miles in length, following its windings; and the water is brought from the Volturno, in the territory of St. Agatha of the Goths. It turns eight mills in its course, and in many places much labour has been bestowed in raising and sinking the level; but the most wonderful part of the whole work is about five miles from Caserta. The valley of Maddalone is crossed by an aqueduct, which is considered one of the noblest architectural productions of modern times, and in many respects equal to some of the finest remains of antiquity in Italy. Two opposite hills are pierced by tunnels, both of which together make a subterranean passage for the water, nearly four English miles in length; and it is carried

across the deep valley between them, on the top of three ranges of arches, built in pure taste, of hewn stone. The pilasters of the first tier of arches, are Doric, the middle, Ionic, and the upper, Corinthian; and some idea may be formed of the magnificence of the sight, from the fact that the pilasters of the first order are fifty feet high.

During our ride home from Caserta, our conversation naturally turned on our intended journey to Rome. We have been on shore only ten or twelve days, yet the weather has been remarkably fine for the season, even in this climate; for we find that the winters here are usually unpleasant, the temperature frequently varying, and wind, mist and rain prevailing for several months. Such was the greater part of our quarantine; but it most fortunately terminated forty-eight hours before we were permitted to land, and was succeeded by clear skies and warm weather. The temperature and the state of the roads are most favourable for making excursions; and the atmosphere is so pure and transparent, that the promontories and islands on the opposite side of the bay of Naples, are visible almost every day; while the lava, which slowly flows down the side of Vesuvius, is seen almost every night from the city, as if the mountain were sprinkled with burning coals, or girdled with a belt of diamonds. Many delightful places, and some antiquities of secondary interest, still remain unseen; and we have meditated an excursion to Pesto, the ancient Pœstum, where the ruins of a temple of Neptune and one of Ceres, present some of the noblest remains of ancient architecture, and the only specimens in existence of the severe old Etruscan style. But we have determined to hasten our departure on several accounts. Our time is limited, and a long journey lies be-

fore us, which, if we proceed as we have begun, must necessarily be very laborious. A large Austrian army of eighty thousand men, it is said, is actually on its march towards the kingdom of Naples: and the daily accounts of its situation are so inconsistent, that we cannot conjecture when it may be expected at Rome, or even at Florence. We are very unwilling to delay our departure until it shall reach this neighbourhood, as we must expect obstacles in passing through it; and it is more than probable that we should not, in such a case, be permitted to leave the kingdom until its fate had been decided.

We all agree that no time is to be lost. The military are making a great show in the city every day, and, if we are to believe their professions, will fight most desperately. Many foreigners and citizens are leaving the country, and we have determined to hasten as much as possible, to escape the inconveniences of a war in which we have no concern. But the next question is, in what mode shall we travel? The *corriere*, who leaves here every other day for Rome, carries the mail in a coach in which three passengers may travel. This is not only very expensive, but much too hasty for so interesting a tract of country as that, over which lies a considerable part of Horace's journey to Brundisium, and where St. Paul travelled on his way from Puteoli to Rome. The *vettura* is the common conveyance of Italians; and, as it stops every night and travels very leisurely all day, affords every desirable opportunity for seeing the road. Besides, the expense is not half so great as with the *corriere*. We all preferred the *vettura* on these accounts; but there was another subject to be considered. The *banditti* of Terracina, so long known for the depredations they have committed on travel-

lers, have within three days made prisoners of two Englishmen, and carried fifteen or twenty children into the mountains: at the same time shooting their schoolmaster and a sentinel. It was urged in favour of choosing the corriere, that the robbers have never dared to attack one of them, as the transportation of the mail is under the care of the king; and this finally determined my friends to take their seats in his vehicle, and to begin their journey in a few days. There has been, on the contrary, no late instance of a single vettura being stopped by the robbers, though several such carriages pass every day the frontier of the kingdom, the country infested by them. On account of the cheapness of the vettura, it is to be presumed that the poorest travellers would usually avail themselves of it, and therefore, that they would offer very little temptation to the avidity of banditti; and as this mode of travelling offers a very desirable opportunity for seeing, at leisure, the whole road, I have determined to travel by myself, and rejoin my friends at Rome.

The common process of making a contract with a vetturino, or coachman, may give some ideas of the character of the Neapolitans for good faith. I never would condemn a nation in the gross; but I think a traveller can hardly visit Naples, without being struck with the disposition to cheat him manifested by almost every person with whom he has any concern. A foreign merchant, who has resided here several years, declared to me, that a contract is never considered binding in Naples, unless it has been committed to writing; and that the native merchants are so complete masters of the language of signs, that two persons of the same party, while negotiating with another, often express their opinions by various ordinary motions, to which they have previously agreed to fix some arbi-

trary meaning. In making a bargain with a coachman to-day for a conveyance to Rome, I made him sign a paper, by which he promised to give me a seat in the front of his carriage, be on the road only five days, and give me, at his own expense, a dinner every day, and a bed every night, all for the sum of seven ducats, or five dollars and sixty cents; and provided I should be satisfied with his services, half a dollar more for himself. To bind the bargain, the coachman gives a ducat, which, by common law, is to be retained if he fails in performing the contract; or, if the traveller gives up his journey, must be returned doubled.

The lazzaroni are the most wretched set of beings we have met with; and any one of them in America, would be entitled to universal commiseration. They are seen collected in groups wherever they can find a sunny spot in winter, and present many a revolting spectacle. They are half clad in tattered garments; famine and exposure to the weather give them a cadaverous expression of face, shrivel their flesh, and produce an habitual stoop and feeble gait, as if their frames were loosened, and ready to sink to the ground. They make small fires at this season, to cook whatever they have to eat, and to warm themselves. Little curls of smoke are seen rising among heaps of rubbish; or, on the shore, from behind a boat drawn up, where clusters of these wretches collect about a few coals. They are found in every place where a stranger may be expected: in churches, streets, quays, coffee-houses, places of curiosity, on every high hill, and under every green tree. They surround you, and disturb you so often with their clamorous petitions, that you forget their real wretchedness, and regard them only as your tormentors. You are ready to ask, why do you

spend your time thus in idleness? Why are you wandering about the city? And forget that they have no home but the streets.

My friends set off for Rome last evening; and, as I am to begin my five days journey to-morrow morning, I have spent the day in taking my farewell of this place, in which I have enjoyed so much, that I must always regard it as a kind of enchanted land. The Villa Reale, the great garden on the low margin of the bay, commands a view which it is not easy to forget. One of my countrymen, I think, will always have particular cause to remember it; for here it was that his mind seemed first to recover its natural tone, after the trials of a long and dangerous journey. Having spent a few months in Paris, he had felt, while travelling in Italy, that the blessings of life were fast abandoning him; and was surprised at the new demands which every city made on his diminished store of comforts. On reaching Naples, he hesitated not to declare that we had begun our travels at the right end of Europe, and indeed of creation; and that his only remaining consolation was, that he had reached the southern point of his tour. Welcomed on the frontier with fresh tales of murder; narrowly escaping captivity, and perhaps death, in the country of banditti; beset with beggars in that sacred retreat, the coffee-house, and with swarms of fleas in his bed-chamber; he was, for a time, too much occupied with unexpected distresses, to allow his mind its usual range. Last evening however, during a stroll through this garden, the scene at once restored him to himself; all the poet broke out, and he exclaimed with his characteristic and amiable enthusiasm: "They are right, they *are* right, who say there is not another place in the world like Naples! Only look at that bay, stretching out to the horizon, and

Capri, so clearly seen though it is thirty miles off. You fancy you can see every little wave on the surface of the water. The transparency of the air was never exceeded in the world—and then the colours!—Who ever saw a softer purple than that in the west—and see how it spreads over the sides of the dark promontories. Now turn this way and look at Posilipo. What a noble hill—stretching out so boldly to such a distance, with an irregular surface and naked cliffs of yellow rock, made on purpose to be set off with villas, hanging gardens, and clusters of trees—and then the long, arching bay, which sweeps around so gracefully to its foot—see how white the sandy beach is shining in the twilight—how silently those painted boats are rowing to the shore; and yonder groups of men and women, in such picturesque dresses and attitudes, are drawing their nets. No wonder the Romans loved this place: the same spirit that made them love poetry and sculpture, the *Æneid*, and the *Apollo Belvidere*, brought them hither. What made them prefer Rome to the world, made them prefer *Baiæ* to Rome. The taste that induced them to build a city of palaces, baths and temples, made them relinquish it and yield the palm to this master-piece of nature. Was there ever such a scene? Was there ever such a sea, was there ever such a sky? Look at it again—if this weather should be interrupted, we may be seeing it for the last time; and if you forget it, you never can refresh the impression by any other sight, if you were to make a voyage round the globe in search of its fellow.

SANT'AGATA DEI GOTI.—*Feb. 3, in the evening.* I was roused to begin my journey this morning long before day-light, and seated myself in the front of the carriage, the place I had chosen because it offers every advantage for seeing the country. It is indeed not so warm

as the interior; yet there is always a boot which comes breast high, and leathern curtains can be drawn before, so that one is completely covered from the weather, and at the same time has small glasses before him to look through. My bread and cheese, and a bottle of Pozzuoli wine, were hardly stowed in the pocket on one side, when the coach was proclaimed to be ready—four persons got in, and a gentleman clambered up and seated himself by my side, saying in Italian, “Excuse me sir.” It was so dark I could not see his face; but, from his pronounciation, I instantly knew him for an Englishman, and he was gratified as well as surprised, to hear me address him in his own language. He started, and tried to look at me, but it was too dark. “Pray sir,” said he, “when did you leave England?” When he found I was an American, he said that would do nearly as well, and that he was glad to find himself gradually approaching his own country, and meeting more who could speak English, after an absence of several years.

The lazzaroni were seen collected closely together about small fires in the open air; and as they half stood, half lay down, some awake and watching the fires, the light showed such rents in their clothes, and such melancholy expressions in their faces, that I sincerely pitied them. They are rogues all day, it is true: but they are wretches all night. My new companion and I were not long in forming an acquaintance. It was impossible to see any thing along the road, or even the vetturino, who rode the near horse, for it was a little before day, which is the darkest hour of night; but, as we were on the Campagna di Lavoro, and indeed on the road to Caserta, it was of little consequence. My companion told me, in a voice which any one would trust for its frankness, that he had been living several years

in Constantinople, and had lately arrived from Greece, having made the tour of the islands on his way to England. At day-break, I discovered in his profile a regular set of features, drawn with boldness, yet possessing an expression of frankness of disposition, not a little increased by the display of his forehead, from which he had thrust back his travelling cap. At the proper distance from an aquiline nose, was stationed an eye, so black that it seemed visible only because it was darker than the shades of night.

A short acquaintance with a volcanic country, is almost sufficient to make one a disciple of Hutton; and as the conical summits of the mountains rose more distinctly into view, I became more and more convinced that they sloped at the true volcanic angle. But when the loose rocks with which they were scattered, began to show their lime-stone faces, and the dust in the road grew almost as white as flour, my theoretical hopes took a hasty leave, and went into voluntary banishment. A light column of smoke, which a moment before had seemed to me a smothered crater, excited a question among my fellow-travellers, which was promptly answered by another with a double entendre: "The fire among the mountains? It is the work of the Carbonari." This political society, which has brought about the revolution by its secret operations, derives its name from its founder, who once concealed himself in Sicily, and gained a living by becoming a collier or *carbonaro*.

My English companion sought to amuse me, with interesting tales of the Grecian islands; but had imbibed in Constantinople ideas so unfavourable to the Greeks, that he called them rebels instead of patriots, and spoke to my gratification only, when he described their desolated shores, and ancient cities. He has lately trodden the soil of Athens, and Sparta, and dilates

on the ancient tumuli, and the broken columns half buried by time, on the plain of old Troy. Long and agreeable was his conversation on these subjects, and double was the pleasure to be enjoyed by the mind, in making continual comparisons between the past and the present, both in that country, and other parts of the earth. We recurred to the time when the Carthaginian army held their camp in Capua, when these regions stood in the presence of Hannibal, trembling and suffering under those recent acts of military rigour, which so long secured to him the name of the dread of parents, [*"Parentibusque abominatus Annibal."*] Then came up the calm and classic days when Virgil, Varius, and Plotius passed along this beautiful plain under the tranquillity of the reign of Augustus; and the topics with which they might have beguiled the time, as they approached yonder Capua, little prepared to meet their friend and fellow-poet Horace, on his journey to Brundisium, while yet were unsung the warm and glowing lines in which that incident has been handed down to posterity :

*"Postera lux oritur multo gratissima : namque
Plotius et Varius Sinuessæ, Virgiliusque
Occurrunt; animæ, quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit, neque queis me sit devinctior alter.
O qui amplexus, et gaudia quanta fuerunt !
Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico."*

*"Next morning's sun arose with light more fair,
For Varius, Plotius, Virgil, met we there :
Souls, such as never out of heav'n were found,
Friends to my heart with strong affection bound—
O ! what embraces, and what joys attend !
In vain to me the world without a friend."*

Not long afterwards, but with what different, what more exalted reflections, had proceeded along this

road the centurion Julius with his prisoner Paul. We fancy some of the Christians from Puteoli in his company, and his thoughts sublimely occupied on the words of his dream, "Thou shalt testify of me also in Rome."

Capua is situated five miles from the ancient city of that name, once the winter quarters of Hannibal. The old city, at this distance, promises little of that luxury which in ancient times proved so fatal to the Carthaginians. The modern town, which however is several centuries old, stands on the borders of the plain, near the beginning of the Appennines; and here we stopped two hours at noon to refresh our horses. This was the first time the horses had stopped since leaving Naples, even to drink. We drove into an inn-yard, which was surrounded by buildings, followed by two other vetture, or coaches like our own, which we found were to accompany us all the way to Rome. It was a new thing to me to find that no one of the travellers seemed to think of entering the inn. Some kept their seats, and producing their wine-bottles and bread and cheese, began to eat and drink as if they had been at home. The inside of our coach soon became the scene of much hilarity, in spite of the shrivelled hands of beggars occasionally thrust in at the windows. A French lady, a young man born in Turkey, (her son-in-law,) a Tuscan, and a Neapolitan, had begun to exhibit more festivity over an unreasonably light repast, than is sometimes to be found at a regular banquet. Others had descended and formed clusters in the sunny corners of the yard, leaning against broken carriages and farming utensils, which were piled up together. Two young men in peculiar dresses conversed together in a rough language, probably German, but most of the rest were perfect strangers to each other, as well as to ourselves. It was evidently unfashionable for travellers to enter

an inn on an occasion like this; for, though the horses were unharnessed by the ostlers, led into the stables, and treated with marked attention, no one appeared to invite us into the house. I ventured however to take a peep within doors, but saw nothing very desirable—four or five boors drinking wine, at a large, coarse table, in a monstrous, empty room; and, in another place, a smaller apartment, containing only a number of old harnesses.

Taking a walk through a few muddy streets, my new friend and I entered a church, where as usual a pale beggar-boy took up, of his own accord, the office of a cicerone, and began to give us the history of the chapels, and the pictures with which they were hung; adding with great fluency divers original remarks, till we felt ashamed to be instructed by so ragged and pedantic a wretch, and ordered him angrily to hold his tongue. But he instantly fell a begging, and thus continued to torment us alternately with his poverty and his wisdom. When we stopped to admire a picture, he began with the calm tone of a connoisseur: "That, gentleman, is so fine a copy, that you may perhaps have taken it for an original,—most others do the same—" or, "this painting of the holy mother is much esteemed—particularly if you will stand where I do, you must admire the expression of her face, and the colouring of the whole." "Stand out of my way, you rogue," cried my friend, for he spoke Italian fluently, "and keep your learning to yourself." "Date mi qualche cosa!" [give me something,] cried he, with a piteous tone: so paying him for his instruction, we fled into the street and went home, where we were again beset by the beggars about the inn, as if they had not seen us before. "Sir," said a woman, coming up to me with such diffidence that I thought it was the first time she had ever begged, "do you

“speak Neapolitan? I dare say you can understand enough to know that I am a poor woman, and have lost my husband, who was an officer, and was killed in Sicily. I have four little children,” she continued, holding up four fingers, “whom I have no means of supporting. They are only so high, and are now at home crying with hunger; for I have no bread to give them.” She then imitated their sobbing and crying, “Ma! Ma!—do you understand me, sir?—Four little children—very young—you are a Frenchman, I perceive—but I am sure you know how to pity me. Perhaps you have a wife: think how she would feel if you should die in Italy, and leave her helpless and a beggar.” My hand was already on my purse; but I thought of the length of the journey before me, and of the resolutions I had made; yet I gave her a little money, and she withdrew. Our vetturino, a large, good-natured man, asked me if I had given that woman any thing? “Yes.” “You have thrown away your money, sir,” said he with a shrug, and passed on.

Soon after leaving Capua, the road begins to wind among conical hills, which increase in size till they gradually grow to mountains; but keeps for a long time on the same level, by following the narrow green vallies at their feet. The first turn of the road shut out the sight of the vineyards, with which the great plain is covered; and nothing was to be seen but groves of dark green olive trees, climbing the hills as far up as there was any soil, and ending abruptly at the bare, rocky tract which usually spread over their summits. The olive might easily be mistaken for an apple tree at a little distance—the colour of the ever-green leaves is nearly the same, as well as the colour of the trunk, and the shape of the boughs.

When the road, at length, began to ascend, it gave us a delightful view between two mountains, over the

campagna, and the sea, far behind, with a last sight of Ischia and Vesuvius.

An hour after sun-set we arrived at St. Agata, and drove through a dark gate into the yard of the inn, which is very old, and built of whitish stone. The yard has the house on two sides, and the buildings connected with it complete the square. A spacious, but half furnished dining room, is on the second floor; and a gallery runs along the other wing, which looks into the yard, and gives access to a dozen or fifteen bed-chambers, the last of which are situated over the stable. The great gates were immediately shut and locked; and while we were waiting in the dining room, a large pan of coals was brought in and set upon the brick floor; for there was no fire-place to be seen. Here was collected a party of thirteen men, and two ladies, one of whom my friend whispered me he understood was a countrywoman of his. She sat opposite, with an infant in her arms, and had a white complexion and blue eyes: unlike all the females I had seen in the country. My friend invited me, in English, to sit nearer the fire. The little blue-eyed woman started, looked at him an instant, and, as the colour began to come over her pale cheeks, inquired modestly and in a sweet voice, "You speak English, sir—have you been in England lately?" "It is many years," he replied. "But sir, you speak my language better than any other foreigner I ever saw. Did you go to England to learn it?" "No, I happened to be born there." "Indeed, sir? I am very glad to see a countryman. And is this gentleman an Englishman also?" "No," I answered, "I am from America." "You speak so much like us, sir, that I am sure I could not have thought so; and there is so little difference between us, that I am as glad to see you as if you had come from my own country. I dare say you must find

every thing appearing very strange here, for I cannot think that any place where they speak English can be like Italy. They told me I should get used to it; but I have seen much of it, and still feel that I shall never be content out of old England."

During our conversation, our fellow-travellers gathered round us, and stood listening with surprise and a little suppressed merriment, at the harsh sound of our language, till we were all summoned to the long dinner-table, where our coachman sat down among us with an air of equality. A bottle of decent red wine, and a napkin, were placed for each person; and maccaroni soup, a boiled and fried dish, which I could not comprehend, boiled mutton, fennel, salad, oranges, and cheese, were served up, one at a time. While we were discussing our meal, a dissertation was begun on the dangers of the road, headed by the Tuscan, of whom I have spoken before. He is a tall, raw-boned man, and pronounces Italian with such aspirates, that it sounds full as hard as the language of the two Germans, and is so ludicrous to me that I could scarcely keep myself in a state of gravity. He was very fluent; and, after giving at length the story of the robbers and the schoolmaster at Terracina, with some improvements, together with the particulars of an attack on some travellers, of which we had not heard, proposed that we should rise to-morrow at "one hour after midnight," in order to pass the spot of danger early after noon. We proposed a few questions and objections: but the talkative Tuscan so overwhelmed us with words, that we became silent through disgust, though less convinced, and less disposed to be so, than ever.

After dinner, when the conversation had grown still more earnest and loud, the young German, (for his companion proves to be a Norwegian,) made a long

speech. in broken French, to the few who could understand him, on the subject of the robbers. He insisted that we should go on without fear, and, if attacked, defend ourselves—With what?—"With our fists—and, if overpowered by numbers, die gloriously!"

From the midst of such a Babel, it was pleasant to retire to the fire-pan, and listen to a language which it cost me no exertion to comprehend. Three or four of the party were already there; and among them my new acquaintance, the tidy little Englishwoman. She assured me that the Italians all talk a great deal, and do nothing; and that she knew the Neapolitans would never fight the Austrians, for they were only vaunting. She said she had been among the *unfortunate ones*: had left Rome a few months before, where her residence had been for several years, in company with her husband, who is one of our party, to go to "*Palarmo*" to keep a hotel. During one of the recent insurrections, her house was entered in the night by the mob, who ransacked it for General Church, formerly a lodger there. Not finding him they became enraged, threw the furniture into the street and set it on fire, while she and her husband narrowly escaped, half dressed. She saw her property burning in the street for thirty hours, and her husband at length seized, and thrown into prison, where he was confined for some weeks, on the charge of having facilitated the general's escape. She forbore being more particular in her description of the outrages committed, because the shocking scenes she has witnessed have very much disordered her nerves. She therefore only hinted at having seen murders committed in the streets, and dismembered limbs borne about the city, then with shuddering changed the subject to speak of Italy.

"They have nothing comfortable here," said she, "no fire-places, no carpets. The Italians are very disagreeable to me, *having no idea of truth or cleanliness.*" She travels in the coach with the high-spirited young German, whose courage, however, she very much distrusts. "Do not regard them, sir," she said, "when they attempt to frighten you about the robbers. For my own part, I believe Italians are generally cowards, though they are so valiant and boastful when out of danger." In speaking of the comfortlessness of this country, she pointed at the Frenchwoman, who was sitting contentedly by the fire-pan, and said, that though they have a clear sky and a warm climate, she should "prefer a rainy day in England, a neat carpeted house, and a *good rousing fire.*"

CASTELLO DI GAETA.—*February 4, (evening.)* Notwithstanding the decision of the majority last evening, we slept until day-light, when we were summoned to begin our day's journey. At four in the afternoon we reached the river Garigliano, which we crossed by a bridge of boats, and passed through a gate defended by two old weather-beaten towers. Just beyond, I saw the arches of an ancient aqueduct, and walked on to the spot, while the coaches were delayed for a few minutes at the river. The ruins stand on a plain a mile or two in extent, now uninhabited, though partly covered with young wheat. Several shapeless masses of masonry, in different places, show where massive buildings once stood; though they leave it entirely doubtful whether they were palaces or tombs. The principal ruin is that of an aqueduct, of which about an hundred arches remain, built of brick, and stretching above half a mile. They vary in height, according to the irregularity of the sur-

face, the highest being probably fifty feet; and under one of these passes the road. The soil is much injured by the materials of edifices which have now disappeared, being overspread with bits of stone, bricks, and earthen vessels. Our coachman calls it Nero's city; and says it once contained a million of inhabitants!

As we approached Castello di Gaeta, we travelled over a tract of low country in the neighbourhood of the Mediterranean, while many peaks of the Appennines appeared before us. We were soon involved among conical mountains, which presented the most dreary landscape: for they were entirely bare of trees, and even destitute of shrubs and grass, from near their bases to the very summits. The narrow vallies through which the road winds, were indeed scattered with houses, and covered with fields of young grain and clusters of olive-trees; but the barrenness of the mountains so preponderated over the little fertile spots, as almost to let them pass unnoticed. Between two of these mountains we caught a glimpse of the Mediterranean, and a cape running out from the north six or eight miles distant, with a round hill upon it, at the foot of which were the compact buildings of a large town, surrounded by fortified walls. It was Gaeta, the Caieta of Virgil: a city containing twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, and one of the most important fortresses in the kingdom of Naples. The point on which it stands shuts in a fine bay, on the shore of which we soon after found ourselves, and at the entrance of a small town.

The inn where we have stopped is at the end of the town, and situated on a hill which slopes to the water. A balcony before the windows of the dining room, which is up two pair of stairs, looks down upon a ter-

race, and a garden, which descends to the margin of the bay, full of olive and orange trees, the latter loaded with fruit: so that it is like a beautiful prospect seen through a rose-bush. The island of Ponza, and the rest of the cluster among which we lay so long becalmed when coming on the coast, are on the horizon off the mouth of the harbour. On our left, the swelling cones of the barren Appennines rise from the bay; and on the right, a long beach sweeps boldly round in a semicircle to Gaeta, just opposite, and five or six miles distant. There is something uncommonly beautiful in the scene; and the interest is not a little increased by its name. Here Æneas came with his fleet after leaving the Baian coast, on his way to the Tiber; and it was in an olive wood in its environs, that Cicero was murdered, and his tomb erected by his freedman.

Our spacious dining room, notwithstanding its half furnished and cheerless appearance, has its walls painted in fresco, with nymphs and cupids; and what is more substantially useful, the first fire-place I have seen in any Italian house, except for cooking. We have come but eighteen miles from St. Agata; but it has been determined to stop here to night, to avoid the danger of passing the country between Fondi and Terracina in the evening; for there is no inn at Fondi.

I was somewhat surprised to find the modern Italians preserving, so often, the antique forms of Roman amphoræ in their large earthen vessels; and on entering the kitchen before dinner, was strongly reminded of that in Cicero's villa and other dwellings at Pompeii, by the fire-place, the hearth of which is raised three feet from the floor. Here I found our Tuscan orator in an apron, with his sleeves rolled up,

preparing some rice for our soup, and singing and talking with great vivacity. Half our company were collected there to laugh at his jests and at him.

A small troop of Neapolitan horse were drawn up in front of the inn for exercise, and exhibited less regard to military decorum than is to be seen among a company of the rawest New-England militia. They talked with each other, and even jested with their commander in a most unbecoming manner. The road for a mile beyond is marked on each side with ruinous Roman tombs, so that it there follows the track of the Appian Way. Here I noticed again the ancient reticulated brick-work, and small sepulchral chambers, each with a door and three niches, in most of which there are still the remains of fresco paintings.

Returning to the inn, we found the Englishwoman by the fire, still supporting the fatigue of travelling with patience, and regarding the dangers of banditti with calmness. She said she had brought along with her a little plum-pudding, which she produced, and having cut it, offered it to her fellow travellers. The French and Italians turned it over and over, and eyed it suspiciously; but all pronounced it good. She did not know whether they had it in America or not; but it was such a *custom* in England. This was not very good, she said, it was *made in a plain way*. She fed her little boy with it. "So you intend to make a John Bull of him?" "Indeed I do. He shall go there as soon as he is old enough, and be put to school, (he shall learn English *at all events*,) then go on board a ship, and learn to be a little sailor." "You like sailors then?" "Yes, they are so bold and generous." "Yes; but they are sometimes so vicious." "And are not they vicious who live on shore?" Her tales

of "*Palarmo*" came to my mind, and I confessed it. "A sailor saved my life," she said, "and I shall always like sailors. I was on a passage to the East Indies, when only seven years of age, and the ship sprung aleak. Part of the crew took the boat, under pretence of doing something for our assistance : but they went off towards St. Helena, which was in sight, and we saw no more of them. When the ship was about sinking, a sailor, whose looks I had always disliked, placing me on a plank, swam with me to the shore."

After dinner, at which the Tuscan presided with great glee, we formed a party, and went out, in a dark and cloudy evening, to a small coffee-house in the neighbourhood. It was filled with soldiers, playing cards, and listening to one in a scarlet coat playing a guitar. The music ceased, and all was silence, as we entered and seated ourselves at the upper end of the room. The Frenchwoman at our head, with her dog and son, moved along with dignity, and gracefully bowed on both sides. We had hardly begun to sip our coffee, when the musician, bowing to us, touched his guitar, rolled up his eyes, and struck into a song with a most languishing air. We applauded of course; and all the dogs in the room joined their barking and howling. The dogs were hissed and commanded to be silent, but for some time in vain. Just as peace was restored the door opened without noise, and a tall figure dressed like a woman, in black, with a black mask, stepped into the room and took its seat. The dogs instantly sprung at her with great noise, but were again silenced. Several questions were directed to her, but she answered only with signs; and, much to my surprise, the soldiers next her instantly began to use gestures, without speaking, as familiarly as if they had been educated in a school of the dumb. All per-

severed in the strictest silence, and conducted with great good manners; though some of them were sufferers from the silent but humourous sallies and repartees of the mysterious stranger. Masking is practised during the whole of the carnival, but it becomes universal only at the end of it.

Here we sat listening to the music, and observing the amusing behaviour of the black mask; and were so content with the enjoyments of resting travellers, that we forgot the fatigues of to-day, and the dangers of to-morrow. On leaving the coffee-house, our heterogeneous party bade good night in some half dozen languages; and we were again in a narrow street, where it was very dark, frequently stepping into holes half filled with water by the rain, which had fallen while we were thus enjoying ourselves. "We have been happy this evening among an agreeable party:" observed one, whose thoughts happened to recur to the banditti: "perhaps the incidents of to-morrow evening may be very different, as well as our companions."

TERRACINA,—*February 5, (evening.)* The Italian inns, with their large dreary rooms, stone floors, and scarcity of furniture, have yet many substantial comforts. They have always given us a warm welcome, when we have come to take up our lodgings, though we are quite unnoticed at noon, when we stop only to refresh the horses. The table has been neatly though plainly set, with a clean cloth and clean napkins; the servants are sufficiently attentive, and the food good and well cooked. But still higher praise is due to the beds. The bedsteads are of iron, and have boards in the place of sacking; but they are made very soft, with a sack of straw and a fine feather bed, and we have been thus far supplied with clean and fresh linen.

Our coachman declared this morning that there was no danger, for that he had travelled this road thirty years without seeing a single robber. The driver of one of the other coaches however, was taken by banditti only a week ago and carried into the mountains: but he answers all our questions very generally, and evidently is, though I know not why, very averse to speaking on the subject. He pointed out, at our request, the ruin called Cicero's Tomb. It is a mass of masonry about fifty feet high, shaped like a dilapidated square tower, and half covered with shrubs and vines. Every body hereabouts who is in the habit of meeting with travellers, has the names of the principal objects of curiosity always on his tongue. When I inquired however of the coachman, what were the other ruins along the road, he said he believed they were all Cicero's.

Fondi is the last town in the Neapolitan territory, and we felt, on approaching it, that it would have graced the borders of a desert. For several miles, the road had grown so hilly that the horses travelled very slowly, and Mr. P. (my English friend,) and myself had descended and proceeded on foot. We wound among high hills of limestone scattered with olives, under which the ground was green with young wheat, apparently uninjured by the shade. Rougher and rougher the surface grew, till the road, winding painfully along the sides of rocky hills, became darkened by their shadows, and looked down on deep valleys worn into ravines, by the washing of torrents, which at some seasons of the year pour down from the mountains. Attempts at cultivating the little spots of soil situated on peaks out of the reach of the water, helped to give an idea of the labour by which the poor inhabitants must purchase their food. The stone walls were half broken down, and the rocks on

each side of us, encroached more and more upon the olive grounds at every turn. The ruins of small Roman tombs were blackened within by smoke, as if they had often afforded shelter to houseless heads ; and the few huts we observed here and there, among the great grey rocks, seemed the cheerless homes of a wretched people, spirit-broken by the parsimonious soil.

We met a few men, whose appearance was strongly marked with poverty. According to custom, they saluted us with “ *Buon giorno Signore ;*” but Mr. P. declared they answered the description given of them by the Tuscan, and he thought them as desperate looking fellows as any Greeks he ever saw among the islands. When we reached Fondi, and had passed through the gate, which as usual was guarded by old and weather-beaten stone towers, a narrow street appeared before us, in all the dreary poverty of the worst Italian towns. Small houses stood on each side, without windows, whose doors when shut made them seem uninhabited, and when open, showed little more than the poverty of the owners, who, since the days of Horace, have not even a “ *Latus Clavus*” to be proud of.

Here we had to stop at the custom-house, for Fondi is the last town in the Neapolitan territory. Beggars crowded round us, bringing their rags, and proclaiming aloud their various sorts of misery, as if each one had suffered beyond the endurance of humanity. If they had been besieged until, like the inhabitants of Jerusalem, they had devoured one another, and we had just arrived with supplies ; or if they had been shipwrecked, and were now almost dead with hunger on a desert coast, and we had come with provisions ; they could hardly have appeared more eager and persevering in the cries of “ *Give me a little money—I am*

half starved—My children are dead with hunger—I will pray for a safe journey for you—May the saints protect you from the robbers—O sir, give me a single grain for my mother—You have money and we are sick and poor.” If we sat in the coach, a dozen voices were heard repeating over such words as these, and so loud, that we could scarcely think; while if we descended, it was muddy and rainy. One of the most disgusting of these objects was a poor boy, who had the misfortune to have no teeth; and he persecuted us a long time, by opening his mouth to excite our pity, and begging for bread, until the Frenchwoman asked him, very abruptly, “how he could eat it without teeth.”

The officers of the custom-house threw in our way every possible impediment, so that they detained us two hours, by examining our baggage, as if they had been desirous we should arrive late at the place of danger.

Beyond, the road lay among rough mountains, uninhabited and uncultivated. Little centry-boxes grew more frequent; and in some places were seen marks of former terraces and breast-works, on which cannon had once been planted. The road was still very fine, and followed the course of a torrent, though so high above as to be out of its reach at all seasons of the year. Many advantageous positions for artillery might be pointed out, even by one the most ignorant of military affairs; and it was surprising that no attention was yet paid to them, as this is one of the great passes by which alone the country is accessible to an army, and the Austrians are now said to have nearly reached Rome. In one place there were two men occupied with their shovels, about a long-neglected battery of two pieces of artillery, which, from that situation.

might sweep the road, that declined before them for the distance of a mile—a mere burlesque on the subject. But perhaps it was intended, when the danger approached nearer, to throw more important obstacles in the way of their enemies. The road had been built up in many places over ravines, and might in a few hours be destroyed : cannon might be mounted here and there on commanding points, to annoy the enemy while they should be occupied in repairing it, and then, retiring a little and repeating the same operations, an army might be ruined before the mountains were passed. Here is one of the defiles where the Neapolitans must win or lose their liberty : and in a few days, the dry channels of the torrent will doubtless be flowing with the best blood in the kingdom.

A tract of plain country succeeded, and we soon reached the Roman frontier, which is marked by a gate over the road, adjoining the barracks and stables of a small body of dragoons. Here we stopped some time, while it was agitated whether we should take an escort. The Roman and the Tuscan seemed much alarmed : the one for his English wife, the other for himself ; and in concert with several others, used all their eloquence to persuade the majority to hire an escort. The story was that a soldier had been shot by the robbers last night, and that the neighbourhood was in a state of trepidation. Several dragoons, in brass helmets and green coats, the military colour of the Romans, seemed very ready to accompany us. Their horses stood harnessed, and they walked about dragging their sabres over the stones, and telling us the road was infested. Some of the travellers urged, that four or five dragoons would be enough to keep the bandits from attacking us ; others said, that as we had no arms we could do nothing, and that so small an

escort would be insufficient to intimidate a band of forty-four desperate robbers, and would only induce them to fire upon us.

To my surprise, the little Englishwoman was among the few who appeared perfectly calm. She declared that she believed the soldiers had invented the stories they told us, and said she would sooner trust herself with the robbers than with them. The Frenchwoman evidently set very lightly by the danger, and impatiently desired we might be no longer detained : indeed the appearance which the scenery had assumed was well calculated to make one estimate the danger rather less. It was about an hour before sun-set ; the clouds were fast dispersing, the wind had fallen, and the sun was shining obliquely upon an extensive and beautiful landscape. On the right, a rough mountain slanted from a great height to the very edge of the road ; and on the left, stretched out an extensive tract of flat ground, divided into little capes and islands by large sheets of still, smooth water, which reflected every shrub and flower that grew on the margin. A lonely Gothic tower stood on a distant point, to stamp the landscape European ; the grass had received a fresher hue from the rain, and large flocks of ducks were swimming and diving near the shores. There was nothing here like the narrow defiles or dark forests, in which the imagination places banditti. The road continued broad and smooth, and had no trees, walls nor hedges, to separate it from the low plain on one side, and the bare rocky declivity on the other.

The Frenchwoman, as if to show her light esteem for her valiant fellow-travellers, set out and walked a mile or more into the robbers' country, attended only by her dog. When the carriages were ready to proceed however, we were detained more than half

an hour by an unfortunate circumstance. The German traveller, who had already mounted his seat, on being solicited by a soldier for a *paolo*, [a Roman silver coin of ten baiocchi, or cents,] struck him in the face with the passport, which he had received from his hands. This so exasperated the soldier that he returned the blow; and a scuffle ensued, in which the German was dragged down, taken into the guard-house, and threatened with irons. The coachman was arrested; and it was not until some time had been spent in arguing the cause with the officer of the station, that we were able to proceed. When it was proved satisfactorily that the German was in fault, he was kept under guard; and we took up our line of march, escorted by four dragoons, two preceding and two following us. Their steeds were clean-limbed, and stepped along the fine hard road with much spirit, forming a striking contrast with our deliberate mules and horses. The riders were good looking men, well armed with pistols, sabres and carabines; and had so martial an expression, with their faces half covered with mustachios, and the visors and straps of their brass helmets, that we could not but think a larger number of them might have proved a protection from the robbers in case of necessity.

Our vetturino, turning round in his saddle, at length ventured to speak what he had long been thinking of. "That German," said he, in a low voice, "was mad to insult one of the soldiers in that manner, while he was in their power. He will be very fortunate if he ever sees Germany again. If he does, I would advise his friends to keep him at home—such a little fool is not fit to travel. Instead of coming to Italy to see our delightful country and our antiquities, as others do, he does nothing but get himself and more honest men into

difficulty." We inquired if he thought the escort we had taken would be of any use to us. "I don't know," said he, "I have travelled this road thirty years without seeing a robber, and yet I find there is much alarm among the people on account of their late outrages. It was very imprudent for that Frenchwoman to go on before us alone : though the soldiers are rascals and robbers themselves—I know them—they are the last people in the world I would trust myself with. They hate Germans, and they will do that foolish young man as much harm as they can. To gratify their revenge I dare say they may tempt him to escape, and then shoot him on the road."

Sentry boxes are placed along the road every quarter or half mile ; and the dragoons were very careful to point out that near which the soldier had been shot the night before. There was the mark of a musket-ball on the plaster with which it was covered ; but we had only their assertion for believing that the ball had first passed through the body of the sentinel.

We were now at the base of a mountain, the sides of which rose to a considerable height on our right, entirely divested of trees and covered with loose grey rocks, which in some places had been blasted out with gunpowder to make a passage, and were tottering over the road. On the left the Mediterranean stretched out to the horizon ; and the waves were rolling up and breaking so near us, as sometimes to make our horses start and almost to wet us with spray. This was the place of danger ; and though few of my companions seemed to be afraid, all of them had some anxiety in their countenances, when they found themselves on the spot which had been, for many years, in the undisputed possession of a band of robbers,

and where they had committed so many acts of violence and barbarity. The dragoons pointed towards the summit of the mountain, to remind us of the people by whom it was inhabited, and spurred on as if they were really apprehensive of danger. Conversation was suddenly at an end, as our horses and mules got into a round trot, almost for the first time since we had left Naples, and we rode on in silence for two or three miles, looking at every large rock as we passed it, to see if there were not some moving thing behind. We met a small party of men loitering by the road side, dressed in old cloaks made of reddish cloth, with one end thrown over the shoulder. They greeted us as we passed, and we hastened on towards Terracina without seeing a single habitation, or meeting another living being.

At length a turn in the road, which wound round a little point in the mountain, still on the sea-shore, brought us in sight of a strong gate, under which we were to pass. It leaned against a rock, which had here been cut down forty feet, and was supported on the other side by a tower rising from the water. We were now in safety, and congratulated ourselves on our good fortune, as we passed through the gate and came in sight of Terracina. There are several very singular rocks near the city gate. One of them is more than a hundred feet high, shaped like a very sharp pyramid, and marked all over with strata of different shades. It occupies but a small space on the ground, and terminates in an acute point. One side is nearly or quite perpendicular, and serves as a post to the gate of the city: for the hooks are driven into the stone, and the gate hangs upon it. Does not Horace refer to these rocks, when he says, "*Saxis latè candentibus Anxur?*"

We were told on entering Terracina, that the inha-

bitants had been in a state of alarm half the day, because news had been brought by a peasant, that the robbers meditated a sudden attack upon it before sunset. The story of their shooting a soldier was confirmed, and their apprehensions seemed to be much excited.

The inn where we have stopped is very large, and the hospitality of its inmates was redoubled in our view, by the joy we experienced on finding ourselves delivered from the danger of banditti. We were soon seated at a table in a recess of the enormous dining room, and were happy and social in a degree that would have honoured the most luxurious repast. The Tuscan redoubled his witticisms, and as usual laid a heavy tax on our risibles; for the native incurable length of his visage continually brought to mind the Knight of the rueful countenance, and drew from my laughing neighbours many a sarcastic remark.—One compared it to a face in a spoon, and another to “a sum in long division.” We were all pitying and blaming the poor German; for he had caused us some unnecessary inconvenience, as well as exposed himself to danger, when he unexpectedly entered the room, and, after a hurried greeting, took his seat among us. He had come from the frontier to this place on foot, guarded by three dismounted dragoons with loaded carabines; and after an examination before the commandant of the town, had been dismissed. He evidently was desirous of keeping up his consequence in our eyes: but the agitation which made his voice tremble and his hands shake, showed that his courage had long since deserted him. He told us in French, that he had been conducted by the soldiers to a tribunal, where an examination was held; and, on promise of being set at liberty, had subscribed a paper he did not take the trouble to read.

and had begged pardon on his knees, as it was a mere form. He made bitter complaints of having been deserted by his companions, while the soldiers were abusing him, and took such high ground, notwithstanding the humiliation he had lately suffered, as to provoke sharp rebukes from several of his neighbours. In speaking of America, which he took occasion to praise in extravagant terms, he inquired how much such a bottle of wine as that he held would cost in my country. I told him we had none such, and that all our wines were extremely dear. "But how is that?" he inquired, "you might buy German or Italian wines at a low rate, and import them." "Consider," said Mr. P., speaking also in French, "Attendez, il faut payer la douane; comprenez vous?" [Consider—all necessary expenses must be paid at the frontiers—do you understand?] This cutting jest had a surprising effect—our companions bit their lips, and laughed heartily with their eyes, and the poor German hung his head, and at an early opportunity effected his retreat.

VELLETRI,—*Feb. 6, in the evening.*—We entered upon a large plain very early this morning, the first part of which was well cultivated, and had some cottages upon it. As we proceeded, however, we found ourselves among vast, neglected fields; wet low grounds, overgrown with thick bushes like willows, and standing ponds, full to the brim. Herds of large grey cattle and half-wild horses were ranging about, and feeding without a keeper; and a few ducks and other fowl were occasionally seen in the air and on the water. The mountains had retired to a great distance on the right, and not a habitation was to be seen on the whole plain beyond us. The rising sun, which had not yet reached us, shone on villages perched on the lower peaks of the mountains; and the road, which still continued

broad and flat, stretched out straight before us for many miles. It is lined with rows of trees, and by canals filled with water from neighbouring ponds. This tract of country which we were entering, is the Pomptine marshes, on which the ancient Romans bestowed in vain so much expense, to render them fit for cultivation: The remains of vast dykes are still seen in many places, which serve to prove the ill success of their great plans. Some of the popes have exerted themselves on the same grounds; yet, although they have drained large tracts which are now ploughed, sown, and reaped, nobody ventures to build his house far from the borders of the marshes, and wild horses and cattle are still their sole occupants, as in the warm seasons of the year, a malignant fever, called *malaria*, seizes upon all who are exposed to the unhealthy exhalations of these moist, low grounds.

Mr. P. and myself were so situated as to feel peculiarly the desolation of the land. We had paid so exorbitantly for a cup of coffee at Terracina, that we had resolved to supply ourselves with bread, and replenish our wine-bottle, (unfortunately again dry,) at some village on the road, as we had usually done before. As the horses always walked, we could descend at any time from the carriage, and without much exertion soon leave it behind. On leaving Terracina, however, we found ourselves on the marshes, and were forced to be content without either food or drink till noon, when we reached the post house, in the middle of the marsh. Here we got some coarse provisions, and light, sour wine, paying in proportion to the dearth of the land; and made a meal in an upper, large, unfurnished room, in a large, unfurnished house, sitting two in a chair, at something like a carpenter's bench. In order that travellers may be furnished with a shelter, fire, beds,

and food, the government have built and provided for the support of such houses as this. The buildings are very large, and though almost unfurnished, and but half tenanted, might protect a great many travellers from the unwholesome air of the surrounding country. Large stables are ready for their horses, and a small church is among the buildings, though apparently less used than any of the rest. A poor family have been tempted by the prospect of a decent livelihood, which is as attractive in this country as a fortune in ours, to expose themselves to a dreadful disease, and short, miserable lives. Those who now survive, are pale and feeble; and we sometimes met them, when we had missed our way among the various passages of the post-house, wandering about with dispirited looks, among long galleries, and empty, dismal chambers. Large half-wild cats were strolling around without object, and on meeting us fled precipitately up and down, as if a man were an unusual sight.

Our facetious Tuscan had in the mean time recovered his wonted spirits, and drawn off most of our companions to a lower kitchen, where they suffered themselves to be made merry over some thin, hot soup, cheese made of sheep's milk, and miserable sour wine. Mr. P. and myself, as I said before, were enjoying a luncheon in an upper room with three others, after we had with some difficulty found seats enough for us all. A pale, melancholy woman, with good features, and deep black eyes, acted as the wretched mistress of this house of desolation. She seemed brooding over past scenes of trouble; and her face expressed less hope than fortitude and resignation. Some questions we asked roused her from a partial lethargy, and she gave us a history of herself in few, but impressive words.

"I was born among the mountains," she said, "out of sight of the marshes, in a pleasant and healthful country. In an evil hour we were induced to come to this dreary place, as misfortunes had reduced my husband to poverty. The first warm season our whole household, except two, were severely attacked by the malaria, which has returned upon us fourteen successive years, till the greater part of those who once formed my family are dead, and all of us who survive have been repeatedly reduced to the borders of the grave, by a malignant fever which has never left enough of the house in health, to take care of the sick."

While she spoke thus, my companions regarded her with more and more attention, till their countenances expressed as much melancholy as her own; and as the narration proceeded, one of the large cats occasionally startled us, by making its appearance suddenly at the door, or glaring from a hole in the chimney. "Figlio mio," continued the poor woman in answer to me who had last spoken; "My son, the malaria has robbed me of four little children, all I ever had; and I have thought every year since that it would take my life also. At best, I cannot endure its repeated attacks much longer. I am rarely free from the fever four months in the year, and nearly the whole household are in the same condition. A dropsy, the natural effect of its repeated attacks, has now advanced to an alarming height, so that death will soon succeed my accumulated sufferings. My son, we are absolutely sacrificed to the deadly atmosphere of these morasses."

I set out on foot with my friend, before the carriage was ready; and the loud laugh of the Tuscan and his merry gang, made a shocking discord with the voice of misery which was still in my ears. As we walked on, the fine straight road, bordered with trees and a

canal on each side, had something very dispiriting in its appearance, and the landscape appeared more dismal than ever, since we had heard so striking an account of the cause of its desertion. The same deadly disease has for centuries, triumphed over the exertions of men to change the face of the Pomptine marshes; and has wasted the strength of every arm that has been stretched to rescue them from desolation.

As there was nothing in the scenery to attract our attention, our conversation wandered to a variety of subjects. We talked of music, and my friend proved to be an amateur. He spoke enthusiastically of many Italian composers; but declared that Rossini, lately so much in vogue, has introduced an unnatural style, and that all Italy has gone mad with him. "That soldier, the other evening at Gaeta," said he, "played several of his airs, and with a silly languishing look and posture too well suited to them. I don't believe there is any country in the world, but the kingdom of Naples, where a tall, whiskered soldier, expecting daily to be called into the field to defend his liberties, would sit and roll up his eyes over the guitar, and melt down every manly note in his voice to such sickening sweetness." He then spoke of his own country; and I found him as enthusiastic in his praises of the English ladies, who, he declared, certainly make the best wives in the world—except the Americans.

Our road continued to ascend; and we were among gentle hills, cultivated only in patches, with here and there a cluster of trees or shrubs. The sun was going down, and night fast coming on, as we approached the city of Velletri. A post chaise, and a coach and four, drove by us at a round trot, guarded by four dragoons who had accompanied them all the way from

the frontier, and entered the city. Our carriages at length came up, and we soon found ourselves in the dining-room of an inn, where a party of English ladies and gentlemen were seated about the fire, being the travellers who had just passed us, and reached the inn in season to engage the best chambers and provisions. They were all talking and laughing very gaily, and my friend could hardly restrain his impatience to introduce himself as a countryman. Five years' absence from England among the Turks have prepared him to relish home in a high degree; and he never meets a countryman, nor hears his native language, without being reminded of another and another source of pleasure that awaits him in his own country, among his own kin, and in his own house. He contented himself, however, with standing in the back ground, and declaring again and again, that the English ladies were the most modest and the most amiable in the world—except the Americans. He was restrained by a respect to their higher rank! which, I reflected with pleasure, is a much smaller obstacle in our country. When our fellow-travellers from the other *vet-turas* came in, the ladies who were by the fire, recognised the features of their own country under the plain hat of our little Englishwoman; and welcoming her with great condescension, made her sit with them, admired her little boy, heard a summary of her troubles, gave a cup of tea to her, and to her child bits of plum cake out of their bags, talked kindly to her, and affectionately to each other about her, till I thought I had never heard sweeter voices.

We were now informed, that the inn was too small for the comfortable entertainment of so many; and our dinner soon satisfied us of the justice of the remark. Here was room for discontent; but, instead of com-

plaining, we were all very soon in high spirits. The Tuscan took the lead, with many humorous sallies. He is considered, by a portion of our party, as an undoubted wit; and even the most disgusted, sometimes condescend to smile at his jests. When dinner was over he set himself to enumerate, in his rough dialect, the dishes with which we had been regaled. The snipe he called *tordinini*, a double diminutive from *tordi*, their name in Italian; and the soup, which was remarkably thin, he denominated *pane sudato*, [sweated bread.]

The country in the neighbourhood of Velletri is very hilly, so that we set out on foot. On reaching the top of a hill, the wind blew over us so cold, (for it was scarce sunrise,) that my friend and I sat down under the shelter of a hedge. Two boys, who were kindling a fire in the field, invited us to come and warm ourselves, which we willingly did. A stone being placed on the ground, and a quantity of the stalks of Indian corn, piled upon it, a comfortable fire was soon made, and we began to taste the bread, figs and wine we had brought along with us. The boys were dressed in blue linen jackets and breeches, with long crooked knives hanging at their girdles, with which they trimmed the vines. On a high hill opposite was a small ancient town, half hidden by green olive trees, while lower down the soil was devoted to the raising of vines, which were supported by reeds. The young vine-dressers, having made a cheerful fire, opened a sack they had brought with them, and produced first a wooden bottle, like a canteen, full of red wine; a small cheese, made of sheep's milk, shaped like a crooked squash; and then some cakes of a bright yellow colour, which they called *farinella*. These they split, and toasted on the end of a stick, and gave us a portion, which proved to be, in all respects, the identi-

cal *jonny-cake* of New England, or the *corn-bread* of the southern states.

A mile or two beyond we had several steep hills to descend, where it was necessary for a wheel of the *vettura* to be chained, notwithstanding the labour which had been bestowed upon the road, at some very distant period. In several places it was cut down in a straight line, to the depth of twenty feet, for a considerable distance, exposing a surface which had the appearance of volcanic rock. Sometimes we were shaded by dark, overhanging woods, and here and there the soil bore marks of old cultivated fields, and fortified positions, deserted, perhaps, in the dark ages.

At the corners of the streets, in a town we passed through, printed papers were stuck up bearing these words upon them, "Iddio ci vede—Eternità," [God sees you—Eternity;] as if to remind us that we were within the precincts of a spiritual dominion.

By a steep descent we reached a narrow and deep valley, towards which the old walls of the town presented a high and inaccessible precipice of masonry, and had the air of a fortress once of considerable importance. In the valley is a wall of a most singular description. It is about fifty or sixty feet high, eight or nine feet thick, and ten rods long; and is cut out of the solid rock, with no vestige of rubbish on the ground, which is a beautiful grass-plot reaching to the very base of the wall.

The ground continued very hilly several miles farther; and the winding of the road brought us by turns under the shade of dark trees, before the mouths of grottos dug into the rocks, and across little brooks running through narrow vallies, from which every distant object was hidden by the surrounding hills. At length we came in sight of a ruinous mass in the mid-

dle of the road, about thirty feet high, once surrounded by five small towers, two of which are still in good preservation. This is the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii; I asked some questions about it of a young peasant who met me, but he seemed to have no knowledge whatever of its history.

Just beyond, we entered the town of Albano, which stands upon the top of a long gentle hill. The broad street descending toward the north, was bounded by high garden walls, beyond which were many tall ruins of different forms, surrounded by trees, and half covered with green shrubs and vines. Before us was seen a vast plain, bounded on the right by ridges of the Apennines; and in front, at the distance of thirty miles, part of the same chain was seen, but it was of so light a blue, that it could hardly be distinguished from the sky. Such a sight was very agreeable, after having travelled so long among the hills, where we had seen no habitations, except those in dark, ancient towns; and few signs of cultivation beside the groves of olives, which half covered the hills. On the plain below us we hoped to see something of the deep, fertile soil, the vineyards and the gardens of that delightful country in the vicinity of Naples: but I started, when, on running over large tracts with my eyes, I could discover no signs of cultivation, nor of inhabitants. I looked more narrowly; but the same undulating surface stretched off to a great distance, and neither town nor cottage could be found—not an enclosure, not a tree, not a single moving thing. On the left, the plain seemed to be boundless, extending so far toward the west, that it lost every irregularity of surface, assumed the appearance of water, and reached to the horizon, so that I mistook it for the sea. A solitary square tower, dilapidated and deserted, stood

here and there; and a double row of old tombs stretched out before us, in a straight line, to the middle of the plain, fourteen or fifteen miles. This was the Appian Way—and looking critically beyond the last of the tombs, we saw against the light, distant mountains, the dome of St. Peter's, and the towers and cupolas of Rome. The sight was new and unexpected to my friend as well as to myself. What his thoughts were I do not know; he instantly ceased talking, and looked steadfastly before him a long time in perfect silence.

How unlike is such a scene as this, to the first view of one of our American cities; and how different the train of thoughts it introduces to the mind! Instead of the cheerful and exhilarating sight of a savage wilderness retreating before the progress of a free and enlightened society, and a new continent assuming the aspect of fertility and beauty, under the influence of an enterprising population, and a generous form of government; taking a noble stand before the world, and showing an example which many a nation might think itself blest to follow, even at an humble distance: here we have the poor remains of that mighty city—the cradle and the grave of an empire so long triumphant on earth—now dwindling away before the wide-spread desolation which surrounds it, and shrinking back upon itself, as if for dread of an invisible destroyer. Accustomed to the fertility and beauty of our own luxuriant meadows, and the thick foliage which covers our mountains, the *campagna* seemed to my eyes as dreary as if but lately wasted by the barbarians; but the farther we proceeded, the better did we realize the melancholy truth, that the soil has long lost its vital principle, and, alas! that it is most deficient of all in things of human mould.

———"Age, thou art chang'd !
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods—
When pass'd there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed of more than of one man ?"

It is a terrible thing to be, like ancient Rome, exposed to the full force of malediction—to the fatal blasting of those ancient prophecies, which we read on the page of the sacred Scriptures, and tremble at their import, though so far removed from the objects at which they were directed. This is the first of those solemn scenes my eyes have ever explored.—Ah ! how has Rome, imperial Rome, withered under the irresistible bolts of heaven, and how deeply is she seared and scarred with the long delayed but inevitable blows !

It is a melancholy ride to the city. The Appian Way is no longer travelled ; and the road, which turns off to the right, passes through a dreary desert, without any other signs of men than a few old towers, and the still more ancient remains of Roman architecture. In many places the surface was scattered with broken bricks and marbles ; and the road was cut through strata formed of the ruins of dilapidated buildings. Long lines of aqueducts began to appear, extending from various points among the mountains towards the centre of the plain, and terminating at Rome. In many places they have fallen down, and a noble line of arches, sometimes reaching several miles from the mountains almost to the spot you stand upon, terminates as suddenly as if it had been swallowed up by an earthquake, and leaves an overhanging mass of bricks and clusters of ivy, fifty or sixty feet from the ground. The next stretches into the city, with its smooth, well turned arches supporting the old water channel in a just and unvarying descent, and striding by, like a giant, over their regular surface.

We stopped at the gate of St. John, which is modern, though the wall is ancient; and when our passports had been examined, were presented with printed orders, requiring us to appear at the police-office within forty-eight hours, on pain of being considered as spies. The magnificence of the city began immediately to open upon us; for we had hardly passed the gate when we found ourselves in front of the church of St. John in the Lateran, second only to St. Peter's, with an Egyptian obelisk standing near it, almost an hundred feet high, made of a single block of granite, and brought from the ruins of Thebes. Having gone through a few streets, we passed the Colosseum, almost stupified with its overwhelming size; and soon after, entering the midst of the city, reached the Corso. This is a fine street, lined with palaces and other large buildings, where, instead of the thick crowds and busy bustle of Naples, we met only a few of the inhabitants, and a large proportion of them had the deliberate gait, and the reflecting countenances of antiquaries, artists, and amateurs.

We were obliged to repair first to the custom-house, the front of which is partly supported by eleven ancient fluted Corinthian columns, thirty-six feet high, with an architrave much worn by the elements: the remains of the temple of M. A. Antoninus. Here our baggage was examined, with more or less scrutiny according to the fees which the officers received; and, having bid adieu to the English woman, her husband, and little boy, and to all our other fellow-travellers, even without excepting the Tuscan and the German, Mr. P. and myself were soon congratulating each other on the termination of our journey in very comfortable lodgings at the Swiss hotel.

ROME,—*February 8.* I can hardly tell what were my feelings this morning, when I awoke from a placid but bewildering dream, to the sensation of a frame exhilarated by repose, after a recent, fatiguing journey, and to the consciousness of having at length, beyond all contradiction, arrived in Rome. The only light which then entered my chamber, was admitted transversely through a glass door at the opposite end, opening upon a little balcony, which overhung a retired court-yard, known only to a few flowering shrubs, and a little bird or two, their favourites, unless indeed the ghosts of the departed do sometimes return at night to Rome. There was a brightness and purity in the light, which proved that it had been shed from a clear and serene morning sky: and while it showed our travelling baggage as it had been hastily thrown in a heap upon the floor, as if to recal the fatigues and trials of our journey, it spread its mild beams over the foreign, and somewhat antiquated decorations of the apartment, reducing every thing to a tone of quiet harmony, corresponding with the tranquillity which reigned without, and seemed to pervade the whole city.

When breakfast was announced, we found thirty or forty persons assembling at table, who were foreigners, from various countries of Europe, as was easily inferred from their difference of dress and language. The principal part were Englishmen, of all grades and pretensions: some with the careless, leisurely air of bachelors half-naturalized in Italy, and others with the dusty coats and hurried motions of unsettled travellers. Frantz's house, although denominated the "Swiss hotel," is the principal resort for strangers of all nations; and the prices, as well as the accommodations, are graduated according to the scale of more northerly latitudes.

On inquiry we found a note from my countrymen, which served as a clue to the retired and pleasant apartments of which they had already taken possession. Very fortunately for me, they had made reference to my arrival, although the unexpected delays of our journey had given rise to some anxious reflections, concerning the mountains and banditti of Terracina. A glance convinced me that some one had directed the arrangements who had much more rational ideas concerning the comforts of life than most Italian house-keepers I had yet met with; and while I observed that in warm weather we might have access to a balcony as secluded as that at the Swiss hotel, it did not escape me that our parlour was spread with a coarse carpet, and furnished with a fire-place, with a generous supply of dry wood, and a bundle of reeds twisted with withered vines, to light them at a moment's warning. Indeed, so much does our fire-side resemble those distant ones, with which our hearts are still familiar, that we often fancy a party of our friends somewhere near at hand, and start to find ourselves in Rome. One of my companions, who may emphatically be styled *the traveller*, seems to enter fully into the comforts of our temporary home, by comparing it with the inconveniences and trials he has met among various nations in both hemispheres; while the other will allow nothing more, than that he should be content if he could but once look in the face of his far-distant wife, and take for a moment his two little ones upon his knees. Every man feels a cord attaching him to his country, but, as our nautical friend H—— would have said, his is three-stranded.

We have made a pilgrimage to St. Peter's, but my prominent feeling is that my ideas want organizing, and I have not the courage to write a word on that, or any other subject. Indeed, I am so convinced of the inade-

quacy of my language, that I have over and over determined to do nothing more than what my occasional plan requires: to enter the date in my journal every evening, and if possible, the names of the places I have visited. I hope a little habit may wear off the first impressions of Rome, which are great and highly interesting, yet varying, unsettled, and on the whole very unsatisfactory.

ROME,—*February 8.* The weather was again fine, and the mild beauty of the morning seemed to chide delay; so I set out at an early hour, in company with my English friend, to commence the tour of the city. Having furnished ourselves with a map of Rome, and a volume of a "Travellers' Guide," containing a copious description of the most ancient scites, we directed our course towards the Palatine hill. On the way, our attention was often attracted by various objects of taste, both ancient and modern, some of which we immediately recognised without referring to our book: but of these it will be more proper to speak on another occasion. We were anxious, in our study of Rome, to follow the order of time; and hastened toward the Palatine, not content until we should stand on the very spot where Romulus began to lay the foundation of this once mighty city.

After a walk of nearly a mile and a half through the Corso, from near the Spanish square at the foot of the Pincian hill, across the old Campus Martius, we crossed a part of the Capitoline hill, through a narrow dirty lane. We now suddenly found ourselves in an open tract of ground, about half a mile long, and of a narrow oblong shape, stretching before us toward the south-east; traversed indeed by two or three rows of short trees, and nearly surrounded by buildings and cultivated grounds, but left to run entirely waste, and serving no purpose but that of a thorough-

fare. On the right, and in front, it was irregularly bounded by several hills, probably once of gentle ascent, but now partly broken by precipices near their highest level, as if artificially cut round to facilitate their defence in some long past age. On the left, was a broken line of large edifices, which presented such a confusion of ancient and modern architecture, that it was impossible to tell what to think of them :—tasteless modern brick walls, patching out the remains of ancient fabrics, which still retained the impaired honours of the deeply sculptured frieze, and ranges of magnificent but weather-beaten columns. At a second survey, the eye might observe the waste soil excavated in various places, as if for hidden treasure; and here and there a cluster of two or three columns, or a single one standing at a melancholy distance from its fellows, as if removed to meditate over the destruction of some incomparable structure, of which it was now the only memorial. Close at hand on the right, was something resembling a tall gateway, of hewn stone, richly ornamented with sculptured devices, and standing in the midst of a circular excavation, which had been carried to the depth of nearly twenty feet, to reach the level of its foundation. So familiarly did many of these objects strike my eye, particularly those immediately around me, that it was hardly necessary to decipher “P. P. OPTIMIS FORTISSIMISQ,” &c. on the Triumphal Arch, or “DIV. ANTONINO ET FAUSTINA. S. C.” &c. on the entablature supported by the nearest columns, to realize that I was in the Roman forum, and to claim a closer kindred with the silent language of ancient Rome, than I can ever feel for any thing in the modern city.

We easily learnt that the hill on the western side was the Palatine: and hastening across the intervening space, which presented no obstacles to a conve-

nient traverse, except such as were formed by excavations and masses of broken marble, we were soon mounting towards the top, along a narrow road shut in by the walls of vineyards. The materials of which these walls were composed, were in perfect keeping with every thing around us: for bits of broken ancient amphoræ were mingled with shapeless stones, dug from the bosom of the hill; and these, in turn, with blocks of marble, and the mutilated remains of sculpture, which had aided in the construction of the splendid edifices that had successively occupied and mingled with the soil. And it seemed a study of a new and instructive character—a science which might tolerate the name of historical geology—to contemplate this confused assemblage of memorials: once integral portions of the palaces of the kings, the consuls, and the Cæsars, now picked up so at hazard on the ground, thrown so carelessly together, and devoted to so ignoble a purpose.

A short walk, still between vineyard walls which completely confined the view, brought us to a convent, where the road terminated. This spot was too far south for our purpose, and in order to find one which should overlook the Forum, we returned to a gate we had passed in ascending the hill; and after knocking, like Bunyan's pilgrims at the gate of the Interpreter, we were admitted by two gay peasant girls, who had evidently been running from a good distance to open the gate, and were much disappointed at discovering that, instead of some of their friends, we were only a brace of travellers in search of ruins. We were allowed, though with a bad grace, to traverse the Farnesian Gardens, so called after Pope Paul III. who laid out all this northern end of the Palatine hill into pleasure grounds, and built a fine edifice for an en-

trance, facing the Forum. The rustic architecture here, as well as the fountains, statues and flights of steps, wore a striking air of magnificence neglected; for the place has been nearly deserted since the death of its former possessor. That is indeed a recent event for this neighbourhood; and though the grounds retain few appearances of an ornamental garden, yet the less perishable objects are in tolerably good preservation, for Paul III. lived in the sixteenth century, only a little while before the Landing at Plymouth!

Our path up the hill was the main alley through the vineyards. The ground was perfectly bare, excepting only the leafless vines, and the slight frames and sticks by which they were supported. The soil had at first the appearance of being thickly scattered with gravel; but this proved to be owing to vast quantities of bricks, marble, stones, and pottery, broken into small bits, and mingled by a long course of cultivation. It seemed no very incredible thing, when we reflected what piles of buildings had in former ages occupied the ground: for the earth was filled with an indiscriminate and incalculable mass of ruins. Here one naturally thinks of subterranean apartments, and undiscovered treasures hid beneath the ground; for in a place so teeming with memorials of former times, a stranger thinks he could not rest until the dark interior is exposed to view; and quite unsatisfied with what he sees upon the surface, feels that he would gladly lend his strength to lay open the foundations of the immortal Mons Palatinus, and search out the mysterious cause of its fame. A little boy who followed us proposed to show us the baths of Julia, which he described as the remains of some rich apartments not long ago discovered beneath the surface, and the only remains of antiquity in this part of the hill which

have escaped destruction and removal. The rooms are so dark as to require a torch; and though the walls still retain some traces of their ancient gilding, the place is both damp and disagreeable.

As there was no fence, wall, nor other interruption on this end of the hill, we easily found a point which looked towards the Capitol; but on arriving at the brow, the ground proved to be so broken that caution was necessary to keep from slipping into deep holes, half overgrown with shrubs, which threatened the loss of limbs, if not of life. For here was an immense pile of ruinous brick buildings, which, standing against the foot of the hill, and abutting against its precipitous side, rose as high as the spot where we stood, and had probably been originally carried to a much greater height. To judge from what remained, the apartments below, into which we had well nigh slipped, must have been of a magnificent size, and probably fifty or sixty feet high, yet we could find no mention made of them in our books.

Several churches were below us, and one of them on the left, called the church of St. Theodore, has been formed of an ancient brick temple to Romulus and Remus, on the spot where those founders of the city are said to have been exposed when infants, and nursed by the wolf.

The Capitoline hill was now opposite, and at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. Imagining for a moment the buildings removed with which it is covered, there remains the irregular hill where the Sabines were stationed; and from this spot where we stand, might Romulus himself have scowled on their habitations, and watched their motions with a jealous eye. If we are disposed, we may agree that here was perhaps one of the corners of his mud-walled

city, for among the many learned conjectures which have been made on this subject, it would be strange if some respectable authority could not be found to countenance this or almost any other opinion. Following with the eye the line of the Capitoline hill to the left, it terminates with a rocky precipice forty or fifty feet high, looking towards the Tiber. The spot, I believe, was not visible to us, on account of some interposed buildings; but it is proper to speak of it in this place, to give a clearer idea of the Tarpeian Rock, for such in fact it is.

It has been remarked by others that the Romans, as early as the days of some of the first kings, seem to have acted on a belief that the city was to be immortal; for there are several specimens of their architecture still remaining, which are all remarkable for the strength and solidity of their structure. One of these was now directly opposite, and in full view: the ancient foundation of the Capitol. The superstructure is modern, and an indifferent, or rather a mean building. The foundation is composed of large blocks of *travertine*, or limestone from the other side of the river, laid together without mortar, and retaining their positions, though much roughened by long exposure to the action of the weather. This style of building was a transition indeed from the mud wall and straw palace of Romulus: and one accustomed to speculate on the progress of society, and to explain the interesting phenomena it has often presented, could scarcely wish for a more favourable situation for the indulgence of his taste. But this contrast is not greater than that between the foundation of the Capitol and yonder remains of the temple of Jupiter Tonans; nor is the manly taste of the early kings at a farther remove from that of the Augustan age, than those graceful

Corinthian columns, raised by Augustus himself, from the dotting childishness of the modern Capitol. Neither are these few objects the only ones calculated to lead the mind to such a train of comparisons; every thing within the compass of our view, has a direct relation to one of these three periods in the history of the place, and calls them up to the mind, with a distinctness and interest which it is difficult not to feel, and certainly impossible to express. The foundation, the triumph, or the degradation of Rome, is written on every object before us, and quite intelligibly even on the pebbles beneath our feet; and the sublimity of the feelings excited by the contemplation, is proportioned to the range taken by the mind in grasping the crowd of great ideas connected with each, which it successively relinquishes, but to return again and again to contemplate them anew.

Nature has not distinguished the Capitoline, or even the Palatine, by any ascendancy of height or peculiarity of form: innumerable hills scattered all over the Campagna, offered equal advantages for convenience and defence; and its present desolation, when regarded in connection with this fact, is the severest comment on the fickleness of fortune. The upper part of the Forum, in the valley just below, was formerly occupied by the Curtian Lake, in which one of the first kings was well nigh destroyed in fleeing from the Sabines; but its water was afterwards all dried up, and the spot where the enemy were checked and the king's life preserved is still commemorated, in the opinion of some, by yonder three tall columns, said to be the remains of a splendid temple erected in after times to Jupiter Stator. But the levelling hand of time has once more reduced the scene to an appearance almost as unvarying and dreary as that of the wide

spread and useless Curtian Lake; for the wrecks of statues and honorary columns, temples and senate houses, dashed in pieces and scattered all around, now form a mass of ruins which conceal the ancient surface, and the streets and pavements by which it is still divided, while they present of themselves only a melancholy sight of hopeless confusion.

At no great distance, we reached the south-western brow of the hill, and were presented with a more extended prospect, over the Tiber and its banks, with the long Janiculine Hill rising from the opposite side of the river. But the confusion of our minds was only increased by this view, and the necessity of traversing the city and visiting every important object in detail, seemed greater than before. Our map however showed the form of the Circus Maximus, delineated near the foot of the Palatine on that side; and a large piece of level ground was with some difficulty distinguishable in that position, in the form of an elongated horse-shoe about half a mile in extent, though the walls have long since been levelled with the ground, and the soil cultivated as a vineyard, except where the ancient foundations still peep a little way above the surface. Here then was the spot so familiar to our school-boy recollections, where Romulus decoyed the Sabine fair within the power of his little army, and where afterwards were displayed the most splendid Roman games, before a crowd of spectators that would people all the habitations of modern Rome; and yonder balcony on the left, among the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, is the place whence the signals were given for commencing the races and the combats.

On our way back, across the Farnesian Gardens and down the hill, we caught in succession a view of different parts of the Forum, which we were better

able to consider in reference to their history, since the brief but delightful hour we had devoted to the uninterrupted study of the place. When we reached the great terrace in front of the gardens and on the declivity of the hill, the eastern side of the Forum was seen directly opposite us ; its boundary still marked, as has been already mentioned, by the remains of several ancient buildings occurring here and there. Beginning on the left hand and at the foot of the Capitoline, they are in the following order : the Temple of Saturn, or perhaps only its site, and those of Antoninus and Faustina, of Remus, of Peace, and of Venus and Rome.

As we left the vineyard again by the gate, and descended the hill into the Forum, a sudden turn to the right brought us to the half-ruinous Triumphal Arch of Titus, which stands very near the south western limit of the ancient Forum. It is built with solidity, of large blocks of marble, and in the form of a simple gateway ; but the deep channels worn into its surface by time, and the immediate historical connection it has with the overthrow of Jerusalem, have imparted to it a moral grandeur which even superior antiquity or magnitude alone could never possess. Those who have read the Scriptures from their infancy, and been taught to mourn with the saints and prophets of Israel, over the desolation of the city of David and the house of God, can never approach unaffected and regard this monument of heathen triumph. As we entered the shelter of the arch, we trod the stones of the old Sacred Way, which lay yet undisturbed under our feet : probably the same pavement that Titus and his whole train passed over, in their triumphant march to the Capitol, when they brought the spoils of the Holy Temple, and a large

company of Jewish captives. On the right are seen, beautifully sculptured in relief, the seven golden candlesticks, the silver trumpet, the table of shew-bread, and the book of the law, all borne by priests marching in order; and on the other side is the emperor, in his triumphal car, drawn by four horses, harnessed abreast, and represented with the highest skill of the sculptor. The chariot is accompanied by the Genius of the Senate, and Victory, bearing a crown and a branch of palm from Palestine. This record of history, containing more details than I have enumerated, still speaks to the eye and to the mind in language as clear and impressive as when it was first erected. But the unyielding spirit of the captives retains to this day all its pride and sternness. There are many Jews now in Rome, the descendants of the prisoners of Titus; but it is said that not a son of Israel has ever passed this detested spot, and trodden this part of the Sacred Way, since the day of his triumph. They still delight to trace back their pedigree to those whose humiliation they have inherited: while, it is said, not a man in being can establish a clear and undoubted claim to the blood of any ancient Roman family.

From this place, which was called *Summa Sacra Via*, or the highest part of the Sacred Way, the pavement descends before us towards the south, for nearly a quarter of a mile to the Colosseum. A little out of sight on our right, and just round the base of the Palatine hill, was the Arch of Constantine; between that and the Colosseum or Amphitheatre of Titus, and at a greater distance than either, was seen the Cœlian Hill, almost surrounded by a broken wall of ruined edifices, not formed for defence but for splendour; whose plan, and whose possessors are long since lost in oblivion. On the left was an open tract of ground, adjoining the Forum, and

extending quite to the Colosseum. The surface was broken by fragments from ancient buildings, and deep excavations, which were so frequent as to render the ground in many places impassable. Near us had been dug out the foundations of the ancient Reservoir, which supplied the Amphitheatre with water, to float the navies which there performed their mimic sea-fights; and several trenches, branching out from this great excavation, reached to within a few feet of the spot where we stood. Misshapen blocks of stone and marble, and large, mutilated remnants of sculpture lay about us, just as they had been thrown out by the workmen, the most valuable having been removed to the public or private museums of the city.

Here was the site of Nero's Golden House—an edifice, or rather an immense assemblage of edifices, which required the burning of this part of Rome to make room for them, and which eclipsed every thing that had before been called magnificent. It extended from near this place, far to the left across the end of the Forum, to the Esquiline Hill, including in its way the Temple of Peace, which formed its vestibule, and yonder ruins beyond, now belonging to the Baths of Titus. All this waste tract of ground before us was divided into gardens and pleasure grounds, surrounded on all sides by different parts of this gigantic structure, and filled with rare plants and animals from various parts of the world. The Colosseum occupies the place of the great fish-pond; and if we may believe Suetonius, the splendour and costliness of the decorations fully equalled the extent of the "Golden House." His account, replenished with an enumeration of theatres, baths, and three almost endless colonnades; a dining hall from whose revolving dome roses were showered upon the guests; a statue one hundred feet high in

the vestibule ; together with the magnificent plans formed by the lunatic emperor, for bringing water to his baths from the Lake of Avernus and Baiæ, as well as for making a canal from Baiæ to Ostium—all this seems incredible : or rather it would seem incredible but for the vast ruins now before our eyes. If men could rear such piles as these ruins denote, and such a mountain of stone as the Colosseum, why should they not be able to perform the extravagant wishes even of Nero himself? When human power has reached this point, where shall the limit be placed ?

The Via Sacra was the principal street in Rome. It was one of the great passages leading into the Forum, and was still left open when the Golden House was built. This was the way by which the priests proceeded to the Capitol to consult the auguries, and triumphing generals to the temple of Jupiter Pharetrius to deposit their spoils. Along this pavement it was that the poet Horace was walking, when he was accosted by the impertinent fellow he describes in one of his satires, so much to the taste of school-boy days and of riper years :

“ Ibam fortè Via Sacra, sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis :
Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum,
Arreptaque manu ; Quid agis, dulcissime, rerum ? ”

[I was walking in the Sacred Way, according to my custom, and thinking about some trifle, I know not what, when I was overtaken by one I hardly knew by name, who caught me by the hand ; “ Ah, my dear friend ! What are you doing here ? ”—&c.]

This incident happened, these lines were written in the Augustan age ; when Rome was at the summit of her glory, in power, learning and arts—when her influence was acknowledged throughout all countries, and

she was confessed the mistress of the world. There was then an obscure island far in the north, which was regarded as the most distant point of her dominion, and of creation; deep sunk in barbarism, and fit only to be contemned and enslaved. But what changes had centuries produced! A native of that same island, with an inhabitant of a country a thousand leagues beyond, were now standing here among heaps of ruins, having renounced much of the comfort and security of civilization to reach the place, lamenting at the degeneracy, nay the misery of Rome, and wishing that the moral, religious, and civil blessings of their own countries might find their way to this; that the Romans might be taught to understand, and then enabled to obtain the elevated character, and the civil and religious liberty of Great Britain and of America. We stepped from the pavement, to admire the remains of several fine columns of Egyptian granite; and while remarking that although they were three or four feet in diameter, and but recently dug out of the ground, they still retained their original hardness, and even the glassy polish of their surfaces, our ears were assailed by the petitions of two or three poor old women, who followed us round among these ruins of splendour, regardless of what attracted our admiration, and intent only on obtaining a little money: for Rome abounds more with memorials of the dead, than with food for the living; and what is it to these poor creatures that their ancestors were powerful and magnificent? They themselves are beggars, and their children clamorous for bread.

From the arch of Titus towards the north, or north-east, the Sacred Way is supposed to have proceeded by a gentle descent, and traversed rather obliquely the length of the Forum, to the arch of Severus, and

the foot of the Capitoline hill ; but it is now so deeply covered by the earth, that no part of it can be discovered without digging to a considerable depth. Nearly opposite to us on the other side of the Forum, were the remains of the Temple of Peace, which are supposed to have formed for the time the vestibule of Nero's house ; and here we were struck with astonishment, having never seen such wide and noble arches. They are, we supposed, about eighty feet in height ; yet the whole fabric is of bricks, broad and square it is true, yet hardly thicker than a finger. Even the arches are turned and locked with them, and incredible as it must appear to those accustomed only to our own perishable constructions, the whole is generally very well preserved, and seems capable of enduring the storms for a thousand years to come. The floor of the temple is still preserved, as well as the bases of several immense columns, and the foundation of the steps which led up from the street. The ground has been excavated in front of the temple ; and, at the depth of about twenty feet, is laid bare the ancient pavement, which resembles that of the Sacred Way and indeed all Roman roads, in having the stones unhewn, of a size too large to be removed by carriages and resting on a solid substratum.

The church of St. Adrian stands a little way off towards the Colosseum, among the ruins of a double temple, by some attributed to the Sun and Moon, by others to Venus and Rome, and by others still to Isis and Serapis. On the other side, and towards the Capitoline, is the little circular brick temple of Remus, or Romulus and Remus, from which was removed a broken marble pavement containing a mutilated map of the ancient city ; and still farther on, we hastened to examine the beautiful portico of the temple of Antoni-

nus and Faustina. The ten columns still remain in their places, and have escaped unbroken the ravages of time, showing only the slighter injuries produced by the elements. Each column consists of a single shaft of light-greenish marble, much admired in ancient times. Several of them were arranged according to the order in which they were dug from the quarry, for veins of a more perishable nature than the rest of the stone, showed themselves by corresponding channels worn nearly horizontally at a great height from the ground. The frieze is covered with griffins beautifully sculptured, and the entablature bears the ancient inscription; yet in the rear is erected a modern church, and men enter by this noble portico, and kneel before the pictures of Saint Lorenzo, to whom the building is dedicated. The temple of Romulus and Remus has also been converted to a Christian use, and received the names of Saints Cosmo and Damiano; but the remaining arches of the temple of Peace have been left exposed to the sunshine and rain, hallowed however in the eyes of the people by a small cross elevated at the top, among the shrubbery with which it is crowned, to preserve them from dilapidation; though cattle often wander to its shade from the Forum, (which in Italian bears the name of the Cow-Pasture,) and lie quietly down in the inmost recess of the temple.

But it is high time that I should render the merited acknowledgments to the books and map which we took with us this morning, as a guide to these interesting objects, and from which with little labour, though perhaps not without an appearance of more profound learning than we possess, we gleaned the various particulars detailed above, concerning the history of the ruins in this part of the city. Our excursions about Naples, and our journey hither, had indeed given us

some degree of familiarity with Roman remains; yet here we must have felt entirely at a loss, but for the sensible and pertinent remarks of our intelligent author. Under his direction we may traverse the city with ease and delight. Every thing has been rendered plain and satisfactory to-day, except indeed in a few instances when he has expressed his opinions on disputed points with a little too much self-confidence, and in a style decidedly dictatorial, and then we have caught ourselves unconsciously taking up the opposition, and smiled to see how soon we were learning to fight him with his own weapons. In truth such a companion may soon teach a traveller so much on some local and classical points, that he will look upon himself with amazement, and might pass with a superficial observer for a student by profession, and one who has spent his life in a library.

The remarks of this book concerning the Forum, may be read many times with new interest on this spot; and every one will assent to the observation, that "there was not a place more celebrated or more frequented in the whole city." In the times of Romulus and some of the other early kings, it was very contracted, extending only from the side of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, where we are standing, to the foot of the Capitoline; and yonder, where is now the church of Saint Adrian, was the ancient bronze temple of Saturn, which served as a safe and public deposit for the most valuable property. Somewhere near that stood the magnificent Palace of Emilia, built by the Consul Paulus Emilius about half a century before our era, with money sent from Gaul by Julius Cæsar. Nearly west of us and directly across the Sacred Way, at the spot where it took the name of the Sacred Ascent, was built the Arch of Fabius, erected by the censor of that

name, who also adorned it with shields taken from the Allobrogi. Next came the Temple of Julius Cæsar, and then the new rostra, which extended almost to the other side of the Forum, where stood the Temple of Vesta, the repository of the sacred fire, on the site now occupied by the church of Saint Mary the Liberator. Thence, on the line northerly to the Capitoline, the first was the temple of Castor and Pollux, to which some refer those three beautiful columns standing together yonder unshaken by the hand of barbarians, or the still more resistless power of time: their original grace and majesty redoubled by the waste and ruin around them. Next was the Comitium, an open space elevated by a few steps above the Forum, containing the Curia Hostilia, where the senate held their sessions, and the pulpits for orators decorated with the ancient beaks of ships. On the north side, under the steep brow of the Capitoline Hill, and at the base of the Capitol itself, was the street called Vicus Jugarius, which is now partly exposed to view by a trench, in some places nearly twenty feet deep. The pavement is still unbroken, but it has a steep descent, and is so narrow that it must have been dark and inconvenient. The only remains of edifices here, are the well known columns of the temples to Jupiter Tonans, and the Arch of Severus.

This enumeration of the principal buildings in the Forum in ancient times, will be sufficient to give some idea of its plan and appearance. It is quite unnecessary to enter at large into a list of the numerous and splendid edifices with which it was ornamented at subsequent periods; and it need only be added, that the golden monument from which the various roads were measured, was placed near the Capitol; and that the middle of the Forum was devoted to nume-

rous statues and honorary columns erected to individuals. Of these last a single one still remains ; on the pedestal of which was discovered so late as 1813, an inscription dedicating it to the Emperor Foca. Here were held the meetings of the people for the elections of civil and religious officers; and here were heard the addresses of all the ancient orators of Rome. It seems indeed almost incredible that here should have been weighed and determined so many of those mighty events which crowd the history of the empire ; yet these ruins are in accordance both with her magnificence and her antiquity, and the very vegetation of the Campo Vaccino is stunted by the dilapidated ornaments of the Roman Forum.

Whether these were the limits assigned to the Forum in subsequent times, I frankly confess myself too ill-informed to venture an opinion of my own. Our author is quite sure this was the fact, in spite of the contrary assertions of "certain moderns." It is clear however that others, either more or less learned than himself, have extended it quite to the Arch of Titus ; and on the strength of their authority, for my own convenience, I have heretofore spoken of it in that manner.

In searching out the remains of the Baths of Titus, we got ourselves involved in not a little perplexity : for though the distance from the Forum is small, the ascent of the Esquiline Hill on which they stand is so much occupied with modern houses, high walls and irregular streets, that it was rarely in our power to see where we were going. The materials of which the houses, the walls and the pavements were composed, afforded sufficient evidence of our being still in a part of the city which was very populous in ancient times : for bits of amphoræ, or earthen jars, bricks and

marble were interspersed abundantly among the rubbish of the slovenly modern masonry; and wherever the declivity was unpaved, the rains had cut their channels into a deep mass of similar composition. It was not uncommon to see a fragment of a column, plain or fluted, planted before the door of a mean habitation, or a ruined frieze or relievo mingled with ignoble rocks that had never been quarried. In one place we noticed the head of some nameless statue, fastened in the cement of a garden wall, and staring on us with its ghastly eye-balls; and once I involuntarily started on stepping upon a broken slab of marble in the pavement, at seeing that well known inscription which Cicero had taught us to venerate: "S. P. Q. R."—for it had borne the record of one of the mighty decrees of the "*Senate and People of Rome*." It is powerless indeed at present, but methinks it is a melancholy thing to see such lofty majesty sunk down so low; and every passer-by must go on meditating more intently upon ancient glory than upon present degradation.

On the gate of a vineyard near the top of the hill we observed these words: "Bagni de Tito," scrawled with a piece of charcoal, and found it to be an entrance to the place we sought, although we had passed the same way twice or thrice before without seeing it. A labourer admitted us with an ill grace, for there is another entrance more public than this, and we found ourselves in a field of several acres, covered with vegetables and vines, just on the brow of the Esquiline. The situation is commanding, and embraces part of the Capitoline and Palatine hills, with an interrupted view of the Forum in the valley between them; and in front overlooks the Aventine Mount, with the Colosseum, rearing her immense walls just below us, as if to inter-

pose a rival bulk. The ground on which we stand is rich with the recollections of antiquity ; and let us rejoice that another interesting site is suffered to remain unoccupied, and in a state corresponding with the humility to which time has reduced it—this is an appropriate condition for scenes like this, for cities like Rome.

Our oracle mentions that the famous villa and academy of Mæcenas were situated on the Esquiline, that his gardens occupied the grounds a little behind us, and that the dwellings of his friends Propertius, Virgil, and Horace were somewhere in the vicinity. Modern magnificence should never encroach upon this spot : it would strike a dismal discord with the edifices which the imagination loves to rear on such a place ; for the mind delights in a bold flight from these ashes and ruins to the piles they once composed ; from a half cultivated vineyard to the field and gardens of the ancient Mons Esquilinus, here scrupulously limited and divided by powerful and jealous neighbours, and there spread out and decorated by the hand of generous taste ; in short from a patch of kitchen vegetables to the parterres of Mæcenas, and the court-yard and grass-plot of Virgil and Horace.

The poor labourer called to us as we walked on towards the southern brow of the hill, to beware of our steps, for we were already treading unconsciously over the subterranean apartments of Titus's Baths ; and yonder bush concealed a fracture in the roof of one of them, which we might have approached without his well-timed caution. The only remaining apartments are those on the ground ; all the upper parts of the structure having been entirely destroyed. Even these remains lay unknown till the beginning of the 16th century, when they were cleared of the rubbish

which had washed in from the brow of the hill above, and then the ancient and celebrated group of the Laocoon was discovered, with many other precious relics. After this the ruins were neglected, and became again filled with earth, and thus they remained until they were lately cleared out by the French while they were in possession of Rome. This edifice, although smaller than either of the other two public baths whose remains we are hereafter to see, viz. those of Diocletian and Caracalla, still encloses a square of about a thousand English feet, or nearly a quarter of a mile each way. No part of the upper story is to be found, and nothing remains but some of the apartments belonging to the ground floor.

We were obliged to descend by a crooked course to arrive at the entrance, which was shut from view even at a little distance by great heaps of earth removed from the interior. From behind one of these a man made his appearance who offered to be our guide, and first we followed him into several isolated rooms in the wall, which are supposed to have served for shops, from the number of amphoræ, and other things found in them. A quantity of dry paints of different colours was still lying upon the floor and in broken vessels, which we were told Sir Humphrey Davy has lately analyzed, and found to be metallic. Through a breach forced in the wall, we entered a succession of passages, which led off from a spacious corridor, injured indeed by long exposure to the dampness of the ground, and shut out from every beam of day light, yet glittering to the light of our torches with remnants of the gold which once ornamented the walls, and showing a fine arched ceiling above, when our guide raised a light upon a long pole, about thirty feet in height. Many damaged paintings were also to

be seen on the walls, of superior beauty and bright colours ; and in some of the bathing rooms to which these passages conducted, were the fragments of marble basins, and the old water channels. Some of the apartments according to our torch bearer, were for warming and cooling the body before and after bathing ; for the plan adopted here was that imported from Greece, and contained the various parts indicated by the names Sudarium, Tepidarium, Calidarium, Octaedrum, &c. though our book says these were all on the second-story. The re-opening of these ruins afforded to the antiquaries with whom Rome must ever abound, ample space to exert their talents ; and in no instance have I seen such a display of antiquarian learning—so intimate an acquaintance with the history, manners and customs of former days, combined with a minute knowledge of local subjects ; for in no instance have I seen a case involving such a complication of different dates, obscure points of history and indirect inferences. It is what might well be called, if antiquarians had a technical language to express it, a complicated case. Without mentioning the numerous conjectures which have been started concerning the plan of the second story, it will be sufficient to communicate some idea of the intricacy of the subject and of the sagacity with which it has been investigated, briefly to repeat some of our cicerone's remarks.

He requested our attention to the structure of the walls, while we were passing through the corridor. We found them to consist of a mixed mass of materials ; some of which had evidently been employed in previous buildings, and some were large pieces of earthen jars : indeed every thing indicated heedlessness and haste. Several small chambers, which we soon after entered, were evidently of a different date. The

walls stood at an awkward angle with those contiguous, and were built with care and regularity, although the bricks are thick and of a loose texture. But on entering a long and narrow passage, we immediately recognised the beautiful Roman brick work of the best times—the broad, square bricks, close, hard and thin, with a bright red colour and sharp edges—which brought to mind the construction of the temples of Peace and of Remus in the Forum, and many a ruinous heap at Baiæ and Pompeii. These walls were evidently built before the degenerate days of Roman architecture; before permanency and real grandeur began to give place to overgrown size and external splendour. From this circumstance and various others, this part of the building is presumed to have belonged to the palace of Mæcenas. The small apartments mentioned just before are supposed to be the remains of Nero's Golden House; the corridor and passages are indubitably of still later date, and the apartments to which they conducted, are all parts of Titus's baths. To go round in the dark, and choose out all the facts which lead to these conclusions, to discuss them, and to draw rational inferences, was no doubt a difficult task: but when the recapitulation was thus made by the parrot's tongue of our cicerone, the whole seemed to us perfectly obvious.

It is well known that many exquisite paintings were found among these ruins, and that the graceful designs of the numerous arabesques are studied by modern artists. In the long passage of Mæcenas's house, the upper part of the walls, and the arched roof, which are about thirty feet high, are decorated with small pictures, containing groups of animals, men, and heathen gods, all represented with great spirit, and still preserving the original brilliancy of their colours. In exa-

mining to find the domestic animals of antiquity, I was not a little surprised to see that neither the large grey, or cream coloured cattle I have so often met with, nor the buffalos which so abound on the marshes, were any where to be seen; but instead of them I discovered several others of a moderate size, and black, chesnut, or party-coloured—and I might almost say, of the very breed most common in New England. There was particularly one old milch-cow, with high bones, and an honest crumpled horn, that might have felt at home in any of our substantial farmers' yards; and it was strange to think that she had been driven to pasture in Latin, and perhaps *pounded* in Rome. With regard to the figures composing the various groups of gods, goddesses, &c. they appeared to us very finely drawn, although seen at such a disadvantage in the dark; and to merit the expressive and beautiful terms repeatedly bestowed on them by the guide: "graziosi, graziosissimi!" [graceful, extremely graceful!]

Some distance without the square enclosed by the baths, are the remains of the great reservoir by which they were supplied with water. This is of itself a large edifice, and consists of nine parallel corridors, or great passages, from which branch off six smaller ones at right angles. The walls are guarded with a sort of plaster to a considerable height from the floor, and the quantity of water which they were capable of containing must have been immense.

It should have been mentioned while speaking of the bathing rooms, that we observed a hole in one of the floors, through which a long stick was thrust without any obstruction; and that we were assured there was pretty good evidence that another tier of unexplored apartments existed beneath us. The ex-

pense of examining any farther will probably leave them long unknown, though perhaps other Laocoons may lie there concealed.

We were led into a small ruinous apartment connected with this extensive building, which, when cleared of rubbish with the others, was found to have been used by Christians as a place of prayer. The walls still bear the remains of wretched paintings, intended to represent St. Felicita and her seven children who were martyred. Under each picture is written twice the appropriate name in Latin, with red chalk and black; and the style of these and many other drawings proved that they were made at a pretty late period. Many fantastic lines and daubs are to be seen on removing the plaster from the walls, which must have been done between the desertion of the baths, and the conversion of the place to a religious use.

It may seem from these lengthened details concerning the first objects of our attention this morning, that the whole day must have been occupied in their contemplation. Far from it however, we had several hours to spare before sun-set.

Following then the order adopted by our book, we set out to make a tour through the south-eastern portion of the city: it should rather be said, through the south-eastern part of the ground included by the ancient walls, for it is almost destitute of habitations, and devoted to a meagre kind of cultivation. And from this moment I know not how it will be possible to separate the ancient from the modern, in the hasty view I propose to give of such objects in Rome as appear best calculated to bear a few remarks, after the innumerable descriptions which they have already received. Hardly a spot broad enough to stand upon can

be found in the city, which is not remarkable for some venerable ruin, as the scene of some interesting event, the site of some specimen of modern taste, or at least, one of those situations where antiquaries have sought for the foundations of some departed temple or palace, now existing only on the pages of Roman historians. And these are mingled in such abundance and variety, that any attempt to separate them would be discouraging, and perhaps very far from necessary, even if successful. The constant rambling from one part of the city to another, which would be necessary if the objects were to be mentioned according to the order of their dates, would soon involve the whole in in perplexity, instead of taking the reader leisurely along from street to street, with an occasional reference to the plan of the city, noticing things as they actually present themselves.

From the baths of Titus a walk of nearly a quarter of a mile south, about equal to the length of one side of the square occupied by the baths, brought us to the Colosseum. This object I prefer to pass in silence, feeling how perfectly inadequate are words to convey any of those ideas communicated by the sight of its overwhelming dimensions.

From this place the street of Saint John leads, in a direct line, to the magnificent church of that name, which we saw at our first entrance into Rome. On our right, as we passed along, lay the Cœlian mount; and beyond it the Aventine, entirely devoted to vineyards and gardens, except where a spot is occupied here and there by a miserable dwelling, a modern convent or church, or some solitary ruin. On our left was the Esquiline mount, which stretches along in a tortuous course, over a large tract of ground, and is equally deserted by the population of the city. Close at hand, we

passed the church of St. Clement, and soon after, that of the Four crowned Saints. The former was built, as is supposed, in the time of Constantine, on the site of St. Clement's house, and restored and improved by many successive popes and cardinals; and the latter counts among its patrons several distinguished foreigners, particularly one of the kings of Portugal. A little beyond, we passed the spot where formerly stood one of the city gates erected by Servius, and an ancient arch. Next came the hospital of St. John in the Lateran; and here we entered the great square, and proceeded towards the church, which, on account of its being the episcopal seat of the supreme pontiff, as bishop of Rome, bears the high-sounding title of "Mother and Head of the churches of the city and the world." The wide, open space on two sides of the church, is admirably calculated to give this magnificent edifice the full effect of its size and architecture; and it seemed to produce in us the same surprise and pleasure as when we first saw it. The Egyptian obelisk which is placed in the square, is a most remarkable object, both for its antiquity and for its being formed of a single block of granite. It is the largest known in the whole world, and was found among the ruins of Thebes, where it had been erected to the sun by Rameses king of Egypt. Augustus, it is said, feared to attempt the removal of it; but it was brought to Rome by Constantius, by the way of Ostium and the Tiber, in a large vessel fitted out expressly for the purpose. It was three times discovered among the ruins of the Circus Maximus, and as often suffered to become again covered and lost; till in 1588 it was taken out by one of the popes, and placed here. It measures 100 English feet in height, although broken into three pieces and the upper part lost; and is seven

or eight feet through at the base. It would be difficult to conceive of an object more appropriately formed for a permanent historical record, or of a finer simple object of contemplation, exactly balanced as it is on its narrow foundation, and covered all over with hieroglyphical figures, which, although involved in the deepest mystery, certainly bear a direct relation to the history of the Egyptians, who were to the Romans what the Romans are to us.

The church of St. John in the Lateran is second only to St. Peter's; and we felt on entering it, the same sensation of shrinking and withering to the size of insects. Indeed, the immensity of the buildings is so disproportioned to the human height and human wants, that it serves as a constant reproach to man for his ambition. The pope, I think, must feel a twinge of humility under these wide and lofty arches, to think how small a thing is he who wields such mighty power; though the architect might have gloried to see how much his genius surpassed the common bounds of mortals and their works. The body of the church is divided into five naves, by four parallel rows of broad pilasters running through its whole length; and though wanting in many of those decorations so abundant in St. Peter's, there are numerous chapels formed against the walls, one of which, on the left, is that of the Corsini family, and is considered among the richest in the city. Its walls and floor are covered with a casing of rich and polished stones; and beneath are two sepulchral vaults, one of which that of Pope Clement XII. is formed of an ancient porphyry urn, discovered under the portico of the Pantheon, and commonly called the urn of Marcus Agrippa. A winding stair-case in this corner of the building conducts to the roof, from which the view is very extensive, but embraces too

much of the deserted portion of the city, and of the neighbouring campagna, to excite any ideas but those of solitude and melancholy.

Nearly opposite the church is a building with a handsome open front, containing the Holy Stair-case, where several persons were seen going up the steps on their knees. The number of stairs is twenty-eight; they are of white marble, and much worn down by frequent use in this manner, for they are said to be the stones which formed the ascent to Pilate's judgment-hall, and were sent from Jerusalem by Saint Helena, together with many other things venerated by the Catholics. Habit doubtless has rendered objects of this kind too common in the eyes of the Romans, to be regarded in other than a superstitious light; but, to the inhabitants of a country so remote from the scenes of sacred history, every thing relating to it must come with peculiar interest. To look for the first time upon reliques like these, steps which perhaps have been actually trodden by the Saviour of men, the stones on which his feet have rested, opens to the mind a sudden and lively view of his character and life, of his sufferings and their effects; and is calculated to awaken in the mind of a believer, such feelings as we see in calmer exercise in those who habitually worship God, and study and meditate the Scriptures.

The city walls are all of ancient dates; for though their circuit was extended at different periods, till they embraced many times the size of the city as it was under the kings, they reached their maximum under some of the latest emperors, and which they still preserve. Their whole extent is reckoned at ten miles, and the present population of Rome at about 120,000; which, by clustering together in the northern part of the city, occupies little more than the ancient Campus Martius,

the little Tiberine island, and the Capitoline hill. The more southern portions of the city therefore present only large fields, and would be readily mistaken in many places for scenes in the country.

Quite at the north end of the city, and close to the Gate of the People, is the Pincian mount, part of which has been thrown open for a public garden; and here we found a number of English travellers and residents, enjoying the mild, serene air, and the extensive view which the place commands over the inhabited part of the city. There was hardly an Italian to be seen; for they seem to delight in no promenade but the crowded streets, in no ride out of the Corso, and in no truly manly exercise whatever. Wherever the English are found, on the contrary, there are found pedestrians, and still more equestrians; and whether the traveller is at Gibraltar, Naples, or Rome: on the way to San Roque, at the Arco Felice, or here in the public garden of Rome, at a season like this, he may calculate on hearing prancing hoofs, and the homely sounds of our common language. As we were passing along a path shaded with evergreens, a family party dashed gaily by on horseback. My companion gave a sudden, involuntary start. "Look at that lady in a green riding-dress!" he said, or rather exclaimed; "is she not beautiful? She is like one I knew in England: but it is all over now—I hate our poets because they talk about the sincerity of women. Some may perhaps be generous and true—indeed, some it would be unjust ever to doubt, but what is that to me?"

The sun had now set; and as that has long been our signal for concluding the business of the day, we descended into the celebrated Square of the People. There, after admiring the Egyptian obelisk in the centre, the city gate on one side, and on the other the two cor-

responding churches of Saint Mary, with the three diverging streets which met in our eye, we pursued our course along that on the left, which leads to the Spanish Square, the principal resort of strangers, and were soon seated at table in a trattoria, among a very agreeable company, principally English travellers and resident artists, but including individuals of taste and limited fortunes from most of the countries of Europe.

Public eating houses are very few in Rome, and on that account as well as for the moderate prices, these tables are quite crowded for several hours about this time of day. Next to the English the Germans appear to be the most numerous travellers in Italy, and bear a high character for intelligence and taste. Indeed one might easily form the same favourable opinion of almost all classes of travellers, if he were to judge from the individuals collected there at our table: luxury and expense being both excluded by the character of the house, which derives a decided tone from the modesty of frugal travellers, and the chaste and polished manners of artists and amateurs. It would be a difficult matter to select from the bill of fare a dinner which should exceed the price of half-a-dollar, excluding wine; and even with it many persons do not exceed half that sum. Indeed it seems to be a very prevalent custom for foreigners in Rome, to prefer the enjoyments of temperance, study and reflection to those of dissipation and idleness. Every one must be disgusted with the vain attempts of modern power and splendour, to rival the real greatness and magnificence of antiquity: the immense ruins to be seen in almost every part of the city do so surpass the works of later years. Since the curtailment of the influence of the Church, the popes seem to have sought renown in patch-

ing up and protecting the old monuments of the city. Abutments are built against tottering walls, and crosses are erected in all those places where the martyrs were called to spill their blood. We shall cheerfully render our thanks to the popes and the improved taste, for their scrupulous care of those noble edifices which age alone could hardly have injured; but at the same time the “restorer,” or rather the repairer, often claims more merit than the original founder himself. In short, present time appears with such discredit in Rome, in almost every point of view, that strangers cannot fail to be struck with the fact; and they are induced to assume the modest manners of antiquaries, to assimilate themselves with that humility in which the grandeur of antiquity is attired.

While at table, we heard for the first time the current topic of conversation: for we had been reflecting all day on the illustrious fathers of Rome. It was such as to make us blush at the degeneracy of modern times: an army of barbarians, now known by the name of Austrians, being on their march for Naples, have impudently requested leave to pass unmolested through this territory, as if Rome were worthy to serve only as a thoroughfare to the foes of liberty; and instead of calling together the people in the Comitia, or throwing open the Temple of Janus and sounding the trumpet in the Prætorian camp, the consul, the emperor,—no, no—the pope, has published an apology under the name of a decree, for acceding to the request, calling on all his dutiful children to forbear from offering any opposition, out of regard to their own safety. It is not known how far the Austrians have advanced, and there are contradictory accounts of the time when they may be expected here: but it is certain that much disquietude prevails

in different parts of the country, and that travelling is growing hazardous. Two English ladies have arrived from Florence this afternoon, who were stopped by robbers on the road, and robbed of their money and jewels, but were in other respects very courteously treated, and sent on their journey with many good wishes.

ROME.—*February* 10. The Borghese Palace, to which we formed a party this morning, may serve as a specimen of Roman palaces; and it seems well to despatch them in this summary manner, because to dilate on such a subject would be but to multiply the names of statues and pictures and the terms of architecture, all which might readily be furnished from our convenient oracle in three volumes, but still would demand the mind of a connoisseur in the writer as well as the reader. Many of the palaces here present fine fronts, ornamental to the streets and squares on which they are situated. Porticos, and even columns, are very uncommon; but pilasters are frequent, though some of the largest palaces show long extended walls, broken only by ranges of windows. The appearance of the Borghese Palace is decidedly heavy, but the impression is immediately superseded on entering the door, and walking through a portico lined with antique busts, statues, cinerary urns, &c. and looking out upon the court yard and garden.

We were soon introduced into a suite of twelve apartments which form the gallery; and here we had a view of one of the finest collection of pictures in the whole city. Like most others here, this gallery is open to all, access being granted immediately, and nothing being expected from visitors except a trifling gratuity to the keeper. We found several artists, male and

female, natives and foreigners, employed in copying different pictures; and the fact that this is a privilege they may enjoy, with but few exceptions, at any other palace, is sufficient to show the estimation in which the Romans hold the fine arts, and the encouragement which is extended to them. The artists usually seemed unconscious of our presence, nor turned as we passed them, but kept their eyes intently fixed upon the fine pieces before them, enjoying with tutored taste those master-touches, which, like a sincere and friendly heart, familiar acquaintance only renders the more lovely. In my own mind however, though such a thing is painful to declare, there seemed, on our leaving the palace, hardly anything but a confusion of names and objects: Aminibale Caracci, Donnichino, Giovannino, una Madonna, Pietro di Cortona, altra Madonna; cupids, nymphs and landscapes; dying gladiators and holy families; frescoes, stuccoes and arabesques; Venus and Adonis, Jupiters, Junos and Roman saints; the Trojan wars, herds of cattle, and portraits of popes.

It is a very fortunate thing for the world, that custom demands from the great such an appearance of love for the arts as is displayed at the Borghese palace; for otherwise, it is to be feared, this and many other splendid collections would never have been made. The wealthy owner is not an inhabitant of Rome, nor of Naples, nor of several other cities where he possesses princely edifices like this; but he spends most of his time at Florence, in training and displaying his dogs and horses, while his wife, the Princess Paulina, sister of Napoleon, occupies some of them at different seasons, particularly a beautiful villa just out of the city, in company with that discredit which even in Italy is inseparable from her cha-

racter. Towards this place, the Villa Borghese, we next directed our course, being partly decided in our determination of visiting it to-day by the knowledge of its being occupied at present only by domestics.

Our way lay through the Corso and the Gate of the People, then along under the city wall about a mile, on the road to Florence. On the left, the country showed a succession of hills and vallies, of the same swelling form and moderate size, as those in Rome; and though the surface was nearly covered with vineyards, and thinly sprinkled with cottages, old masses of brick-work and masonry rose here and there, to mark the situation of many an ancient villa; and in some places were seen a few clumps of bushes, where the dilapidation of nameless edifices had totally ruined the soil. The weather was mild and calm, and the sun shone out unclouded; but there was a counteracting power in the air which slightly tempered its rays, and interposed to soften every discordant hue in this melancholy landscape. Like the first of those serene, sunny days, which in our own climate appear on the verge of winter, the morning seemed a pledge of the speedy return of spring; but there was none of that bounding hilarity which is associated in our minds with the swelling of the buds, the flowing of the brooks released from their cold prisons, and the first notes of the blue-birds: there was no joy in anticipation, while the melancholy ruins so pressed upon our view and upon our very path, to remind us of the disappointment of splendid hopes—to tell us how the glory of Rome had departed. Here, even the name of liberty has long been lost in the slavery of superstition; and the divine and ennobling traits of Christianity have been superseded by the debasing doctrines of this world, and all the abuses of the papal policy. But there is a country where both Christianity

and civil liberty are yet enjoyed, with many attendant blessings never known before ; and fortunately that country is our own.

But we had already arrived at the Borghese Villa, and were approaching the Casino, or little palace, along a winding path frequently overshadowed by evergreens and ornamented with statues both ancient and modern. The grounds are undulating, and about three miles in circuit, beautifully diversified with woods and lawns, where a few deer are seen, and abounding with many monuments of the taste of its previous possessors. There is a little temple of Diana, and one of Æsculapius, a lake, an aqueduct, and several fountains. Unfrequented paths lead off to different parts of the grounds, and are so tastefully decorated, that almost every turn introduced us to something agreeable and unexpected. Indeed, the succession of busts and vases, fountains spouting from the mouths of animals, gloomy shades whitened with ancient mutilated statues, and open spots affording glimpses of a distant landscape—each came up to view like a new page in some engaging author, leading the mind from one train of thought to another without any exertion of its own. But the most impressive sight of all, and indeed one that had much of majesty in it, was the portico of an ancient temple, deeply wounded by the hand of time and the storms of many a barbarous age, but still retaining a half-obliterated inscription, and wearing in its stature and its frown the air of unquestionable nobility. These tall pillars, and their ponderous frieze, had probably been transported from some distant ruins, but at a little distance they seemed to mark the site of some ancient temple of great magnificence ; and while we rambled about these delightful grounds, enjoying the warmth and serenity of the weather, they suddenly made their appearance from

time to time, to call the mind to sublime ideas of the period which produced them, and of the ages that have since come and passed away.

The size of the Casino is too small to produce any great impression; but it is richly decorated internally, with the usual, nay, inseparable furniture of such edifices in this part of the world; and as this is intended to serve as a specimen of Roman villas, it may be proper to mention by name the principal objects pointed out by the keeper, and recorded in our book. A broad stair-case conducts to the door, which opens into a portico, succeeded by a saloon, which has a vaulted roof painted in fresco, with the battle between Furius Camillus and the Gauls, and contains a relievo in marble of Quintus Curtius on horse-back, precipitating himself into the chasm in the Forum. The first chamber has a painting on the roof of the Judgment of Paris, and an admired statue by Bernini, of David fitting a stone to his sling; the second, a painted roof; the third, three groups, one of which is Bernini's Apollo pursuing Daphne, four marble vases covered with bas-reliefs, and several pictures; and then succeed too many pictures in the remaining apartments to be particularized. There is a large collection of portraits by Scipio Gaetano and Padovanino, of the most beautiful Roman ladies of their time, and there are several works by English artists: but the objects best calculated to fix the attention of an unlearned observer, are perhaps the boy picking a thorn from his foot, whose attitude is so strikingly natural, that the first impulse on seeing it is to pause and stop breathing, for fear of agitating his careful fingers, although it is at the opposite end of a long hall; and the beautiful group of Apollo and Daphne, the marble of which is so full of life, so running over with motion, that it seems as if the fire of Prome-

theus had just been applied, and we expected to see the statues spring from the pedestal and disappear in an instant. How can any one define the pleasure communicated by such a specimen of art? I have seen a spectator perform a circuit round the pedestal again and again; then stand gazing on it, and wringing his hands with delight; then almost laugh aloud, and seek another and another point of view, to revive once more the agreeable delusions.

Re-entering the city and deviating to the right, we took a tedious and disagreeable walk through some of those crowded and dirty streets near the Tiber, in a part of the ancient Campus Martius, and still in the northern quarter of Rome. Here are the miserable remains of the once magnificent tomb of Augustus, which was erected by himself while consul the second time, and ornamented in a manner corresponding with the taste of his days. The vaults below were divided by three corridors, and sub-divided into small compartments for single coffins. Its form was that of a cone, which is said to have been about 190 English feet high, and surmounted by a bronze statue of Augustus. It was cased with white marble, and enveloped with the shade of various plants ranged around it on terraces. Two obelisks were placed on each side of the entrance, and near at hand was a building for preparing the bodies for the tomb by burning. Here then were once deposited the ashes of Augustus, Agrippa, Livia, Octavia, Marcellus, Germanicus, Drusus, and many others; but nothing now remains except an old broken circular wall. The ornaments which had not been destroyed are removed, the spot is shut in by modern walls and buildings, and as if to cast the deepest reproach on modern times, the place has been converted into an amphitheatre for

bull-fights, and the vaults are used as a cellar for coal. We had to wander about a long time before we could discover the ruins, and several times followed short lanes and blind allies terminating suddenly at the river. The banks are formed in this part of its course by the foundations of houses, many of them ancient, which serve to show that the river has for many ages preserved its course. In some places we noticed remains of extensive walls of the close-grained, thin old bricks, which probably were built to support some of the splendid edifices with which the river was ornamented in the days of the early emperors; and here and there on a patch of grass, or in a small kitchen garden, were fragments of marble and granite columns peeping through the surface. A little below was the bridge of St. Angelo, and the castle of the same name, the citadel of Rome, whose principal strength is in a large circular fort, formerly the tomb of the emperor Hadrian. About a half a mile beyond, and near the north-western corner of the city was seen the immense dome of St. Peter's, and the palace of the Vatican.

From this place, on our way southerly towards the Capitoline hill, we stopped at the Pantheon, which is also in the Campus Martius among closely built streets; and a walk of about half a mile still towards the south, brought us to the Capitoline hill, near the base of which and towards its eastern side, we discovered, with the aid of our book, the remains of a tomb which have given rise to much perplexity among the antiquaries. All that now exists of it, is a wall built of large blocks of travertine, ornamented with four pilasters and a cornice, and an ancient inscription on the foundation, which declares it to have been a tomb erected by the senate and people, for the Ædile C. Publicius Bibulus and his family. Some have supposed that it was erect-

ed within the walls of the city, on account of some important service rendered to the country; while others have cited against them the well known customs of the ancients, who always buried their dead without their cities, and asserted that this monument clearly pointed out the spot where the wall of Servius ran, and the situation of an ancient street. This opinion attributes to the ruin a high antiquity, whether justly or not I cannot pretend to determine. Its present condition is however such as to claim a moment's attention; for it forms one of the walls of a wretched house, and a hole has been knocked through and grated with iron, to admit a little light, and nothing was wanting to make a good caricature of modern Rome, but two or three children of the nameless plebeian family within, to peep out, and wave their rags over that memorial of better days: "C. PUBLICIO L. F. BIBULO DED. PL. HONORIS VIRTUTISQUE CAUSSA SENATUS CONSULTO,"—&c. &c.

While we were lingering at this place, some men passed near us with a hearse, which they set down before a neighbouring door. It was ornamented with bits of gilt wood carved in quaint figures, but so old and worn, that it appeared to have been long in common use. From the downcast looks of persons who began to assemble, it was evident that preparations were making for a funeral.

Near one corner of the Forum of Trajan, we observed one of the Pope's proclamations posted against a house, which several persons had assembled to read. From their frequent scowls, and the side-long glancing of some of their black eyes, it was apparent that the political pusillanimity of their spiritual governor did not well accord with their feelings.

It was now late dusk; and returning near the tomb of Bibulus we found the funeral procession was forming

at the neighbouring house, and ready to set out for the church. About forty monks were on the spot, habited in their large frocks, and a number of friars enveloped in loose white garments, with tall conical caps, drawn far down over their faces and breasts, so as to conceal the features, being open only at the eyes, that the wearer might see his way. These were all assembled near the door of the house of affliction; but being all official attendants, little was to be expected in their behaviour beyond the bare forms of propriety. Some therefore seemed impatient at the delay, and many remarks were heard little suited to the occasion, particularly from the legion in white robes, who had the supple motions and tart replies of young men, and seemed to enjoy a little suppressed amusement in receiving and lighting the long wax candles, which were distributed to them just before setting out, as well as in extinguishing some of them, as if by accident, before they had proceeded many steps from the door—the candle ends, as we understood, being one of their perquisites. The hearse followed this procession at a slow pace, while the monks at intervals joined in a loud religious chorus, which, at a distance, produced a very solemn effect, ringing loud through the silent streets, though the indifference expressed by their countenances, when near enough to be seen, was quite on the contrary extreme. Formality will always betray itself in such circumstances; and if in our large cities we too frequently observe the same indifference manifested by distant acquaintances and strangers, it is not surprising among those whose feelings are still less concerned.

Mr. A. a young Roman of our family, is a volunteer in the pope's body guard, and has to attend a parade at the Vatican once or twice a week. He informs us

that he has a right to his dress, rations, and two or three cents a day, but, like his comrades, has received little or nothing; and that the government are still more in arrears to the militia, to whom they pretend to give clothes, the taxes on bread, and several minor privileges, but have not even paid for their clothes in four years.

The English are considered by the Romans as the introducers of high prices into this country. To them it is said to be owing, that the expenses of travelling have increased to an astonishing degree, since the termination of the late continental wars; and that, not so much by the simple occupation, use, and consumption of the conveniences and luxuries of the country, as by the manner in which they squander their money, rather than spend it. Whether a deeply calculating statesman might not be able to account for this increase of prices on a more political view of the case, I cannot undertake to determine, for men of that character often arrive at conclusions on such subjects which could never have been anticipated; yet the blame is to some extent laid where it is due. For these foreigners so much complained of, proceed from a country where the value of money is immensely reduced by the heavy taxes to be *bought* with every article of life; and when they arrive where such taxes do not exist, they are delighted to find every shilling in their pockets turning into a crown, and are ready to thank the innkeepers and servants for the change, while their extortion alone prevents them from making "the crown a pound!" The operation of such things in the long run is, to put the stranger in the best state of mind imaginable for being fleeced, and at the same time to train up a large part of the native population in those impatient and extortionate habits so complained

of by their civil and economical countrymen. Thus, while we sympathise with the few travelling Italians, in the numerous and vexatious evils, lately sprung up in their paths, (they had mules and robbers before,) we must participate in the ecstasies, and excuse the errors of their unfortunate, or fortunate injurers, and regard them as we do those late adventurers in the Frozen ocean, who always smiled when the mercury began to rise toward zero, and when the icicles fell from their chins, threw off their furs, and called it a delightful climate.

February 11. We left the city to-day by the Appian gate, to visit several places, particularly recommended to our attention. This gate, although built over the Appian Way, is not the Capena gate of Appius Claudius, but was the work of Aurelian, and about a mile farther removed from the Forum. The ground is uneven for a mile or more after passing the gate, and the road is so much shut in by walls and a few buildings, as to exclude every distant object. There are several ruinous tombs of different descriptions on both sides, one of which is regarded with peculiar interest on account of the name it has received, notwithstanding the uncertainty which is acknowledged to hang over it. It is called the tomb of Horatia, the sister of the Horatii, who was slain by her surviving brother a little without the Capena gate, for regretting the death of her lover, one of the Curiatii. On the right was the tomb of the freedmen and slaves of Livia Augusta, and the church of St. Sebastian; and in the middle of the road the little church of St. Mary of the Palms, or *Domine quo radis*, whence a priest came out to meet us on our approach, and urged us to enter; but intending to visit him at another time, we passed on for some distance, with a more unobstructed

view over the neighbouring fields and vineyards, till the immense tomb of Cecilia Metella appeared before us on the top of a long, gentle hill, corresponding to the declivity we were descending. It stands at one corner of a battlemented wall, which encloses an acre or two of ground and a part of the Appian Way. This was the castle of some petty chieftain in the dark ages, whose citadel was the tomb itself; and the ancient structure forms as striking a contrast with the modern enclosure for solidity as for beauty. Its circular wall is a solid construction, twenty-five or thirty feet thick, containing a chamber of about the same diameter; and it is cased externally with large blocks of marble. A Neapolitan, returning home on horseback, here inquired of us whether the Austrians were coming, as he could not learn in Rome.

From this elevated ground we could overlook the road we had come, for a considerable distance, and discovered the ruins of the temples of Wisdom and Fame, almost back to the city wall. More immediately under our view in the valley below, were the well-defined remains of Caracalla's Circus, to which we descended, without any obstacle or inconvenience, across the intervening fields. Its form was readily distinguishable: a large oblong, surrounded by a low wall, with an arched gateway at the eastern end, and at the western, two dilapidated towers; while nearer the road we saw some inexplicable heaps of brick work, which some suppose to have served as stables for the horses of spectators, and some the guard-houses of the Prætorian soldiers.

Three sides of this circus were furnished with ten rows of seats, supported by an arched portico beneath which furnished a free passage under them, opening upon the exterior by large doors, and by

short stair-cases to the places for spectators. The enclosed arena was devoted to chariot races, the towers at one end to the judges, charioteers, and other privileged persons, and the gate opposite was for the passage of the conquerors. The seats must have been capable of containing thirty thousand spectators, and the arena is not less than fourteen hundred and ninety-two feet long, and two hundred and thirty-eight broad. The work is referred to Caracalla on no direct evidence, but because its architecture agrees with other specimens of his time, and its form corresponds with that of a circus represented on some of his coins. Thus spoke our book, and indeed the most hasty examination was sufficient to refer the masonry to those sumptuous but foreboding days, when the mighty sceptre of Rome was wielded by the single hands of her most ambitious sons, and when the immense treasures extorted from the provinces were lavished at their bidding on palaces and baths, theatres, aqueducts and temples, according to the impulse of their changing fancies. These walls were a rude mixture of bricks and stones of all sorts, frequently mingled with bits of earthen; and in many instances, the remains of the vaulted roof of the portico and its adjoining passages, were turned, and even locked with the hollow fragments of jars—thus bringing to a severe trial the resisting powers of the arch, which experience, however, has thus fully attested. The preservation of these walls must be owing, in a good degree, to the excellence of the cement used in their construction; for in many places pieces of yellow volcanic stones had decayed and disappeared, leaving a cellular mass, like honey-comb, of the imperishable mortar.

The two goals which marked the extremities of the course, were still indicated by little mounds, connected

by a low bank, under which is a little ruinous chamber, supposed to have been the deposit for the sacred things used in religious ceremonies, which always preceded the public games.

The Fountain of Egeria was the next object of our search; and in walking the length of the arena we had an opportunity to examine different parts of the building in a most satisfactory manner, and stopped under the Triumphal Arch—a place now very cheaply gained, since there are no competitors. The surface was as smooth and unobstructed as if it had been cleared for the games, and we involuntarily looked on the close turf for the tracks of the chariot wheels, though not a living creature was in sight except a poor old man, who had strayed into the enclosure with a knife and basket to dig roots.

At a short distance we found a little solitary temple of Bacchus, since consecrated as a church of St. Urbino, which is now deserted in its turn. It is built entirely of bricks, even to the pilasters and frieze, these being formed by projecting sides and corners. In a long, gentle valley below we were to look for the Fountain of Egeria; but were quite dissatisfied at finding nothing more like a grotto than an old cellar dug into the hill, and divided into a number of dark and dreary apartments by walls of the living rocks, but without any signs of water—and in another place a hole so small and obstructed with bushes that we could hardly creep in. There was water indeed, but it ran so humbly through the grass, and tasted so much like a nameless spring, that we could not think it worthy of our notice, and certainly not fit to be proclaimed to the world as the chosen fountain of a classic nymph.

A few bits of white marble shining at the bottom of the little basin, showed how the land still loves to dis-

play even the humblest evidence of its former glory ; and in some places we passed over, the surface was thickly strewn for acres with fragments of bricks, red earthen ware, and marbles of different colours : sufficient proof that it was once covered with population, although the place is about two miles from Rome, at a distance from any road, uninhabited, uncultivated, and used at best only as an occasional pasture.

This evening our Roman friend brought to our lodgings an improvisatore, and thus afforded us an opportunity we much desired of hearing a specimen of the extemporaneous poetry for which some parts of Italy have long been celebrated. An amateur was at the same time introduced with his guitar, and our party was soon afterwards enlarged by our host and hostess, (a plain Roman couple,) one of their female friends, the poet's father, and two large family dogs ; when, according to the fashion of our country, we gave them a warm welcome by heaping wood upon the fire till the chimney roared.

The following brief account of the poet's life, which we received from our friend in a low voice, was calculated to interest our feelings for him. Five years ago he lost his wife, to whom he was most tenderly attached ; and this misfortune produced such an effect on his mind that he was deprived of his reason for a long time, and on his partial restoration to health remained so sick of the world that he determined to devote himself to a life of monastic seclusion. His spirits however are now quite restored, and he has been for some time pursuing a course of study to prepare himself for the practice of medicine. Though possessed of a very considerable talent for extemporaneous poetry, he has never attempted even a rhyme on paper. He meets a select party of friends one or

two evenings in the week, where, under the excitement of a little instrumental music, generally the guitar, he produces at the moment long poetic compositions, which his hearers speak of in enthusiastic terms. He is thought to excel in apostrophes, particularly when he addresses the "shade of his wife;"—a singular subject, we should think in America, for the display of poetical brilliancy; but, perhaps on account of some traditionary notions derived from antiquity, our visitors expressed their approbation of his performances on such occasions, and evidently perceived no impropriety in addressing the manes of departed friends.

He has not yet relinquished the religious dress, but appeared before us in the long, broad-skirted black coat and three-cornered hat of an abbé. His age is only five and twenty, and he has a high forehead, long hair, large deep-blue eyes, and a countenance expressive of a most warm and affectionate disposition. When he became animated and moved before us, we occasionally caught lines and proportions in his fine head, and flashes in his eyes well accordant with the character he claims:—that of an enthusiastic lover of music, capable of being excited by its influence to unpremeditated strains of poetry.

He requested the company to select for him a theme, and was soon supplied with "The death of Lucretia, and the expulsion of the Tarquins." The poet immediately began to walk before the fire abstractedly, while we so arranged our chairs as to afford him a free passage across the room; and while he was losing himself in the contemplation of his subject, his eye gazed on something beyond the walls of the chamber, and he gradually became insensible to the objects around him. While his vivid fancy was taking

a hasty glance at the scenes suggested by his theme, his voice of its own accord took up a new but corresponding strain, while the musician, gazing steadily on his face, seemed to participate in his rising enthusiasm, and eagerly caught the notes upon his strings. In a moment the voice, the guitar and the verse all conjoined, and the recitation began on a mild, melodious key. By degrees the lines grew more forcible as he described the citizens assembling in crowds at the Forum, their discontent, their murmurs, and their clamorous shouts; and with the irresistible power of a poet he hurried our feelings along with his, and excited our indignation against the tyrant, while he personated the father of Lucretia, and raising above his head the bloody weapon which had killed his daughter, made an impassioned address to the assembly. The Tarquins were expelled, among the tumultuous disorder of an enraged populace; and a period of peace and happiness succeeded, which was beautifully described in smooth verse, with the oft-recurring liquid sounds of the Italian language, while the music gradually sunk again to the sweet and simple air with which the amiable enthusiast had begun his unpremeditated lay.

Our visitors were all delighted with this exertion of poetical talent; and if we might judge from their profound attention and the spirit with which they occasionally joined in the cries of "bravo! bravissimo!" were well instructed in the history of ancient Rome, although in the exterior of most of them there was small promise of literature or romance. The young poet himself, with an ingenuousness which did but enhance the value of his accomplishments, while sipping a little wine we had procured from one of the best vineyards on the seven hills, entered warmly into

the praise of two extemporaneous singers, who we understand are the only ones except himself at present known in the city. He clearly allowed them talents superior to his own, and even applied to one of them the extravagant title of "the god of improvisatori."

The next subject proposed was "the discovery of America, and its consequences;" but here we were chagrined to find that he was childishly ignorant of our history, and formed the blindest jumble imaginable of North and South America, calling us both the children of freedom and the sons of Spain. He had read something of Cortes and Pizarro, but had never heard I presume of the landing at Plymouth, which is of prime importance to us. After taking us on a boisterous voyage across the Atlantic with Columbus, and making several unsuccessful attempts to induce the goddess of Liberty to remain in a country of which he had no idea; and after a meagre tribute of praise to Washington, under the familiar appellation of "Il Giorgio" [George,] he was obliged to renounce the undertaking; and ended with an ingenious apology to the Americans present, for his ignorance of that country in which the genius of Old Rome had found a refuge, also expressing a wish that poets might arise more worthy to sing its praises.

After this he sung "the love of Cupid and Psyche;" and last "the love of Armida and Rinaldo." My very limited acquaintance with the language of the country, prevented in a great degree my enjoyment of this exhibition, yet there were many points in which no one could fail to feel interested. Such was his concluding strain, which, one of our female visitors declared in a low voice, was addressed to the shade of his wife. The utmost silence prevailed in the room; and the poet,

forgetful of our applause, and even of our presence, gave himself up to the impulse of his warm feelings, and poured out from his heart a current of tender recollections, mingled with bright hopes of a future world; while his voice assumed an unaffected earnestness, and a bright glistening denoted a rising tear, which appeared to claim alliance with those that had already appeared in the honest eyes of our old hostess.

TIVOLI, *February* 12.—The weather still continued fine; and at an early hour this morning, having bid adieu to our English friend P. who is going to Florence, we passed out at the gate of St. Lorenzo, which is the ancient Prenestine gate, near the south-eastern corner of the city, and took the road towards Tivoli. We were on foot, although the distance is about eighteen English miles, for there were several objects to be seen by deviating from the road, which are inaccessible in a carriage. The vineyards continued for a mile or more before we entered the unenclosed and uninhabited waste of the Campagna, the breadth of which we were to traverse before we could reach the mountains where this town is situated. On our left we passed the church of St. Lorenzo without the walls, founded by Constantine, on the spot where that saint was buried, with many other of the early Christians, by Saint Ciriaca, a Roman matron, in her own ground. It now boasts many splendid ornaments, having been restored, rebuilt and decorated by numerous cardinals and popes, who in the very act of paying honour to the spot, have shown how much they had forgotten the humble virtues, which form the only greatness of the Christian character, and by the imitation of which alone its friends and martyrs can be honoured.

The walls by the road side were built partly of yellow stones, of a decidedly volcanic appearance; and even before we had got more than a mile from the city gate, we perceived a thick stratum of rock of the same description, which had been cut through in ancient times, for the passage of the Tiburtine way, of which many parts of the pavement remain, and many loose stones are built into the walls. In one place men had lately been at work to widen it; here the rock was so soft as to be easily cut and scraped away, leaving a pretty high wall, which will doubtless grow very hard by exposure. This sight immediately brought to mind the lofty terraces, or hanging gardens, of Naples and Posilipo; and satisfactorily explained the manner in which these huge rocky precipices have been formed, as well as the digging of the grottos of Pozzuoli and Baia; for beside the similar aspect of the rocks, I recollected having noticed in the vicinity of Naples, the marks of tools used in smoothing the surfaces, which compared with those made here yesterday, and the same sweeping lines, which had before made me suspect that the rocks must have been formerly much softer than at present.

A walk of about three miles brought us to the river Teverone, formerly Anio, which we crossed on the Ponte Mammolo, a bridge of unknown antiquity, built of heavy blocks of white stone, and deeply worn by the elements. Here we met a drove of about a hundred large grey cattle going to Rome. They are pastured on the Campagna, where they acquire a savage wildness, that renders it very difficult to manage them. They are easily driven in a body, but when one gets separated from the rest, it becomes almost furious. They had stopped suddenly at the bridge, and were moving quickly round and round in a solid circle, from mere restlessness and insubordination.

No enclosures or signs of cultivation appeared over the undulating ground before us, except now and then the little conical hut and pinfold of a wandering, solitary shepherd, and the casini, or extensive stables and store-houses of a great proprietor, six or eight miles apart. Though our course lay over several considerable elevations, from which the view was almost unbounded, no other objects appeared over the useless waste except some nameless Roman ruin, the blackened walls and towers of a Gothic fortress, or a single shepherd clad in skins, at a far remove from the luxuries and trials of the world, silently seated near the ancient dwelling-place, or the tomb, of some long forgotten Roman, in the midst of a society the most harmless and faithful on earth—his watch-dog, and a little flock of sheep.

In the midst of the Campagna is a post-house; and, about three miles farther, the Lake of Tartarus. The approach to this singular pond, which is some distance from the road, is sufficiently indicated by a stratum of white porous stone, called Tufa, lying an inch or two under the turf. Farther on, it begins to appear above ground; and for the distance of a quarter of a mile from the pond, completely covers the surface, and offers scarcely a particle of soil for the nourishment of plants. The lake which, from these appearances, must formerly have covered a surface two or three miles square, has now reduced itself to such narrow limits, that its circumference probably does not exceed a quarter of a mile. The springs by which its waters are supplied rise from the bottom, so highly charged with lime in solution, that evaporation causes it to be deposited along the shores, and thus the plants which abound at the margin, are all covered with a thin crust. When the plants die, this hard casing still pre-

serves their forms; and, as the deposition is continued, the place which a few weeks ago was marked by a tuft of green reeds, shows a cluster of bristling spires, as white and lifeless as icicles, and in a short time longer will be occupied by a hard and durable rock, on which you may stand and observe the same process going on all around, and making its slow but certain encroachments upon the contracted territory of the little lake. The water is whitish and turbid, with an odour of sulphur; the shores for a great extent are dreary, and as white as if partly covered with snow, being destitute of trees, with the exception of a few on a little promontory on the right; and the only animals we saw, were two or three ducks near the opposite shore.

A mile beyond the road crossed a swift brook of a peculiar bluish coloured water, from which arose a strong sulphurous smell, perceptible at a considerable distance. Tracing it up we came to a broken tract of ground, where a branch of the stream left its bed, and after tearing a deep channel through the soil, and laying open a great mass of porous lime-stone rock below, evidently of the same formation we had lately been examining, soon disappeared at a chasm itself had worn. A walk of fifteen minutes, over a perfect level half covered with clusters of alders, brought us to the Lake of a thousand Islands, the appearance of which quite disappointed the romantic expectations we had founded on its name. It is indeed the same lake where was formerly a temple to Faunus, and whither king Latinus is represented by Virgil, as betaking himself to ask advice of the god concerning the marriage of his daughter Lavinia with Turnus; but like the other lake we had just visited, its size has been continually decreasing since that time, though from a cause entirely different.

The water rises in one place near the margin with a violent ebullition, and in addition to its sulphurous exhalations, throws up a kind of gelatinous matter, which remains upon the surface, receiving and nourishing the seeds of plants which are driven upon it by the wind, and frequently forms little floating islands, which change their places until they become fastened to the banks by a similar process, and gradually encroach upon the pond. In former times it might have presented a very romantic sight, when its size was great, as it probably was ever changing its form and aspect; but it is now reduced within a circumference of about two hundred feet, and, when we visited it, had not a single island. We found one spot, however, where a piece had lately been added to the shore, about six feet broad, and twenty long, which was sufficiently strengthened by a thick mass of green turf to support our weight, although it trembled at every step, and even at the undulations of the water; for it was close by the spot where the agitation was greatest, and where it jetted through in many places. The country for a great distance around is a dead level, hardly elevated at all above the surface of the water, and must owe its origin to the curious qualities of this little lake. The soil is well covered with grass and shrubs, though from the great depth of the water, it would seem impossible that the immediate banks can have any solid foundations, as when a stone is thrown in, (a thing by the way very scarce hereabouts,) even if near the margin, the surface continues to be agitated for a long time, as if by some internal commotion; and, our books assure us, that it requires a line of about 60 feet, to sound it at the side, and 160 in the middle. It is natural, however, to feel some curiosity to see what lies so far below, for it was the custom with those who in ancient times con-

sulted the guardian spirit of these waters, to cast into the lake stones bearing inscriptions, which would certainly prove interesting objects at the present day.

We returned to the road by an oblique course across the fields, occasionally perceiving some traces of men and cattle, and crossing ledges of porous lime-stone. Several times we noticed a channel cut in the horizontal rock, three or four feet in width, between sides hardly two inches high, as if it had been worn by the passage of carriages many centuries ago, or formed for a water course; but it was so indistinct, occurred at such intervals, and ran in so many directions, that it was difficult to decide whether it might not have been a work of nature.

The nearest hills on the borders of the mountainous region now were plainly visible, prominently advanced from the distant obscurity in the form of huge cones six or eight hundred feet high, some of them crowned with old grey forts and towers, or clustering towns almost inaccessible. Behind them appeared Tivoli, ranged on the ridge of a lofty hill, and surrounded by still loftier elevations which claimed familiarity with the clouds. Their sides betrayed the bare, rocky surface most common to Italian mountains, covered here and there with extensive vineyards and olive grounds, apparently too abundant for the scanty population. By the Ponte Lucano, an ancient bridge, we crossed the Aniene, and found ourselves once more among houses and cultivated enclosures. This bridge, with the circular tomb of the Plauzia family near one end, has been too often described to require any thing here; and indeed it is often difficult for any one in speaking of Rome, to say too little to please others, or enough to satisfy himself. The hill which we now began to ascend, wherever it had been washed by the

rain, showed a rock of white limestone, formed of large globular and stratified concretions, very curiously and unaccountably formed. The shortest path was a very steep ascent, which we soon after relinquished for a more easy one of three times the length, in order to pay a visit to the ruins of Adrian's famous Tiburtine Villa, toward which we were directed by an honest old man, who was transporting a load of iron ore in a single-horse wagon to Tivoli.

At a corner of the road we were accosted by a little boy, who had been lying in wait for strangers, under a hedge, and with a mixture of officiousness and civility, offered his services as a guide. He led us on about a mile, along a green avenue, over which the setting sun was throwing some of his latest beams, and at length knocked at the high garden gate of a modern villa, belonging to Count Fede. At length, being admonished by the approach of evening, we forced our passage through a briery hedge, and passed very unceremoniously over shady gravel walks and open terraces, by the front of the casino, or country house, and applied at a little lowly cottage door for the keeper of the grounds. He had not returned from the house of a neighbour, about two miles distant, and his wife undertook to conduct us, who although in the quaint array of the peasant women hereabouts, felt herself fully competent to the task of commenting on those magnificent remains. As we were passing through a long avenue of ancient trees, she handled some opinions which have been expressed concerning different parts of the ruins, with as little mercy as if she had been bred in a university, and showed a parrot-like familiarity with all the long names connected with them, which at first made us gaze upon her as a literary paragon; but she soon betrayed the extent of her erudition, by

appealing from our objections to the opinion of “mio marito,” [my husband,] whom she seemed to regard as the highest earthly authority.

The extent of ground occupied by the Tiburtine Villa was no less than ten miles, and the situation was selected with taste, being on a gently declining tract of ground at the foot of the hills, and at such an elevation above the campagna as to give it an extensive view, and to secure it even now from the unwholesome atmosphere of the low grounds. It was the professed design of the Emperor Adrian to make it one of the wonders of the world; and with the luxurious extravagance of his days, he collected from different parts of the earth all the specimens of art and the curiosities of nature, as well as the most splendid fashions in architecture and planning grounds, which could be obtained within the empire of Rome. It is said that he divided the villa into three parts, under the names of Canopus, Pæcile and Tempe, in each of which respectively were collected its appropriate edifices and decorations; forming the first after the model of the temple of Serapis at Canopus in Egypt, making a picture gallery of the second like that at Athens, and of the third an artificial abode for the Muses. Nay, he is even supposed to have gone still farther, and to have attempted a representation of the infernal regions.

At the present day however, when the ravages of the Goths, and of so many centuries, have left nothing but the merest wreck of these structures, it is impossible to substantiate or to contradict the particulars of this account. Still, no one can visit the spot and deny that the Tiburtine Villa might have been quite as magnificent as it is represented. For here we saw the dilapidated walls, the empty apartments, the dark

vaults, and the spacious squares of what would have seemed a ruinous town, but of which we learned from our guide the appellations most commonly accepted by antiquaries. Here was the Hippodrome, three hundred and twenty-three feet long, and two hundred and twenty-one broad, with its arena overgrown with olive trees; the Pœcile with a lofty wall five hundred and forty feet in length; the Maritime Theatre, of a circular form, and adorned with the remains of sea monsters; the Palace of the Imperial Family; the Emperor's Palace; the quarters for soldiers; the extensive baths for men, and others for women, arranged on the Grecian plan, with their various suites of apartments for cold, warm, and hot water bathing, sweating, and anointing. Beside these are the Canopus, the Philosophers' dwellings and school, the temple of Apollo, that of Diana and Venus, the library, and a beautiful fountain. All these ruins are so extensive and stupendous, that it is not to be hoped any adequate idea of the impression they produce can be communicated by this hasty description, or rather, enumeration, which I could not prevail upon myself to omit, on account of the admiration which they excited in me, although they have been so many times described before.

Our guide informed us, that the ground was scattered for a great distance round with many unknown ruins, which was rendered extremely probable by the appearance of the surface, and particularly of the walks of the garden, which might almost be said to be gravelled with the fragments of stone, bricks and marble. It is by no means improbable that noble specimens of art may yet be found beneath the surface, for it is this place, which, like a quarry of ready sculptured stones, has furnished numerous Egyptian cabinets with

statues of granite, Roman statues of marble, the most beautiful specimen of ancient Mosaic known, and the famous vase now at Warwick castle in England.

But we had yet a long walk before us; and taking a course pointed out by our guide, we hastened back to the road, through extensive olive grounds, and over a tract much torn up by water from the mountains, by a narrow path often cut down six or eight feet, probably by long use, which completely shut out our view. In ascending a long and most laborious hill, we were overtaken by a party of peasants, male and female, returning from labour in the fields of the Campagna, who had the appearance of health and the utmost hilarity, joking and laughing till the hills rang all around, though they had to carry their implements of husbandry, and some had large bundles of sticks upon their heads. The disadvantage of being confined to the high grounds for dwellings, while the land to be cultivated lies at such a distance below, never appeared to us in so striking a light; for, to persons not accustomed to it, it is work enough for half the day to go to the field and return. The steep side of the mountain was covered with a grove of olive-trees, each of which stands on a terrace supported by a semicircular stone wall; and from some parts of the road we had a fine view of the Campagna, on which we could dimly retrace a large part of the way we had travelled, the Sulphur and Tartarian lakes, shining in the twilight like spots of silver, and afar off at the distance of eighteen miles, the diminished dome of St. Peter's.

It was quite dark when we entered Tivoli, and inquired the way to the "Albergo della Sibilla"—"the Sybil's Inn." A young man who had just returned from a journey, and was on a full walk for his father's house, hearing the question cheerfully

offered to be our guide, although he was going in the opposite direction, and led us through many a narrow dismal street till we supposed he was as lost as ourselves. He at length knocked at the door of a house, and when he heard feet approaching bowed and disappeared with "Felice notte!"—"I wish you a happy night." The door opened, and an old wrinkled woman appeared, with a tall brass lamp in her hand, of a most antique form. Perceiving that we were strangers, and misapprehending our question, she led us through the hall over a floor of earth into a small yard, and pausing before a circular range of fluted Corinthian columns, evidently the ruins of some classic Roman structure, told us it was "the Sybil's Temple"—"The Sybil's Temple indeed!" was immediately echoed, "but where is her Inn?" A few hasty steps transported us all back to the house, and up a heavy stone stair-case into the spacious dining room, where a cheerful fire was soon kindled, of wood and the stalks of Indian corn, and a good supper of beefsteaks and coffee was not long behind.

Our hostess, a tall good looking woman, took a seat by the fire, to entertain her guests, and to inquire the news at Rome, with such a mixture of hospitality, intelligence and modesty, as one might look for through a window shaded by "*morning-glories*," near a family Bible and among the advantages of common schools; though the language she spoke reminded us over and over again that there were no such things in Italy. She said her house was usually much resorted to by the English; and this was corroborated by the excellence of our beefsteaks, [in Italian *bistechi*.] During the ensuing season however she should have to complain of an empty house, because few strangers

could be expected at Rome in the present state of things. She inquired with solicitude when the Austrians were expected; and declared that the Neapolitans were doing a great deal of mischief to this part of the country, partly out of ill will, for they were arrant cowards and knew in their hearts that they never meant to fight. They were such foolish braggarts that they could not be content to let honest people live by their industry, but must get Italy a bad name by their senseless broils, and prevent travellers from coming to Rome and Tivoli. This was the train of thought suggested by the Neapolitan revolution to our hostess of the Sybil's Inn: perhaps if the common schools above alluded to existed in Italy, she might have taken a different view of the case.

This house possesses the characteristics of most of the inns we have seen: large, ill-furnished apartments, and tiled or stone floors. The window by which my bed-chamber is lighted, resembles such as horses look out at in our own country; without glass and closing only with a wooden shutter. Although the strange scenes we have witnessed since we entered the Mediterranean have been so numerous as to clog the memory, the date in my journal this evening reminds me that it is only two months since we left Gibraltar.

Being attracted to a tall window in the hall just now, by a loud rushing sound without, I opened it into a little balcony, which introduced me to a serene moonlight night, and a near view of the Sybil's Temple. But whence that dashing sound? A servant told me it was the "Gran' Cascata;" and it proved that this classical little ruin occupied the brow of a fearful precipice, down which the Anio precipitates itself, and begins to form those foaming beauties

for which Tivoli is so celebrated. A high and dark mountain was seen rising opposite, so near at hand as to promise all its shade and sublimity to the scene, and made us long for the light of the morning to explore the deep and narrow vale which lies below.

ROME.—*February* 13. We rose at half past six; and while breakfast was preparing we found time to descend to the Grotto of Neptune, where a stream, diverted from the Anio some distance above, after flowing through unexplored caverns in the concreted limestone, appears at a chasm in the beds of the lofty precipice, boiling tumultuously, and leaps headlong into the valley below; as if fleeing from subterranean horrors. The cascade was pouring down in a beautiful white line directly before us, and seemed to descend from the great height in perfect calmness and quiet, so much were our senses absorbed by the agitating sight and sound of the noisy scene immediately beside us. Deep and dark indeed was the valley beneath us, and a devious course did the gleamings of the stream betray, through a bed obstructed by broken banks and rude ragged rocks, whose kinsmen and brothers stood tottering on many a narrow ledge around and above us, as if longing, yet dreading, to take their destined leap. And we indeed seemed to occupy a station no less precarious: for our path was a zigzag stair-case cut and built along the face of the rock, with desperate projecting angles. It was formed by a French officer, who commanded at Tivoli during the times of Napoleon; and every traveller who has this opportunity of enjoying the benefit of his generous taste, cannot but feel gratitude towards the disinterested individual. I regret that subsequent things have driven his name from my memory. The track of the French in various parts of the continent is not

unfrequently marked by monuments of taste as well as of the improved state of the arts and sciences to which they had attained ; and it is unfortunate that we have so often to contrast them with the profligacy of the troops and the fatal ambition of their great leader. That ambition, in spite of the flattering promises he held up to the world, and particularly to France, made him betray a contempt for truth and all the principles of morality, as dangerous to the minds of men as his cannon were to their lives, and as opposed to all our American ideas of civil institutions as the conduct of the present Holy Allies : for expediency was the only conscience he acknowledged.

Our little chubby cicerone, who with all the promptitude of a recruit entering *con amore* into his profession, had kept watch at our door ever since early dawn, now informed us that he knew a way by which he could lead us down to the valley. Mingled with some of the wildest natural features of the scene were many attempts at rude embellishment by the hand of human labour : for wherever a spot could be found along the precipitous banks capable of retaining a little earth, vines are planted and trained upon sticks and slight frames with a loose cane roof, where they enjoy a fine exposure to the sun and a warm shelter from the wind. By clambering down the rocks, winding among vines, stooping under frames and trellises, and above all taking care to follow the blind path of the vinedressers, and not to venture too near the brows of the little natural terraces, the way was attained quite to the Ponte Lupo, a natural bridge over the bed of the stream, composed of rough masses of rock, overspread with a soft carpet of fresh green grass, and interspersed with knots of wild flowers. An adequate description of the scene which presents itself from

this spot, if such a thing were possible, would be considered one of the most precious morsels of composition in the world; but such a number of objects are collected, so various, yet so essential, that I think every one who has ever preceded me in placing his feet there must have felt the propriety of silence on such a subject, and almost resolved, as I was ready to do, never to attempt a description.

The broken banks rose to a dizzy height on both sides, backed on the left by the mountainous ridge spoken of last evening, with its green girdle of olive trees and its conical summits of grey stone, beginning to glow towards the rising sun; while the great cascade was foaming over a precipice in front, and the Sybil's temple looking down upon it from above, in all the beauty of Corinthian columns on an overhanging rock. From the bridge beneath there was a loud roar of foaming water, pouring in at the Syren's grotto, as the dark entrance is called; and the devious course of the stream might be traced here and there as it flowed on, till a turn in the long valley presented the side of another rough mountain, on which is supposed to have been situated Horace's favourite retreat, and the villa of Quinctilius Varus.

After breakfast, we left the inn with the friendly wishes of the family, who had assembled in the lower hall to say, "Addio; buon' viaggio, signori!"—[Good bye; a pleasant journey, gentlemen]—then putting ourselves under the direction of our officious little cicerone in blue linen clothes, with an old stick in his hand as a sort of baton of office, we passed close by the Sybil's temple, into a thick cluster of houses on the brink of the great cascade. Here, in crossing the Anio by a narrow stone bridge, we had the mortification to see the stream turning machinery, and spattering under

the red hands of plebeian washerwomen, before it was permitted to its bold leap from the precipice, and begin its romantic dash through the valley. On reaching the fine and elevated road which was to conduct us along the olive groves, which overhung the valley on the opposite side, we were accosted by an old woman, who immediately began to extol the merits, both bodily and mental, of a poor half-skinned donkey she was driving before her, with a bag of sharp stones instead of a club: but we could not prevail upon ourselves to add our weight to a back already oppressed with such a load of woes, and passed on with many a glance upon the varying scene, and doubtless treading over the sites of many of those ancient villas which decorated it in ancient times with the splendours of art. The city of Tivoli claims a foundation about four hundred and sixty years prior to that of Rome, and after that important period persevered in maintaining her independence for four centuries. Tivoli, I take it for granted, is a corruption of its ancient name, Tibur: being too much occupied, as well as too indifferent to take the pains of inquiring. At present this city has no modern architectural beauties to set off against those spoken of by old Roman writers, except the villa d'Este, and a church, which we did not see. A walk of about a mile brought us to the place which the tradition of the country people fixes upon as the site of Horace's villa. Though it has been often doubted whether a mere poet, though a great one, could be reasonably supposed to possess even a house of his own, it is certainly bestowing a very gratifying favour upon one's fancy, to shut the ear against such ill-timed doubts, and look upon this spot as one of his once chosen places for retirement and study: for when we consider his love of nature, as formed and fostered on

a scene so beautiful as this, we attribute a far higher elevation to his taste; and such fragments of his verses as recur to the memory even of an unlearned traveller, however imperfect and unconnected, acquire a new vigour, and more of the brilliancy of poetic aspirations. The feelings rise to an unusual and delightful tone; and we fancy that nothing is wanting save the power of expression, to make us all poets.

“Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes”—

“Satis jam terris nivis, atque diræ”—

This is a favourable spot to speak of rural enjoyments, and to forget the bustle of cities: but we cannot enter so fully into the feelings of the poet when he talks of fire-side enjoyments in Italy. In a climate like this, the snow and the frost are never keen enough to show in due contrast the comforts and pleasures of the family hearth. The domestic attachments of an Italian must be fostered in different scenes, and remembered among other associations: for what we call a winter evening, can never be known in the mildness of this climate.

Passing through a dark grove of olives, and emerging at an open spot, beyond the extensive ruins of Varus's villa, we found the scene unexpectedly changed by another turn of the valley, and soon forgot the delightful objects we had so lately admired. Far below us on the right lay an ancient bridge over the Anio, in front of a dark, mountainous hill; and towards the left, on a declivity, the well-known ruins of Mæcenas's villa, with an hundred cascades pouring down into the valley. The sun was just making its appearance above the opposite hill, where groups of peasants could be with difficulty distinguished, climbing up the steep road with loaded mules, and the Anio still glided on in the shade below; while as a few little patches of

vineyards, with their frames and straggling fences, advanced so far as to furnish a kind of elaborate fillagree work, the strong light touched a rustic bridge more in front, and fell broad and full upon the wall of the villa of Mæcenas. The cascades which poured from its foundation, and one which leaped from a dark window, were the brightest objects in the whole landscape, sparkling in the sun, and flowing down a broken bank of grass made green by the spray.

We observed several small, whitish bricks upon the ground, of the most perfect form, and so hard as to strike fire with steel. They had been taken from an excavation near at hand, from which an ancient statue had lately been removed. At the old bridge we found a piece of a Roman road, which both our book and our boy called the Via Consularia; and were met by a party of gay young peasants, one of whom, a young man, presented me with a copper coin of Trajan which he had picked up in a field, and could hardly be prevailed on to take any thing more current in return: saying, that it was useless to him, and that I was a foreigner, and must of course want it. Behaviour like this seems very surprising to us, and it is to be hoped that it is not anomalous, but may betoken a somewhat better state of things in places a little removed from the great routes of travellers; although it was opposed by the supplications of a well dressed girl, for a little money, which however might have been in jest, as her companions all laughed at her.

It may easily be imagined that what we had seen during our walk had awakened, rather than satisfied our curiosity, for among the objects which remained unseen, were the ruins of Horace's second villa, and his darling Blandusian fountain, which lie at a considerable distance from the town, and in a different

direction. But there were numerous sites and scenes yet to be visited in Rome; and we reluctantly turned away from Tivoli, and with heavy hearts began to plod our way across the desolate Campagna, envying the pleasures we might enjoy if permitted to live among scenes like those we had lately left, which seemed an assemblage of our earliest and brightest fancies, such as we had no power to retain in their masterly arrangement, and which, alas! were already beginning to fade from our memory.

We found peasants at labour by companies, in a few large, but solitary fields: men and women working in long lines, side by side, with spades and hoes, sometimes under the direction of one who stood idly by, with what authority I know not, but certainly with too much the air of an overseer of negroes.

Stopping at the post-house, in the middle of our journey, instead of the alacrity and kindness we had met with at Tivoli, we were hardly able to get an answer to our questions. After waiting a great while at a long wooden table in the common room, and gazing at the wine casks on one side, some mule harnesses on the other, and a hundred little cheeses, made of cows', goats', and even sheep's milk, and hanging from poles over head, at last some very plain fare was set before us, by the innkeeper and his wife, without a word or a smile. The bread was coarse and dry, the cheese almost impenetrable, and the wine thin and sour. Such food, and such company! There were several persons loitering about the great room, and occasionally staring at us; but the only agreeable object in it, was a little red cheeked girl, four years old, who leaned over the table and smiled in our faces. "To whom does this house belong?" we inquired. "To a monastery in the mountains;" replied the inn-keeper, "to which I pay a rent of a hundred and forty scudi," [dollars.]

This seemed at first very moderate for so spacious a building, including the large stables and I suppose as large a garden as he pleased, for land was never cheaper in Ohio or Florida; but then though the house was large, the chambers were empty, the stables occupied by only a few post-horses, and Rome was so near that nothing but necessity could bring guests here, even for a single night. "This rent was always too great for me," continued the man, "and this year I shall be utterly unable to pay it: for the Austrian army prevent foreigners from coming to Rome, and there are no other travellers." "But why do you remain here?" "Because I have no other home, and no means of living elsewhere. If I were not sure of starving, I would go to-morrow: for there is a greater evil to be dreaded than the demands of the brethren of the monastery, and that is the malaria." We now began to wonder that we had not before particularly remarked that his face was pale and sickly, and that all the others, except the child, had glazed eyes, and emaciated forms. "I have the fever," added the poor man, "almost the whole year; the season is now very near when it always begins, and for several past days I have felt a languor and debility spreading through my system—the sure and well known signs of its approach. Few persons ever lived here a year and escaped it. The malaria seizes indifferently on any age and we cannot stand against it: it ruins health, destroys constitutions, takes away courage, removes the love of life, and sooner or later life itself." "Poor little thing," added the mother, parting the locks of the little girl with her hand, "You have got through safe to this time, but I tremble for what the coming season may do"—and both parents looked anxiously in her face, as if to assure themselves that the fatal symptoms had not begun to appear.

On reaching our lodgings in Rome, we learnt with pleasure that an American gentleman, with his wife, had arrived during our absence, and, without knowing any thing more of us than that we were their countrymen, had sent us an invitation to call as soon as we should return.

February 14.—I am told that the coin of Trajan I brought from Tivoli may perhaps be worth thirty dollars, and perhaps, only its weight in copper. My Roman friend has taken it to show to an antiquary, who is well acquainted with the subject, and can readily give him an answer: for antiques form so large a share of the commerce of modern Rome, that the prices are proportioned with a triple regard to their intrinsic value, their abundance or rarity, and their age; and in cases where the articles are as well defined and easily recognised as coins are, their value is regulated by the constant demand which is made on Rome from all the cabinets of Europe, and is as well known to buyers and sellers as that of a staple article of merchandise in any great sea port.

During a walk this morning with our new American friends, we took a review of the Roman Forum, the Colosseum, and other noble scenes and monuments, both ancient and modern; and the pleasure was not a little increased by the privilege we enjoyed of observing and participating in their first impressions upon the mind of an intelligent and amiable countrywoman. We stopped at the Sacred Staircase, and while reading over the list of sins and negligences for which the pope has decreed that pardon may be obtained by performing certain ceremonies there, a poor fellow came up and offered to show us, by imitation, how the devout ascend the stairs, fixing his price at a paolo, or ten cents: but we had soon an opportunity to see

several persons come in and begin to mount the steps on their knees, counting their beads, from time to time, and crossing themselves, according to the letter of the rules. No one pretends to stand there upon his feet, although the steps are covered with thick plank, to prevent their being entirely worn away, of which there was great danger; but after reaching the top they walk down by side steps, and frequently begin the ascent again and again.

Afterwards, returning to the Capitoline Hill with one of my friends, I made a more particular examination than ever before, of the numerous remains of antiquity collected there. On the front or north side of the Capitol, is a fine square, bounded on the right and left by the Grand Museum, and the palaces of the Senate and of the Conservators. It opens on the fourth side at the noble staircase of 124 steps, leading into the Campus Martius, where was formerly the steepest part of the hill, and the spot where the Gauls climbed up, and were prevented from taking the citadel of Rome by the cackling of a goose, which was roosting on this spot. The Museum has already been mentioned; and before speaking of the opposite palaces, I would just enumerate some of the statues in the great square, which appeared far more interesting since we were able to refer them to the places where they formerly stood: a fountain ornamented with two recumbent statues of the gods of the Nile and the Tiber, from the Quirinal Hill; the supposed equestrian statue of Constantine, from the Lateran; the trophies of Marius, or Augustus; Castor and Pollux, colossal, from Pompey's theatre; and the first mile stone from the Appian Way, in the form of a short column, half covered with an inscription and terminating with a ball. In the Senate Room is a small

wolf in bronze, accompanied by the children Romulus and Remus, found under the brow of the Palatine Hill. A fracture may be observed in the right hinder leg of the animal, which has in some measure the appearance of having been melted out; and it was with no small interest we heard, that this is commonly received as the identical wolf which was struck by lightning on the day preceding the death of Cæsar—a season remarkable for prodigies: when

“ The graves stood tenantless; and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.”

The palace of the Conservatori is so abundant in pictures and so well known, as to excuse the want of a description. It is quite bewildering to a stranger even to walk hastily through the halls and saloons in which they are exhibited; but when he pauses in turn before each object, and refers to its design and history, the mind proves still more incompetent to the task of retaining any ideas at all concerning a large portion of them. There was however a modern inscription composed for the place, which contains a more touching appeal to ancient times than I have found, except in the improvisatore, unless indeed my Latin has entirely failed me, or the mutilated statues around produced an effect which I unconsciously ascribed to the lines.

Coming out of a side door from this palace, we proceeded along near the southern brow of the Capitoline Hill, in search of a very interesting site described by our book. A narrow street appeared, so crowded with miserable houses that nothing else was to be seen on either hand; and the pavement was so filthy that it required no small resolution to proceed, particularly when we received an addition to our society of six

or eight little ragged beggars. One of them offered to conduct us to the place we sought; and leading us near to where the street ended in nothing, mounted a few steps, knocked at the door of a poor woman's house, and when the inhabitant appeared, made us over to her care. No one I am sure could have imagined whither this was to lead; and we hesitated some time before we could be convinced that there was no mistake in the case. At length we followed the Roman dame through a narrow entry, up a lowly staircase, and over a tub of water from which she was washing it, and at last into a little three-cornered garden, which was raised so high by the irregularity of the ground, and where the sun was shining cheerfully upon the flowers of merely useful herbs and kitchen vegetables. Below us we immediately recognised the Palatine in front, the Forum on the left, and the Temple of Peace, and the Colosseum beyond. Stepping to the low garden wall on the right, we found ourselves on the brow of a precipice, which, though interrupted by a narrow terrace, descended very abruptly to the level of the streets below, a distance of fifty or sixty feet. In spite therefore of its humble access, and the manner in which it is covered with soil, excepting where a few stony angles project here and there, we could easily persuade ourselves that, as our guide assured us, many an old Roman had met his death by being plunged from this height, and that we were standing on the Tarpeian Rock.

At some distance from this spot and at the base of the Capitoline Hill, not far from the other side of the Capitol itself, we found the ancient Tullian and Mamertine Prisons, but not until we had past them several times; for like most other places which are regarded as sanctified by the saints, they are quite conceal-

ed by architectural decorations. First we entered a small room where about a dozen people, principally of the poorer class, were on their knees at silent prayer, near a ballustrade behind which were hung innumerable little offerings or memorials left there by the devout : locks of hair, bits of gilt paper, &c. &c. A long inscription in the midst of these held forth that Saints Peter and Paul were formerly imprisoned in the dungeons below ; but in order to gain access to them we had to go round to the door of a church which has been built directly over the spot, first observing however an official paper of the Pope's stuck up in a glass frame, by which instrument he kindly granted, to all who should perform certain forms and duties therein prescribed, the remission of one third of their sins. But there seemed a little like subtlety in this when it was referred to that plain rule of arithmetic, which says that no such division as this will ever reduce even a small sum to nothing. A little boy at the church conducted us down a staircase, by lamp light, into a small and nearly circular arched room, built entirely of large uncemented blocks of stone, about 20 feet in diameter, and 7 or 8 in height. It was built by Ancus Martius, the fourth king of the Romans, and formerly was accessible only by the hole in the roof, over which the goaler's house was built. This was the Mamertine Prison : the Tullian is immediate under it, formed on the same plan and of the same materials, but smaller and lower, so that a man of common stature can stand erect no where but in the middle of the floor. This was designed by Servius Tullius as a place of confinement for the worst offenders, who were lowered down through the holes in both roofs ; and here it is said Saint Peter and Saint Paul were imprisoned for many months, and performed various miracles, for

which cause it is that peculiar sanctity is attributed to the place. Here we saw a narrow stone slab fastened to the wall, which our little guide informed us served the saints as a table ; a half decayed iron post, to which they were chained ; and a spring, usually covered up, which first appeared to furnish water for the baptism of several martyrs, who were imprisoned with Saint Paul. There certainly was something very solemn in the sight of these objects, when we reflected that what we heard might have some foundation in truth : for nothing thus far seemed contradictory to the account of Saint Paul's residence in Rome given in the New Testament ; and the silence, the gloom, and the dungeon-aspect of the place, forcibly recalled the circumstances of that period, and naturally led the mind to the exalted character of the apostle, and the sublime range his meditations might have taken in that very spot. But we were much more inclined to questions and doubts, when we heard the superstitious story of the fountain still springing up annually on the anniversary of the day ; and that of a subterranean passage, (of which we saw nothing but the shut and bolted door,) made by an angel who came in the night and delivered the prisoners, leading them under ground beyond the walls of the city, near one of the gates : and were shown on the wall the shape of a head, with a long beard, which one of the apostles is said to have made by resting his cheek against the stone.

During a stroll through the Public Garden towards evening, we observed an English lady pass in an open carriage, attended only by a coachman and a footman in livery. It might be judged from her air that she made no small pretensions to taste and learning : for though her hat was more than sufficiently deco-

rated with flowers, she had plainly been out on a ruin-hunt, having two volumes of Strangers' Guides carelessly thrown upon the cushion, and near half a bushel of large stones lying loose at her feet. Such a specimen of dilapidation made us tremble for some of our favourite ancient monuments, which, after surviving so long the ravages of time, were threatened with speedy annihilation by the hand of pedantic Gothicism.

11 *o'clock at night*.—We have just returned from a nocturnal visit to the Colosseum, which we had been delaying for some time, till the age of the moon and the hour of her meridian should be most favourable to our purpose. This evening we set off between nine and ten, and found the sky still calm and unclouded, and the streets quiet and nearly deserted, although our way lay through some of the most populous parts of the city. The dreary Forum, overspread with an undistinguishable mass of ruin, lay in deadly silence as if it had no voice to raise against the triumphant victory of time ; and a few stately columns here and there, touched by the moon, seemed like the dim forms of spectres haunting some ancient battle field, and bending over deep and unknown graves.

Entering one of the portals of the Colosseum, and crossing the two lofty parallel corridors, we climbed up the ruins of a staircase to the second floor, and then with still greater difficulty to the third, by a steep ascent of brickwork more than half broken down. Great care was necessary in proceeding to the north-eastern side of the building, where we expected to find the best point of view : for the double corridors had their plastered floors broken through in several places, and if we attempted to follow the short passages or the flights of steps which once conducted the spectators to their places, there was danger of sud-

denly falling to a great depth, for the seats have long since disappeared. The arches and columns, broken and interrupted as they frequently were, also tended to perplex our way, by throwing over us alternately deep darkness and bright beams of moonlight, so that we soon began to repent our thoughtlessness in neglecting to take for a guide one of the friars who have a chapel among the ruins, and are always ready to conduct strangers. Not being very fond of the dictatorial volubility which they usually possess however, particularly on an occasion like the present, we proceeded, and at length stopped at a place which was impassable, on the verge of a mural precipice about a hundred feet high. Turning toward the centre of the building, we were half surrounded by huge, shapeless masses of masonry on the right and left, some presenting columns of darkness that seemed as if blackened by a conflagration, and others standing out in the broad moonlight, while their shadows were pursuing their silent course along the broken floor, and adding another hour to the ages of desolation. Many similar masses appeared in confusion just below : but as the eye pursued the circuit within the lofty walls on either side, it traced the long sweeping lines of broken parapets, which still, as if in derision, marked rudely out the ancient bounds between different grades of citizens. Far to the right and left they extended to follow the form of the building, till they entered the deep uniform shape of the southern wall nearly eight hundred feet distant, where they met and completed many a noble elliptic curve. Such fantastic figures did the clear but deceptive moon seem to conjure up before us, with its lights and shadows displayed in every form and varied with all the degrees of intensity, that the fancy was continually inclined to people

the broken tiers with gigantic spectators, waiting in silence for some mysterious show in the empty arena. Yet the impression of desertion and decay still dwelt upon the mind; for the massive columns above us were hung with creeping vines, and little banks of moss spread their green and sickly hue over many a rude pinnacle below, once the envied stations of the great and honourable men of Rome. The eye shrunk from pursuing the light, as it mounted with bold steps from one mouldering pile to another, and slept in dangerous security on the ridge of the outer wall; while the heart ached at the dark gulfs that yawned around, and in the irksome society of the impending ruins.

In the broad arena many early Christians had shed their blood, and eighty thousand persons had looked down at once from the sides of this mountain-like edifice, upon the calm demeanour of those who had received the precepts of the gospel from Paul's own lips. The sanguinary scenes of the gladiators served to remind us of other and more mysterious deeds of blood, which are said to have been perpetrated in this place within the compass of but a very few years; for we had heard the tale of a friar who was discovered to be the foul murderer of many a stranger here at night, after leading him to some lonely part of the ruins under the pretence of being a friendly conductor. We heard voices, and soon perceived that a party of persons were approaching the place where we stood. For fear our sudden appearance might give them some anxiety, we stepped into the shade of a column, and the next moment one of the cowled brethren of the chapel passed very near, with a lamp in his hand, followed by a young Englishman, his mother and four or five pretty little brothers and sisters. The matron had a handsome, intelligent face; and while her dignified

deportment and the sweetness of her voice in speaking to her children, showed that they had an affectionate instructress and a lofty example in the path of virtue, the deep sparkles in her eye proved that she partook with rapture in the sublimity of the scene. Doubly mild was the moonlight that fell on this amiable group, as they stood gazing upon the amphitheatre thoughtless of harm; and sweeter than ever the sound of our native tongue, as they spoke the praises of ancient Rome. They repassed without perceiving us, and disappeared among the columns of the corridors, so that we saw them no more; although a lamp glimmered two or three times along the deep shades of the opposite walls, as they moved slowly on through the almost endless passages.

ROME, *February 15.* Having risen at an early hour this morning, I mounted the magnificent staircase of white stone which leads from the neighbouring Spanish Square up the Pincian Hill. The mere fact that this staircase was built to form a more convenient and elegant access to a church, is sufficient indication that the supremacy of ecclesiastical subjects is very extensive in Rome; nor does the interior of the "Church of the Trinity of the mountains," to which it now conducts, offer a different aspect. It was founded by Charles VIII. of France, and restored and decorated by Louis XVIII. The splendid altars erected in some of the chapels, together with the paintings from the hands of esteemed masters, which hang upon the walls, are too numerous to be described, and indeed to be particularly noticed after a hasty inspection. In truth it is to be confessed that many persons must necessarily feel that such exhibitions are displayed almost in vain in such a place, where it continually recurs to mind how easily they may

become the objects of superstitious regard. Besides, the altars made of costly party-coloured stones, and the sculptured monuments raised, not to the humble, the contrite, but to those who have endowed the church with their estates :—all these speak too loudly the praises of worldly splendour to claim the chief station in so sacred a place. The decorations of the walls seemed striving for victory with the memory of the dead who slept beneath our feet ; with what success may be imagined, when it is mentioned that every stone of the pavement seemed to have once borne an epitaph, and many an ancient family crest lay trodden on and half obliterated before us.

The sun was rising as I left the church and walked towards the English Garden. From this elevated ground along the brow of the hill, the whole extent of the Campus Martius was overlooked, while the towers and cupolas which rose above the confused mass of the city, caught one by one a strong reflection from the east. The top of St. Peter's lay in front, quite at the north-western corner of the city ; and in short, among all that assemblage of buildings which cover the Campus Martius, nothing appears above the general surface to recal ancient times, except perhaps the dome of the Pantheon and the column of Antonine : for the few scattered edifices of which it once could boast either have entirely disappeared, like the Senate House of Pompey, and the naval theatre of Domitian which some supposed occupied the site of the Spanish Square ; or have retained only a few shattered remains, like the tomb of Augustus, the Portico of Octavia, the Theatre of Marcellus, and the eleven unknown columns built into the Custom House.

Our Roman friend informs us that the Pope's guards were called out at near twelve last night, and ordered

to the Vatican; and that the whole city was already in a state of alarm when he reached the Corso: news having arrived that the Neapolitans had crossed their boundary in three places, and were on their march to Rome. On account of our secluded residence we had heard nothing of the tumult; but troops were hastily assembled, and dispatched to different posts, and the Pope's horses were harnessed and led out, ready to convey him to Civita Vecchia, at the Tiber's mouth, where a vessel has been for some time kept ready to sail at a moment's warning, under an apprehension of such an event. The alarm however proved to be false, and the agitation subsided.

After breakfast several of our party, including our new friends, took a walk to St. Peter's. It seems to be quite impossible for the memory to do justice to the size of this building, for every time we enter it, we are little less astonished at its vastness than we were at first. The great reason why strangers so often complain of never being able to comprehend it, even on the spot, is that the mere decorations of the church are all graduated on the same gigantic scale. The statues of the saints on the columns are nearly twice the size of common men, and the sculptured angels supporting some of the founts of holy water, though they pass for infantile forms, are near six feet high. Thus the eye is deceived in measuring heights and distances, by assuming a scale by far too large; and hence it is, that we feel that indescribable awkwardness when we move, arising from an equal mistake concerning our own stature, which makes our steps scarcely half so long as we expected, and shrinks us up to the narrow dimensions of pigmies. While standing still in the middle of the floor, with nothing near to compare directly with the human form, a person will admire the magnificence

and the majesty of the building; but the effect is redoubled in an instant, when he approaches one of the grand columns, and finds his head reaching no higher than the top of the pedestal—when he looks beyond and reflects that the opposite window is seven hundred feet distant, and yonder little twisted columns, which support the canopy over the altar, are each seventy feet high.

Mrs. — had permitted her waiting maid to accompany her, it having been for many days her pressing request, that she might see St. Peter's but for once: a thing which she deliberately intended to be proud of for the rest of her life. And in truth, it is a gratification which few of her kinsfolk can expect to enjoy: for she, like ourselves, was from the other side of the Atlantic, and knew those who loved to hear of foreign wonders. All this we could perceive, as she stood there to represent an unsophisticated country, with her sad-coloured cotton shawl, calf-skin shoes, and modest sun-bonnet, though she neither spoke nor smiled; and from her deep-rooted gaze, now fixed, now wandering, we knew she was better pleased than the English cockney at our Niagara, who complained that it did not answer his expectations.

The bronze statue of the patron saint is placed on the left of the altar, and is the only prominent figure not larger than the natural size. The toe is not entirely worn away by kissing, as has been often stated, but has certainly lost a very considerable piece. The waste however is not occasioned by the lips, but by the hands or handkerchiefs of the devout, which we observed were always passed over the surface before the lips are applied, merely to improve the association of ideas.

I know not how many confession-boxes are scattered about the church, but there is certainly one for each

of the principal languages spoken in Europe. Could assent be once yielded to some of the points which Protestants have always contested so strenuously, it is easy to see that the natural impression of this transcendent piece of architecture would be greatly heightened by a crowd of solemn reflections. Could we believe that the body of St. Peter actually lies buried in the splendid vault beneath the high altar, that "on this rock" the church was founded, in the sense supposed in Italy, that the keys of hell and death were transmitted from him to his pretended successors, and that the present pontiff, Pius the seventh, has the power of forgiving the sins of any person on earth, we should look with deep solemnity on every thing around us. Thousands and thousands sincerely believe all this, and who that errs himself will not rather lament than smile at the confidence with which they enter the doors of the seven great churches in Rome, and repeat the formulas prescribed by the pope, merely because these words are written over the doors :

" Plenaria Indulgentia pro vivis et mortis,"

and expect thus to purchase exemption from punishment, or as some say, from purgatory, either for themselves or their departed friends? Can power like this have been deposited in such hands? Is the supposition countenanced either by the personal characters of the popes, or by the effects of the system upon Christendom? Is it the part of God's vicegerent to shut up the Scriptures from those for whom they were designed, to suspend his anathemas in modern times, merely for fear of their being despised, when, according to his doctrines, there never was more pressing need of them? Is it acting in that high character, to refuse his soldiers their promised pay, to stand pre-

pared at any moment to forsake the ecclesiastical throne, to keep a vessel prepared at Civita Vecchia, and horses always harnessed to escape at the earliest news of danger? There is a great difference between believing and disbelieving this system, and that difference is strongly felt in St. Peter's.

With reflections like these we were slowly winding up the tedious ascent which leads to the roof of the church, and soon began to pass, one after another, the points at which many of the monarchs, princes, and princesses of Europe, had desisted from the toilsome attempt, from the mere fatigue of their mortal, though royal frames. Inscriptions affixed to the wall bore their names, and the dates, while not a single plebeian, let him mount to the top with ever so much alacrity, is allowed any memorial of his strength or his perseverance. The roof is so large, and occupied by so many domes for the chapels below, and temporary residences for different persons, that it would be very easy for a stranger to lose his way and wander about a long time. The spacious roof is divided into branches like streets, and cats were seen prowling about as if in a city. The great dome was yet to be ascended. On approaching the copper ball above it, we heard the sound of a northern language, and on entering it, recognised our acquaintance, the young German of Terracina memory.

This edifice doubtless approaches the grandeur and richness of ancient Rome, for though it was surpassed in size by the Colosseum, several of the public baths, &c. yet it sustains at a great height in the air, a dome, little inferior in size to the famous Pantheon.

A few steps lead from the portico of St. Peter's to the palace of the Vatican, which adjoins it on the left. This immense building is divided into several courts,

some of which are supplied with three or four tiers of open piazzas. Let me pass by in silence the saloons devoted to the works of the great masters of the pencil, as I am utterly incompetent to speak of them: although it would have seemed like a matter of no great self-denial, to renounce the exterior world and take up a solitary abode among them. The fame of "the Transfiguration," the master-piece of Raphael, had perhaps too highly excited my expectations; yet I long remained before it, observing the expression of the figures, and the richness of the colours, to impress them more deeply upon my memory. My point of view was not far from the window through which the light was admitted, and my mind will ever recur with great delight to that secluded apartment, and to that spot, so highly favoured above all the Vatican, and every other palace in the world, to recal those features which I cannot describe, and to enjoy again many new and delightful feelings which I can never forget, but am totally unable to express.

We entered a hall, probably about one fifth of a mile in length, lined with a double row of ancient statues and reliefs, principally from the tombs of the Appian Way. Thousands, I think, of sepulchral inscriptions were fastened into the walls behind them, so ranged indeed as to preserve little of their original appearance, yet so as to ensure their preservation.

The most interesting of these objects, at a hasty examination, were those taken from the graves of the primitive Christians, most of which bore melancholy testimony to the persecutions of the times. The engravings were usually of the rudest and most hasty description: ill-formed initials, succeeded too often by a rude delineation of some instrument of death or of torture. These rough fragments of coarse stone were gen-

erally taken from those caverns in the vicinity where the Christians used to assemble for secret prayer and praise, in times when it was dangerous to confess their faith, and where they usually deposited the ashes of their dead. The symbolic drawings on these broken monuments, were therefore more appropriate than elaborate epitaphs on the most eloquent marble; and nothing else could have spoken so plainly of persecution, endurance and martyrdom, as these rude and often doubtful outlines of a sword, an axe, a spear, and even of the dog, the bear, and the Lybian lion.

Returning across the bridge, and pursuing our way for a mile along the narrow and dirty streets near the eastern bank, with only an occasional view of the river, we came to the Tiberine Island, off against which, and in one of the most populous and disagreeable parts of the city, are the remains of the Theatre of Marcellus, built by Augustus. They present to the street a curve of that noble wall which once contained 30,000 spectators; and although the corridors have been divided into habitations, according to the usual ideas of elegance now prevalent in Rome, and the grand entrances are reduced to the size of doors and windows, and, when rented, are stocked with dirty faces, or old clothes and other mean merchandise, the ancient Doric and Ionic pilasters retain their places between and above them. The architecture, disgraced as it is, is regarded with admiration by connoisseurs, and considered as the highest authority in every question relating to the rules of those two styles, such is the perfection and beauty of its proportions.

The ancient entrance to the magnificent Portico of Octavia, was to be sought in the immediate vicinity of this spot, and was soon found facing an open square, occupied, even to the massive foundations of that Au-

gustan ruin, by the stalls and the scaly wares of a fish-market. Such things must be endured in Rome! I sought oblivion in a long, narrow street before me, which appeared to be remarkably crowded with people. Both sides were lined with little shops, that were completely stuffed with inhabitants, darkened with the innumerable articles exposed for sale, and unusually noisy with the hum of voices. I had hardly entered the street when I was eagerly accosted by a young man, and soon afterwards by an old one, who seemed resolved never to leave me, until I should consent to enter their shops, as if hungry, nay, famished for trade. The way was lined and obstructed by men, women and children, pursuing all sorts of occupations, with an alacrity I had never before witnessed, unless in some busy manufactory: certainly never in Italy. On a sudden I recollected myself—I was in the Jews' Quarter; and this immediately explained the undefined strangeness of every thing around me.

Here were men bent down with age, watching their little treasures of trinkets, or old shoes, with the strongly marked physiognomy of their nation, and their long beards and keen eyes, like hawks over their prey; and there, a beautiful child, or a tall young Jewess, with the round face, black eyes, and noble form of her countrywomen, habited in a singular costume, and fit for a Rebecca of York, or even a Queen Esther. Notwithstanding the poverty manifested by many of them in their employments, and the crowded manner in which they are compelled to live by the severity of the government, the universal bustle attested strong habits of industry; and no one could reflect on their descent without a sentiment of respect, for the pride with which they trace their relationship to

the captives taken at Jerusalem, and the stern perseverance of their character, which has not suffered one of them to pass through the Arch of Titus since the day of his triumph, and even extends to every person around, of whatsoever age or sex.

They are however no less the children of those who once assembled to hear the Gospel from the lips of St. Paul, and whose resolute unbelief drew from him that solemn prophecy now so strikingly fulfilled : " Be it known therefore unto you that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it." Here they are, Jews still, like their fathers, while the doctrines of Paul have overspread half the world.

Having passed several ruins, some distance below this, where the river bends off to the south-west, we saw two or three shapeless heaps in the middle of the stream, which are the old piers of the Sublitan Bridge; and just beyond a few boats with latteen sails, the fleet, the navy of modern Rome. Declining from the shore, a road led us between vineyard walls and waste grounds, along under the western brow of the Palatine Hill, which, like the Aventine on our right, is divided between cultivated fields, religious edifices, and Roman ruins, and presents them at almost every step in some new, but rather discordant point of view. We several times trod over broad brick walls sunk in the ground, which on a reference to our books proved to have belonged to the Circus Maximus, whose immense horse-shoe form might be dimly traced on the surface of the gentle valley at our right, very narrow, it is true, in proportion to its breadth, but stretching along for nearly half a mile. The lower part of this ground, which still retains its artificial smoothness, is supposed to have been a naval

theatre, for the mimic sea-fights; and furnished with water from the baths of Caracalla, the immense ruins of which appeared among the open vineyards a mile before us. On our left were the confused arches of the Palace of the Cæsars, to which we found access through the gate of a small house. It was a dizzy sight to look up at the noble arches of brick-work overhanging us at the height of about sixty feet, sometimes oppressed as they were by a second row of scarcely less gigantic dimensions. The sun was low in the west, and shone full upon those naked piles, while a solitary little bird, perched among the ivy which clustered round their summits, began its melodious little song, as if to furnish a striking contrast to their awful size and solemn stillness.

ROME, *February* 16.—Ever since the first glimpse I had caught of the Appian Way, I had felt a strong desire to examine its numberless and venerable ruins at leisure, and to contract a more intimate acquaintance with that most imposing entrance to the city. With this view, at an early hour this morning, I left the city by the Gate of St. Paul, adjoining which is the noble pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius; and at the distance of a mile beyond, turned off to the left by a winding little road which seemed to promise a speedy communication with the Appian Way. My expectations however soon proved to be ill-founded: for after a walk of some time, and getting involved among gentle hills and clumps of bushes which grew here and there, the road divided itself into so many paths, and declined so far towards the south, that it evidently could conduct me to nothing but one of the neighbouring farm-houses, and it was necessary to take a short cut across the fields. Among the walls I had already noticed the yellow stones I take for volcanic,

which are frequently seen scattered in the vicinity of Rome; and here, among the fields of grass and the vineyards, were the still more frequent remains of ancient buildings. Many a shapeless heap of rubbish lay on the right and left, generally overspread with a mournful veil of ivy; and the site of many a long forgotten mansion was indicated only by its shattered bricks and marble, spread like a mere intermixture of gravel, for a large space around, or by a stratum of similar materials laid open by the path, when it penetrated the surface a little deeper than ordinary. The fields were large, the land poor, the inhabitants few and the dwellings mean. Broad ditches and tall hedges usually await travellers in all countries who wander from the high road, and this tract of country is by no means an exception to the general rule. In spite of them all however, and some mental bewildering produced by the numerous memorials or rather hints of former and better days, the tomb of Horatia and the Appian Way appeared in sight at the end of an hour.

A little beyond, on the right hand, stood a handsome church, and taking my book from my pocket, I began to search for a history of it. An old priest stood near talking with a little girl about eight years old. She was knitting as she talked, and occasionally turned a watchful eye on several large grey oxen, which were feeding close by. She seemed to carry herself with much respect towards the priest; but there was something in her remarks that made him occasionally turn his face to smile.—“Many have supposed,” said my book, “that an ancient temple of Apollo once occupied this spot, and that this church was founded by Constantine: but it is more probable that, in the year 367, Pope St. Damasus built it, over

the spot where the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul were discovered, in the tomb of St. Calistus, near the Appian Way, and near the place where St. Sebastian was interred by St. Lucina, a Roman lady. The church was restored by Adrian I. and Eugene IV. Finally Cardinal Borghese entirely rebuilt it, in 1611, adding the front and the portico, after the design of Flaminio Ponzio, succeeded by Giovanni Vasanzio, a Fleming. He decorated the great altar, which has four columns of verde-antique," &c. &c.

As the old priest had now gone away, the little girl walked slowly towards me, looking by turns at the cattle and the stranger, and knitting very sedately. "Is this the church of St. Lorenzo, little girl?" "Signor si, [yes sir,] will you go in and see it? Shall I go and call brother Luigi back?" "No, no, I have no time to spare—You have some fine oxen yonder." "Yes sir, they are very good and quiet. They let me take care of them, and do every thing I tell them, although I am a little girl. There are only nine now; the other has gone away—the *companion* of that you see on the little bank. I don't believe you ever saw better oxen sir. Only observe what a good grey colour they have: that is the best colour for oxen."—She wore a bonnet made of coarse braided straw, and carried another tied to her arm. She had a most amiable little face, and I thought might have been taken for a New England child, even to the crooked rusty knitting-needles she had in her hands. The stocking however was of brown thread; her knitting-sheath a hollow stick, (perhaps elder,) and when she spoke, it was only Italian. "Is that your first stocking?" "Signor no—I have knit a whole pair before this, for you will perceive I can knit almost all day, while the weather is so clear and warm, though I

am sometimes interrupted when the oxen stray, and very often by my little sister you see there, running up to us with her hair flying. She is not my sister either, but the daughter of my mother-in-law. Her name is Maria—I am Teresa—Ah, Maria! Where have you been to get your cheeks so red? Come here and put on your bonnet.” But the bright-eyed little girl refused and resisted, from mere excess of spirits; and though more wild and roguish, was quite as good natured as her sister. “There signor, you see what a trouble she is: she won’t mind me. She is very bad [cattiva,] do you not think so?—But would not you like to go in and see the church sir? You will find the chapel of San Fabiano, and that of San Sebastiano over his own tomb. Oh, they are very beautiful. You can see the catacombs too sir, where all the Christians were buried; and if brother Luigi were only here—I’ll ring the bell, and then he’ll come back, and tell you a great deal about them. He knows all the chapels, and the statues, and the pictures, and where the Christians used to pray under ground, and bury the martyrs.”

I was too much in haste, and contented myself with a hasty glance at the interior of the church, without waiting for the catacombs to be opened, concerning which my book confirmed the words of my little friend. As I came out she asked me for some money, though with a downcast look and an actual blush, which on account of their rarity speedily atoned for a specimen of that avarice far more common in this country. “How can you ask me for any thing,” said I, “when you have nine large oxen like those, and I have not one, and never had any.” “Please to bear in mind, signor,” she answered, coming nearer with her needle pointed at me—“Please to bear in mind that they are not my oxen. They belong to Giuseppe

[Joseph,] a gentleman who leaves them with us to be taken care of, and pays us very little for it. Giuseppe lives in Rome. My house [casa mia] is only a little way from here. Will you go and see it? Come, I will show it you.—Thank you signor—But if you don't give Maria a baiocch' too, I am afraid she will cry." Maria did indeed begin to look sorrowful, and was just about to cry—or, as Teresa expressed it, to *set herself to weeping*—but she could not dissemble, and broke out in a broad laugh, while Teresa bade me "addio" with a sweet smile.

Such a child as this would be pretty in any part of the world; but here, her amiable traits of character and innocent little features were singularly set off by the solemn, pompous ideas to which the surrounding objects conducted the mind, like the sparrow chirping among the ruins of Cæsar's Palace. The mind does not readily mingle little things and great in this manner—abstract grandeur with the less heroic realities of common life. I had not calculated on finding such a little personage as Teresa in such a place, and I could not help repeating: "Can this be the Appian Way?"

The little church of St. Mary of the Palms was soon in sight, and as usual the old priest started from the door as soon as he was aware of my approach; and walking to meet me, proposed to show me "the Holy Stone." This church is built over the ancient Appian Way, and a considerable length of the pavement is still visible outside of its walls. It is said to have derived its name from its being on the site of the famous Temple of Mars, which was surrounded with palm trees. But it has also two names beside this, one of which is "Domine, quo vadis?" because it is believed that St. Peter once met our Saviour on this spot, carrying his cross upon his shoulder. and

addressed him in those words, [in English, Lord where goest thou ?] On entering the door I found that the section of the road which it contained served partly for a floor; and that a small iron grating was fastened over a block of marble, which had been substituted for one of the stones, and bore the figure of a human foot, most rudely sculptured, with the toes all of the same length and terminating in a line. This my officious instructor informed me was intended as a copy of the original stone, which had been miraculously impressed with the foot of our Saviour when seen by the apostle. That stone had long been removed, to preserve it from the touch of the devout, who sometimes resort to the place in great numbers; and yet they have such a superstitious regard for this substitute, that it would soon be worn out but for the iron bars. The priest would gladly have had me spend an hour or two with him, I have no doubt, for he was quite talkative, and urged me to look at a few other curiosities in the church; but having much more to do than himself, I left him, and soon passed over the ground mentioned a few days since, by the Circus of Caracalla, to the Tomb of Cecilia Metella.

Beyond the quadrangular walls of the little Gothic fortress, was a cluster of houses stretching half a mile, with some cultivated ground; and there, as well as in many places before, huge heaps of masonry, some of them sixty feet high, would start up from behind clumps of ornamental trees, and in the midst of grass-plats and flower-gardens: the remains of those magnificent tombs which once overshadowed the Appian Way. But all the habitations soon disappeared, together with the cultivation and the enclosures of the fields; and the road suddenly degenerated into a mere path overgrown with short grass. In front and on

both sides the view was extensive, over the waste, undulating surface of the Campagna, where desolation had reduced every thing to the same dull monotony. Long lines of aqueducts however were seen at various distances, stretching away towards the distant mountains; and, nearer at hand, those solemn objects which so deeply impress the mind at the first sight of this ancient road, served as a partial boundary to the eye, excluding a cheerless landscape only to introduce their own more melancholy presence. The signs of life had all disappeared, and two long lines of ancient tombs led on before us like so many dark statues of ruin and decay, till they almost seemed to meet; and the road could just be discerned, at the distance of ten miles, running up the opposite hill to Albano like a mere thread.

The custom so universal among the Romans, of burying their dead along the principal roads without their city walls, must have had some influence on their character: for as they were a nation of soldiers, they were necessarily travellers, and thus the last objects they saw in leaving home, as well the first on their return, were the tombs of their ancestors. That the sepulchres of the Appian Way was peculiarly numerous and magnificent, there is sufficient evidence from various sources: but that to which I refer with most facility and satisfaction is found in the long halls of the Vatican and the Capitol. And if those beautiful statues do not speak enough, read the epitaphs, and say if there were ever such a noble historic gallery, one so replete with instruction: one that could address itself so powerfully to the personal feelings of almost every individual. Their excessive expense is to be highly condemned; but certainly the Romans can hardly be viewed in a more attractive light, than when thus show-

THE APPIAN WAY



ing honour to the memory of their ancestors, and recording the lives of their fathers for their own imitation.

The forms of these edifices were originally very various ; but the ruins are still more so. A few which are built of brick preserve some of their sides almost uninjured by time ; some have sunk down into heaps, and left nothing but little hillocks covered with grass, like giants' graves ; but the greater part are masses of rough stone and mortar, often so much worn away by long exposure to the elements, as to make it impossible to conjecture their original forms, and half covered with clusters of shrubs and ivy, which render their outlines still more strange and irregular. Walking along this most melancholy avenue for a mile and a half, I came to the tomb formerly supposed to be that of the Servilia family, but left without a name since the undoubted discovery of the real one in 1808. It is nearly 60 feet high, and was probably built in the form of a pyramid, though it has been so much worn away at the base, that it stands on a small support like a mushroom, with a roof like a pent-house. Near it is a small round tower, which seems to have served the purposes of some of those little chieftains who divided up this classic soil according to the barbarous usages, and for the savage objects, of the feudal system.

The tombs have long since been ransacked, and their most valuable contents and ornaments placed in the Vatican and the Capitol. The rest are scattered all over the world, but chiefly among the private cabinets of Romans, where statues, busts, relievos, inscriptions, lachrymatories and cinerary urns are found in abundance. In those which I entered therefore, I found nothing but a small square room, with the door usually on the side from the street, and a niche for urns on

each of the others, now blackened with smoke, and showing that they had been used as temporary lodgings, probably by the few shepherds who wander with their flocks about the neighbouring country ; though a genius like Mrs. Ratcliffe's might easily have peopled them with banditti. I examined some ruins on the left, of which my book took no notice whatever. They are of considerable size, well built of brick, and occupy a large quadrangle, with several subterranean rooms handsomely arched, where were pieces of wood half burnt, and fresh foot-steps on the clay floor. Three square ruins close by, seemed parts of a handsome villa, and the walls, like those of Mæcenas's house in the baths of Titus, and many others of ancient brick, looked as fresh and entire as if built within five years, though they have probably stood thus unclaimed and useless for many centuries.

It was now growing late ; the sun was low, and I hastened back towards Rome. A shepherd who was watching his flock at a distance, was the only human being I saw ; and as he sat on a stone, dressed in a coat of shaggy skins, and apparently absorbed in thought, he seemed like a barbarous outcast from the world ; and his employment, which was that of knitting, was of a nature so trifling as almost to intimate the derangement of his mind. The setting sun was shining very bright, and strongly illuminated the ruins on one side, while the opposite parts were thrown into a deep shade. Their appearance varied every moment as I passed on ; and their sad, though fantastic forms, seen against the pure sky, and suddenly assuming some unexpected aspect or expression at almost every step, seemed like a mysterious assembly of gloomy spirits, prepared to consult on subjects of an import not befitting mortal ears. To assert the claim

of death and devastation over such a region as this, there certainly was little need: for who was there to deny it? What mortal could have the audacity to raise his voice against the deep and long drawn silence which has settled upon a scene once so filled with promises of Roman immortality, and trodden in succession by millions of feet, directed by motives no longer existing, and tending towards places now often unknown even by name: the soil that has been trampled by the war-horse of Scipio, and all the centurions and soldiers of his army, with their proud eagles gazing on yonder sun—the very dust that bore the footsteps of the poet Horace, and his friend Heliodorus, as they commenced their journey to Brundisium.

Who could long endure the chilling presence of these frowning strangers? As I passed on, I started more than once at a sudden motion in some neighbouring ruin, which seemed to threaten me with an ominous gesture: but they were the mere illusions of an imagination bewildered by their strange and various features, and derived for a moment by a burst of light through some unexpected aperture, or by the fall of a fragment from a place it had occupied ever since the days of the Cæsars or the consuls. It is with no small degree of satisfaction, that one finds himself rid of such sullen society, and discovers once more the signs of living men; and as I turned to take a distant glance at the ruins of the Appian Way, now more dark and gloomy than ever since the setting of the sun, my eye rested with peculiar pleasure upon the far distant summits of the chain of Appennines, whose snowy ridges were still shining bright like fire in the broad light of day, and seem to hint of a nobler world, far beyond the sphere of destruction and decay.

At the tomb of Cecelia Metella were two English artists or engineers, measuring the ruin; at the church of the Palms, the old priest invited me to enter, without at first recognising his late visiter; and not far beyond I was accosted with, "Ah buona sera, signore!" from among a party of children, by a little girl, whose face was indistinctly familiar to me, and I could not quite recollect, until she said "I am Teresa!" "Here is my house, sir," she added, "you must step in." But just then a large ox, with a fierce aspect came running up, and the whole party instantly dispersed with a faint scream, leaving me once more alone.

A little within the Appian gate, following the directions of my book, I knocked at the lowly entrance of a small vineyard, where I was admitted very readily by a tall old woman, when she understood that I had come to see a cavern near her house. Not so readily however did I submit to her conduct, when after climbing a low ledge of rocks, she paused before a small, dark hole in the earth, and presenting me with a lighted candle, bade me follow her. It was so late that the candles cast a respectable shadow in the open air, and I felt little disposition to descend, even into the poetic shades, in such company, which would certainly draw Cerberus and all the other dogs at my heels; however, when I declared I had no expectation of finding such a place, she gave me a vinegar look, and we both disappeared from human ken. Three or four sudden turnings among narrow passages and little square chambers, roughly hewn in the rock, brought us to an apartment, or rather a cell, perhaps eight or nine feet square, with large niches, in which were still the remains of shelves; and at no great distance another,

whence a marble coffin had been removed, richly sculptured, and accompanied with a long Latin inscription. Numerous other inscriptions, said my companion, with a yawn that made me think of the witch of Endor, many other inscriptions were found here when this cavern was discovered in 1780; and one of them was still remaining against the wall behind me. The letters were small, and the stone of a dark colour, which made it difficult to read it, and it required some attention to decipher the name of Scipio, though it still seemed as incredible as ever, that this poor, damp, contracted cavern, could ever have been the honoured tomb of that mighty race, who had exalted so much the power of Rome, by subduing to it half the then known world; and that in yonder corner had quietly reposed for near two thousand years, the ashes of Scipio Hispaniensis.

ROME, *February 17.*—At the palace of the Spada family this morning, we saw a fine gallery of paintings, and afterwards those parts of the building which are ornamented with various specimens of sculpture. But the most interesting object of all, was a gigantic statue, in a commanding posture, occupying a pedestal at the end of a spacious hall. In the left hand is a small globe, and the right arm is extended, as if enforcing a public address. It was found by a man digging near the cellar wall of a house in the Campus Martius; but as one half of the statue was within the premises of his neighbour, his attempt to remove it produced a law-suit. On this subject my author is facetious, though not original. He remarks that the judge who occupied the bench at that time, “considering himself another Solomon, ordered that the statue should be divided between the two claimants; but the cardinal Capo di Ferro, a great friend of the arts, and the founder of this palace, had this barbarous sentence suspended, until he could in-

form Pope Paul III. of the circumstances, and finally received as a present from that pontiff, the treasure which he had preserved from destruction."

There is an expression of dignity in the features, not unmixed with severity, before which the spectator confesses the same awe, as in the presence of a noble countenance agitated by a mind contemplating profound and momentous subjects; and there is also a bold delineation of those traits, which the eye is more ready to attribute to the peculiar expression of an individual, than to the invention of an artist's wayward fancy. The spot where it was discovered is near the site of the Senate House of Pompey, and it is received by antiquaries as the identical statue of that general, before which Julius Cæsar had been assassinated. To think of the noble blood that was shed before this half-human marble and even bathed its white surface; and to look upon those features sternly frowning, as if not yet recovered from the impression of that scene, recalls the elevated ideas we are taught from our infancy to associate with it, together with the terrific omens, the tumult and dismay of the bloody Ides of March. How readily do we here forget the ambitious, the dangerous part of Cæsar's character, and recal only the broken-hearted exclamation with which he died: "Et tu, Brute!" [And you too, Brutus!]
—an exclamation which to our fancy still rings in the ears of the statue itself.

Near the Spada palace is the palace of Prince Pius, which is built on the remains of Pompey's Theatre, the earliest erected in Rome; and the site of his Senate House, or Curia, is near at hand. In the great Navona square, in the middle of a beautiful public fountain, is the statue of a Moor in black stone, I think basalt, which in spite of its possessing the full

African features, is so much esteemed for its execution, that a prince not long since offered in exchange for it a whole palace, which stands in the neighbourhood, and was refused.

We next directed our course to the work shop of Canova, which is accessible at any hour of the day, although the artist is very rarely to be seen there, as he has a more secluded retreat where he can meditate, and design, and form his models without fear of interruption. These models, which are of plaster, are copied mechanically in marble by his workmen; and it is not until they have been reduced very nearly to the intended surface, that the master spirit assumes the chisel: for then alone is an opportunity for the display of genius. Canova is considered the greatest sculptor of modern times, and the restorer of the pure taste of the ancients; and has even received from some, the high title of the rival of Phidias and Praxiteles.

After admiring some of his finest statues and relievos, particularly the Three Graces, a funeral procession, Endymion sleeping, and Hebe; we were struck on entering a long room, with the attitude of a female dancer. She has her arms a-kimbo, in the fashion of modern opera-dancers, and is in the act of stepping forward, with but the tip of one foot upon the pedestal, and that is apparently just springing up. Instead of the stony aspect which all statues possess, except those of the most superior merit, every thing here was expressive of the most animated and graceful motion: the drapery seemed actually blown back, and to wave in the air, so that we stood looking at it with an undefinable pleasure, and in deep admiration of that power which could furnish so liberally to the eye every other attribute of life, and withhold nothing but

motion ; and still continue to promise, and still persist in withholding it.

The statue of WASHINGTON, which has been made for the University of North Carolina, is a noble specimen of sculpture, and we regarded it with a threefold interest : as a work of which Canova himself is proud, as the portrait of the man to whom our country is most indebted, and as an object to be hereafter regarded as one of the most honourable monuments to those individuals, by whose laudable exertions it is to be hoped a pure taste for the fine arts, will sooner or later be introduced and extended in America.

Thorwaldson is the next sculptor to Canova, and indeed, in the opinion of many, his equal if not his superior, though the majority appear to be decidedly in favour of his occupying the second place. At his work shop we found an artist of no inconsiderable eminence, whose brother, one of our former fellow-travellers, had requested us to introduce ourselves. He very politely showed us various works of Thorwaldson, finished and unfinished ; and among others, the fragments of a model for a very large relievo, which was much admired by connoisseurs, as that is the branch of his art in which he particularly excels. The destruction of it was caused by the falling through of the floor, at the time when it was almost completed.

Afterwards we were conducted into the work shops of several other sculptors, and were not a little gratified to see how superior genius had been attracted from various parts of the world, to this centre of the fine arts ; and to observe, not only the beautiful creations of foreign chisels, but the artists themselves, fancying the finest forms and postures, and embodying them in long-lived marble. The secluded places where they had retreated, beyond human view and even con-

jecture, though too humble for those who love great splendour and space, were evidently the favourite resorts of taste; and there was something in the meditative stillness of the walls, and the pale hues of the artificial twilight, which showed at once the mild influence which it is the province of the arts to extend. In one place we saw a Polander, with a black velvet cap; in another, a Spaniard, with black moustaches, and a severe abstracted countenance; and in a third, was Pietro Tanneranni, a young Italian artist from the neighbourhood of Carrara, of very promising talents and a prepossessing address. He had moulded the model of a group, representing Cupid disdaining Psyche; and in the attitudes of these two children there was much of that ease, grace and nature, which we had too often sought in vain among inferior productions. The artist threw out some general praises of our country, although he had no very distinct ideas concerning it, and we were sorry to put a sudden stop to them, by answering in the negative, when he inquired if his statues would sell in America.

While he conversed on the principles and practice of his art, we were clearly convinced that the life and warmth in which the coldest marble is sometimes arrayed, are communicated by the ardour of genius alone; and when he enumerated some of the difficulties he had encountered in giving the appropriate expression to his figures in every point of view, he showed an intimate acquaintance with the anatomical structure of the human frame, together with a quick and enthusiastic relish for what he called the perfection of forms and postures, which not a little surprised us. *Expression* he most insisted on, and seemed for a time to give it application to the face only: but it was soon apparent that he allowed it a much more extensive mean-

ing, and spoke in direct terms of the expression of an arm, a head, and even a foot, or a finger; and a little attention proved that it was justly applied: for so deeply had nature been studied in composing this work, that each statue retained the same character from whatever side it was observed. Cupid was turning away with a slow but determined step, and Psyche was stepping forward in a hurried manner, as if to detain him; and these different motions were represented by the figures on every side, with as much truth, though not always with the same degree of force. Our friend, in explaining some of the artist's remarks, mentioned that he had his working days, and his days for composing, which were determined by the state of his inventive faculties. One of us remarked, that his talent must resemble that of an improvisatore—Our friend smiled assent: "Say that," said he, "to Tanne-ranni!"

The Pope has published to-day a bull, on the subject of an amusement practised during the public masquerades on some of the last days of the carnival. It has been customary on those occasions for gentlemen, and ladies too, to salute each other in passing through the crowd, by throwing handfuls of sugar plumbs into each others' faces: but from economical motives, not at all surprising, little balls of plaster or chalk have been for some years gradually supplanting the original article, and that too with such an increase of bulk, that the amusement has taken a very unamiable form, and, as Mr. —, says, the ladies no longer show it any *countenance*. To prevent this abuse, and to restore things to their old state, are the objects of the bull; and the trifling nature of this instrument is no unapt comment on the broad reductions which the pontifical power has suffered, since the days when it conferred

the right of government on kings, and boldly consigned them to perdition when they thwarted it. The pope, Pius the seventh, seems to have obtained universally the character of a humane, unambitious man: he is however too submissive and indifferent a character even to excite the ordinary curiosity of a Protestant traveller: for those who look upon his religious authority as an usurpation, can allow him no pre-eminent merit for the negative amiableness of his disposition; and, when freed from extraneous considerations, a mere common mind invested with the supreme power of Rome, can never be looked upon without a secret disgust, so shaded and diminished, as it must be, by the ruins of ancient greatness.

ROME.—*February 18.* As this is one of the days on which the public cabinets in the Vatican, and the two great palaces on the square of the Capitol, are opened every week, we paid another visit in the morning to one of the latter, namely, the great Museum. I have postponed the few remarks which I intended to make on this noble collection of antiques, until the principal places from which they have been taken should have been described, for fear of throwing more of confusion than interest upon the subject; and now indeed it will be necessary to confine our view to a few particulars, and not attempt to embrace the whole at once.

On entering the Capitoline Museum, a large fountain is seen in a court behind, ornamented with an ancient colossal statue representing, it is supposed, the river Rhine; and on both sides of the lower part of the passage, as well as in the adjacent apartments, among crowds of antiques from all quarters, are numerous Egyptian statues of different forms and pretensions; high-shouldered gods, goddesses and mortals,

made of granite and porphyry, and principally brought from the ruins of Adrian's villa near Tivoli. The number and size of these objects, together with the extreme hardness of the materials, served but to add anew to the astonishment with which we had before regarded the luxury and extravagance of that emperor. The walls of the great staircase are lined with the fragments of a marble floor, formerly belonging to the temple of Remus, in the Forum, of which mention has already been made. It still bears the marks of a map of the city, engraved on it about the time of Caracalla, of which however very little is now intelligible.

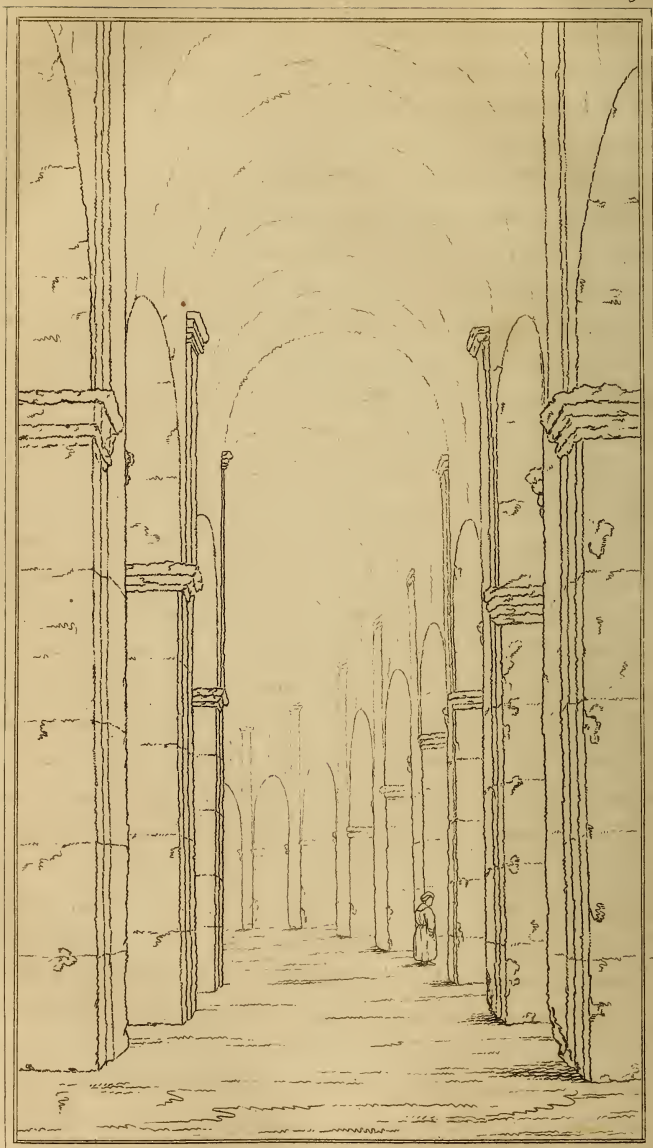
Here we entered the great hall of the second floor, which, like that of the Vatican, presents a long vista between two lines of statues, marble coffins, relievos and urns, closely arranged for want of room. In the first upper chamber we entered, several coffins, or sarcophagi, covered all over with deep sculpture, attracted our attention on account of their mythological meaning; but the most interesting objects were the marble slabs plastered into the walls, which, to the number of about an hundred, had been brought from the sepulchres on the Appian Way. Some of them were indicated by our book as those found in the truly picturesque tomb of Julia's freedmen, which have been carefully deciphered and described by a learned antiquary. The others were picked up fortuitously along the road, and many of them which are preserved entire, have no other interest than as the memorials of unknown and humble individuals who lived and died so many centuries ago. Yet in the present case, this very uncertainty was itself enough, it produced so deep a contrast with the language of the epitaphs, which still preserved all its original

force; and it was affecting to find them retaining strong expressions of grief and touching lamentations, just as they were wrung from the mourners in all the poignancy of newly inflicted sufferings, so long after the voice of sorrow had been hushed for ever, and the mourners themselves had been in their turn laid at rest, lamented and forgotten. Wherever the eye turned it glanced on such broken expressions as these: "D. M." (or *Diis Manibus*,) . . . "Optimi filii," . . . "Carissimæ conjugis," . . . "Juliaë sorrowis amataë, hoc saxum, cum multis lachrymis, posu"—["In memory of the best of sons,"—"To my dear wife;"] and a little beyond, on a small, unpretending slab of marble, were the names of four brothers, two of which I think were Caius and Publius, succeeded by: "In memory of Julia, our dear sister, we have placed this stone, with many tears."

It is by memorials like these that we learn to take a more affectionate interest in the history, the fate of Rome, than we ever acquire by distant and general reflections on her greatness and glory. And of what value is that greatness or glory, what the worth of that fame which glittered on the helmets of her armies and swelled the pride of her emperors, when compared with what were too often their only effects on the humble but suffering victims of injustice and war? Here we learn to despise what our old Roman instructors taught us to admire: the splendour of an empty name; and begin to sympathise from our souls, not with the descent of an empire to the dust, but with the real distresses of the helpless, unoffending individuals who were involved in its ruin—with friends, children, mothers, husbands, and wives; their sorrow, their tears, and their broken hearts. How dismal does death appear when we adopt for a moment the

religious and moral system of the ancients : when we look among all these epitaphs for a single hope of such a future world as that towards which our wishes are directed from infancy ! There is a purity, an elevation in the varied affections of common life, which must have made even the most humble of these Romans to revolt at the idea of consigning his dearest friend to the society of their “Immortal gods.” The virtuous, the decent would blush at their characters even on earth, how then could they even look on the sky with complacency : and how could they find any alleviation to the keenest pangs of the heart, with which these sculptured stones declare, they too were well acquainted ? How could they, with their worthless prospects, endure to see their dearest interests trampled in the dust by fate, and their best, their fondest wishes carelessly thrown to the winds like things of no value, when even with our hopes such sufferings sometimes seem intolerable ?

One whole apartment, which we soon after entered, is devoted to the busts of emperors, which have been collected in abundance, although in some cases there is a great scarcity of such memorials, on account of the popular indignation which often showed itself at the death of those monsters, by destroying every thing that was calculated to recal their injustice and cruelty. A bust of Probus was for a long time wanting, and that which has lately been discovered and made to complete the line of emperors, is supposed to be the only one in existence, and is of course invaluable in the eyes of the antiquaries. The next room is filled with the busts of philosophers ; and that of Virgil occupies the first place in the third, which is the chamber of the poets. The remaining apartments need scarcely be mentioned, or the numerous objects



A CORRIDOR OF THE COLOSSEUM

they contain, including the statues of Antinous, the Dying Gladiator, &c. and the finest antique Mosaic, representing three doves drinking from a goblet, from Adrian's Villa, and supposed by many to be the identical one mentioned by Pliny and brought from Halicarnassus.

On returning to the city, I heard that the Pope had published another proclamation, in which he stated, apparently with considerable alarm, that there were reports of three simultaneous insurrections in different parts of his dominions; but declared that he placed entire confidence in the love and fidelity of his subjects. It is whispered however, that this report is countenanced only to obtain an excuse for placing the fortresses of the country into the hands of the Austrians, who are still on their march.

ROME, *February* 19.—At Titus's Arch we found several labourers at work, in the employment of a Frenchman, who has obtained leave of the government to search about the foundations of that structure, for what purpose I know not. They had uncovered several large blocks of stone on which it rests, as well as a pavement, about five feet below that of the Sacred Way, made of the same materials and in the same manner. One of the men offered me a copper coin of Trajan, exactly like that I had obtained at Tivoli, which he declared he had found on that spot; but his price was too exorbitant.

A little shower coming suddenly up, I stepped into the corridors of the Colosseum, where I observed particularly some of the old brick water-channels under the floors, still in perfect order. I found here a number of galley-slaves at work, bringing brick and mortar for repairs, which are continually carried on among the ruins by the Pope. It is well known that the

stone walls and columns of this immense structure were laid without mortar, being fastened only by cramps of bronze, and that the barbarians, at the destruction of Rome, defaced them in all parts in getting out the metal. I had supposed that they had removed them all, and that the weight and proportions of the Colosseum were what preserved it from falling to the ground; but I found that the stones were still well fastened, for where some workmen were removing an imperfect block, they were obliged first to cut off a strong metallic bolt, by which it was secured internally.

Returning to the Capitoline Hill, I mounted to the church of St. Maria Aracœli, which stands on the northern summit, considerably higher than the Capitol Square, and occupies the site of the Temple of Jupiter-with-the-quiver, where those who triumphed used to ascend on foot, and deposit the spoils of their enemies. From the side towards the Campus Martius it is attained by a long staircase of an hundred and twenty-four steps, made of blocks of white marble, obtained like almost every thing else we see, from ancient Rome. The church is very large and splendidly decorated, though the columns have little in common except that they support the same roof; for they were collected from unknown ruins in the immediate vicinity, and arranged with little expense and great contempt of method: the tall ones sometimes wanting a base, and the defects of the short ones being ill concealed by a mean capital of gilt wood.

While casting a hasty glance at some paper legs and arms and hearts, pictures and crutches, which covered the walls of a chapel of St. Antonio, a young friar came up to me of his own accord, and rather officious-

ly began a description of those singular objects. I tried to look serious, and to answer discreetly a few questions he put to me on the subject of modern miracles, in a low tone of voice and with an equivocal expression of countenance : but somehow or other my mind seemed to have lost every faculty except that of ridiculous contrast : for his plain brown dress, the knotted cord round his waist, and the seriousness of the subject arrayed themselves against the young, full-fed, thoughtless face, the free-thinking blue eye, and the scoffing soul that looked through it. Besides, there was something really ludicrous in the rude little pictures to which he directed my attention : an old man lowered down in a sheet, from the window of a house all on fire ; a man run over by a black horse ; another with a comic expression of face, just bidden to stand by three robbers ; and a family of five tumbling out of a cart. The friar perceived the workings of my mind, in spite of myself ; for hastily saying something which might be considered half of an apology, he disappeared, leaving me to think of the Clerk of Copmanhurst, and to reflect how much more his appearance spoke of wine and venison, than of " holy water and dried peas."

My friends, who had pursued a different route, took shelter from the shower in the gateway of a palace, where they formed an acquaintance with a French traveller, arrived yesterday from Naples, who told them that the Neapolitans appear to be almost mad : for although the Austrians are approaching, and they have taken no effectual measures for opposing their entrance into the kingdom, the city is full of gaiety, and the masquerades, which have already begun, are carried on with as much spirit as if it were a season of perfect quiet.

ROME, *February 20.*—The Viminal Hill occupies the north-eastern corner of the city, and that we made the principal scene of our antiquarian researches for the day. It is principally devoted to vineyards and villas, of the last of which there are several of no small extent and richness, both within and without the walls. On the left we passed the Gardens of Sallust, and numerous old arches which are the remains of his theatre.

The ancient Prætorian Camp is at the extremity of the city in that direction; and nearer are the fields in which the offending Vestals were buried alive. The most interesting remnant of antiquity in this part of the city, however, and one of the very largest in all Rome, is the ruins of Diocletian's Baths. These are situated on the western brow of the Viminal, which here appeared superior in height to all the other hills, and afforded a commanding view in that direction. A broad and fine terrace extends from the steep verge of the hill back to a long range of imposing walls and arches, which at first view appear like the original front of the baths; but all this space is said to have been enclosed by the enormous edifice, and indeed the two churches we saw near the spot which is supposed to have been its western boundary, were evidently formed in some of its ancient walls.

On approaching the mighty brick arches which had first caught our eyes, we perceived that they also had to some extent been devoted to uses very far from their original object: for they not only furnish granaries, but a long row of small dwellings, a monastery, and a fine church. The church was locked, and we had to knock a long time for a conductor at a wooden gate, which with some difficulty succeeded in closing the passage of a fine arch. The keys were

in the pockets of brother somebody, and he was asleep. Indeed he delayed so long that it seemed as if he never intended to rise: but he came at last, and ushered us into a magnificent vaulted hall of the baths, still entire in spite of its age, and retaining much of its original appearance above, in spite of the numerous architectural and religious decorations it has received in modern times—the first from the designs of Michael Angelo, the others from the hands of wealthy individuals. Eight fine Egyptian granite columns, placed there to support the roof in ancient times, still retain their situations, although their bases and part of their shafts have been concealed by the elevation of the floor several feet, which was rendered necessary by the water which covered it; and the hall has been extended on the four sides, so that it is now 336 feet long and 308 wide. Here were several chapels richly ornamented; but the sullen gloom and silence which reigned around gave the whole a melancholy aspect. The polished marble pavement so richly spread before the great altar, the precious parti-coloured stones of which it was built, and the splendid display of religious emblems and vessels with which it was covered, seemed to have been collected here only to show the worthlessness rather than the value of such unappropriated wealth; the pictures, which are the originals brought from St. Peter's, seemed to hang as if consigned to neglect and decay; and the pale marble statues fixed their sightless eyes upon each other, as if to inquire the cause of our unexpected intrusion. Indeed the motionless form of an image seemed but an epitome of the whole impression of this scene: for while all the neighbouring population could never require half the room in the smallest of the five churches built in these ruins, there were perhaps

riches enough in this alone, to feed all the hungry, and clothe all the beggars in Rome.

The priest opened a door, and ushered us into the adjoining convent—all except Mrs. —, for it is contrary to the rules to admit any but men; and here was a beautiful square court, surrounded by cells for no less than two hundred monks, although, since the times of the French, the actual number has been reduced to five. In front of the cells ran a beautiful white colonnade all round the square; and the ground was devoted to a garden, kept in good order, and filled with plants and shady trees, among which were several tall cypresses, with spreading tops like a dark canopy. In short, such was the attractive retirement and beauty of the spot, that the first thought it inspired was something about a choice library, and the first expression, a warm eulogy on a monastic life. When we reflected on the numerous ills which awaited our return to the world, it was natural to linger; but when we saw the obsequiousness of our guide, and the small reward at which it was aimed, we were perfectly willing to depart.

Being confined at home this evening by the cold and blustering weather, which threatens a long storm, I have been forced to confine my study of Rome to what I can find within doors. Fortunately I have been favoured by circumstances; for one or two neighbours having dropped in to visit our friendly old host and hostess, they seized the opportunity to return the invitation we gave them the other evening. The apartment in which this small party met, is indeed on the second story, but it is still the kitchen; and with a corresponding air of plainness and hospitality, a large wooden table in the middle of the floor was furnished with some sweetmeats, *crostata*, (or a sort of pie,) small hard cakes, and wine; while some brands in the

wide fire-place were making a lively blaze, well proportioned to the blustering night without. At our entrance, there was a look of welcome from the faces of our friends; and it will never be forgotten of the old lady, that she brought up so strongly to recollection the matronly features of a chosen friend of my boyhood, whose gentle precepts and amiable smile may perhaps have drawn me away too often from those brilliant subjects which others so much esteem, to those more things humble she would unquestionably have approved. Assured by such sparkles in the eyes we had learned to appreciate in a distant country, we cheerfully took our seats at the left hand of our host for that was evidently expected of us; and looked around us with that peculiar thrill we feel when the blood starts off in the highest style, and we feel superior to kings and nobles, and on better ground than that on which they ever hold dominion over us—I mean over others.

I had never dreamed of finding in Rome any of that republican equality which we practise so much in our New England villages: but one of the servants, a woman from a town in the mountains, who at first sat spinning by the fire, afterwards took a seat near the table, and joined with familiarity and without rebuke, in the conversation and mirth of the party. Indeed it is clear, that among the middling class of society here, servants are sometimes allowed to claim the privileges of members of the family, and the affectionate regard of children. The one in question appeared like a personage of no small consequence from her dress: indeed if a stranger were to judge from that alone, he would have pronounced her a princess at least. She wore a bright figured gown, and a scarlet bodice or stomacher, with narrow ribbons flying from the arms

and shoulders. She spun, according to the universal custom in this country, (excepting only one *little wheel* I noticed in the Jews' quarter,) with a distaff made of a split reed, fastened to her side, and a heavy spindle which she twirled with her right hand. Now all this detail might have been withheld, but for an accidental remark that she was a "forastiera," or foreigner, differing from the Romans no less in dialect than in costume, and being a native of the small town of — dei Sabini. The first part of the name I have forgotten; but what I have written means *of the Sabines*; and we were told distinctly that she was a Sabine, or *Sabine*. Romulus, it seems then, was not able to form so complete an amalgamation between the different tribes of which his kingdom was composed, as he intended, and probably supposed; for the Sabine name is still distinguished from the Roman, although the ancient unity and friendliness still subsist between the females, which was first contracted when the Sabine women rushed between the two armies, and prevented the shedding of blood between their fathers and husbands.

The conversation having turned upon the various dialects of the neighbourhood, we were told that almost every village had something peculiar, either in words, phrases, or pronunciation; and heard some satirical strictures on the language of the Trasteverini, or people on the other side of the Tiber; who, however singular it may appear to one of our enterprising and locomotive nation, preserve many striking peculiarities from age to age, in spite of all the changes of the world, and the narrowness of the Tiber, which alone separates them from the proud inhabitants of Rome proper. The Neapolitans came in for their full share of reproach and ridicule. They were denounced

as "great thieves," cowards, and braggarts, without serious intentions of doing any thing for themselves; their licentious conduct, when in Rome under the French, was recalled with indignation; and their language was ridiculed by one or two who had some knowledge of their drawling tones.

ROME, *February 21.*—It snowed a little an evening or two since, but the flakes melted on touching the ground. Snow is not uncommon, yet it seldom lies more than two or three days; though about fourteen years ago it fell to the depth of a foot and a half.

A report was spread this morning, that the vanguard of the Austrians were just outside of the walls; but on our way towards the Gate of the People, we learnt that the story was without foundation; so turning aside we stopped at the modelling room of Canova. At the door we met an old man, who was just coming out, in a very plain dress rather soiled, and an old hat bent in on one side; and were not a little surprised when, on turning his face towards us, he showed strongly marked features with a thoughtful eye, and our friend introduced us to the Marquis Canova—that Apelles of modern times. There was something in his face and voice, as well as in his figure, motions, and manners, which produced an impression entirely different from those of a stranger; yet it required much reflection before I could trace out the resemblance to any satisfactorily original, and it was not until a confusion of ideas had passed through my mind, connecting sculpture, painting, and poetry, in new and agreeable forms, that I at last recalled our countryman, the author of "M'Fingal."

We saw a fine model of a horse, of such a size that we could walk under it without stooping. It is for an equestrian statue of the king of Naples. Canova spoke of his statue of Washington in such a manner

as to prove that he was proud of it, and I thought his eyes sparkled at the recollection of a new world beyond the Atlantic, now coveting his works and offering him its fame.

Ill-contented to consider the little spring of water we tasted so formally the other day, as the fountain of Egeria, I set off after noon once more to seek it; and left the Appian Way some distance outside of the gate, by turning to the right. My path soon took to winding through pastures and clustered trees, so that for a time not an object in sight bore any particular reference to ancient or modern Rome, but awakened recollections connected with many distant rural scenes of the same homely, yet agreeable character. On a gentle eminence appeared at length the little temple of the god Ridicule, in the midst of a sheep pasture. It is of brick, and nearly entire externally, although the interior is ruinous. The place was quite lonely; for a house adjoining, with its little battlemented walls, was as deserted as the temple, and I wandered about them both without perceiving any signs of inhabitants.

Toward the south is the entrance to the valley of Egeria: not a shady dell, rough with rocks and dark with trees, as one would naturally hope to find it, but a broad, sunny tract of ground, between two long, naked hills, nearly half a mile apart. The Grotto of the Nymph is at the base of that on the right hand, in a spot not indicated even by a path, and to which I was guided principally by a little rill from that fountain, which was regarded with reverence by the Romans, even as early as when it was the favourite retreat of Numa Pompilius. Uniting with many other little streams that trickle from the hills, the Egerian fountain helps to form a considerable brook, which

runs with a precipitate course down the valley, and more than once impeded my way. A few masses of ruin were scattered here and there, as notices of the ancient inhabitants of the place; and notwithstanding its present desolate condition, it may have worn a very agreeable appearance when covered with groves, and somewhat improved by art. The grotto in its present state has many of the qualities of a beautiful ruin: the front of the arched roof having fallen in, an imperfect restoration was attempted by the bushes and vines, which hung over and half concealed it; one of the empty niches in the walls was furnished with a pedestal of fresh grass, fertilized by the dripping fountain; while at the farthest end of the grotto, a mutilated recumbent statue of the nymph seemed contemplating the past, among the broken shadows in the water, which overspread the floor.

It was nearly sunset, and there was no time for examining the caverns among the broken ledges of rock. appearing here in several places on the opposite hill-side. Those secret and gloomy retreats were frequently resorted to by the Christians, as places for sepulture as well as for concealment and prayer; and the somewhat romantic ideas with which I had regarded this imagined seat of the Muses, were quite awed and dispersed, while the superstitious once connected with this little cavern, ranged themselves in contrast with the pure and simple worship of the true God.

The Austrians are expected here to-morrow, but only the staff-officers are to be admitted within the walls. An army of twenty or thirty thousand men encamped will be a fine sight—provided we can forget that they are the descendants of barbarians and that we are in Rome. It is reported that the Neapolitans have entered the Pope's territory in three places, and that

many of the Austrians, being Carbonari, have refused to fight them; but rumours are so contradictory that we can hardly say we believe any thing about it.

ROME, *February 23.*—Directing our course towards the southern part of the city this morning, we left the Tiber and ascended a rough path, to that angle of the Aventine Hill which looks down the stream. Here stands the church of St. Mary of the Priory, so named after an institution of that description belonging to the Knights of Malta, which formerly occupied the ground; and a little terrace before it, defended from the precipice by a low wall, affords a commanding view over the vineyards which extend with little interruption to the southern wall of the city, the suburbs, and the Campagna. The spot receives some farther interest from a tradition, that it was the site of the Temple of Bona Dea, and previously the place to which Remus used to resort to consult the auguries, by watching the flight of birds. Descending the Aventine towards the south-east, we found the soil intimately mingled with the ruins of ancient buildings; and in some places along the path, old walls of considerable thickness peeped above the surface.

Monte Testaccio, which we had seen from this hill near the city wall and about a mile distant, is a specimen of geology that might claim kindred with those ancient mounds which travellers have encountered on the plains of Shinar. It is a hill of considerable size, entirely formed of broken earthen ware. This is almost incredible, but it is even still more true. The ground for nearly half a mile before we arrived at its base, was all strewn with such fragments; and although we had almost resolved to persevere in our scepticism, we were soon forced to confess, that the hill was undoubtedly formed of the old jars and bottles broken

by the ancient Romans—or shall I say it? by their careless servants. This curious eminence, by our estimation, is about a mile in circuit at the base, and at least one hundred and fifty feet high. As we began the ascent, we perceived several little precipices here and there, breaking the coat of short turf with which most of the surface was covered. They might have been taken at a little distance for ledges of natural rock; but all proved to be piles of broken crockery, loose, unmixed with any other substance, and as hard as ever. By removing the turf in other places with a stick, the soil proved to be exceedingly thin; and all below, a mass of rubbish. On the top, where a wooden cross is erected, is a small plain a quarter of a mile in circumference, which is divested of all vegetation, except the thin grass and a single little bush; and a portion of it, measuring about fifty yards across, was entirely divested even of that slight covering. Here was nothing but the fragments of earthen vessels, great and small, thick and thin, with various degrees of convexity, and some with the remains of broken ears and handles. The durability of this sort of ware is abundantly proved by the small effect the weather has produced, even on these pieces which are so much exposed to it. Those which appeared to have suffered most were on the surface, and were only roughened and discoloured to a certain depth, but grown if any thing harder than ever, and lay under our feet, with scarcely a particle of dust to be seen, and rattling at every step like a crate of crockery.

The highest summit is so elevated that it commands an extensive view; yet there is no tradition of the cause, or the period of the creation of this hill. Large excavations have been made in it for the wine vaults of the city; and the buildings connected with them are

half built of the broken ware thrown out in digging. At the distance of a quarter of a mile, and near the city wall and the tomb of Caius Cestius, we examined a deep trench just dug, which has struck upon an ancient drain; and here the soil was scattered with broken jars, stones, bricks and marbles, even to the depth of twenty-five feet.

The little burying-ground for the Protestants, is close by this spot; and after passing the low, briery hedge which surrounds it, we were affected at the sight of a beautiful marble monument to an American lady: "Eliza Georgiana Watson, wife of Grenville Temple, baronet, a native of Massachusetts, in the United States of America."

As we returned through the Corso, workmen were employed in putting up long stages, to support seats for spectators at the approaching masquerades; and the shop-doors were crowded with a display of party-coloured dresses to sell or to let, with a grim show of masks of all descriptions.

ROME, *February* 24.—The Corso was swept this morning by galley slaves, and overspread with red earth brought on the backs of donkies. Chairs were ranged in long rows on both sides, and at two o'clock a few persons with masks began to skip about among the gathering crowds. At four, coaches were driving by, on a slow walk, in two lines, one going down the street and the other up; some of them filled with masks, and others with persons in their richest dresses; and it soon became dangerous, as well as difficult to walk among them. That most ridiculous of amusements, throwing of sugar plumbs, now commenced. Many of the persons on foot and at the windows had provided themselves with that kind of artillery; and whenever they perceived any of their acquaintances

within a moderate distance, discharged them by hand-fuls point blank into their faces. Sometimes they were thrown with such precision and effect, as to dispel a fixed and intolerable simper from the face of a conscious beauty; and sometimes rattled like hail, against a row of masks of various comical expressions, and bounded upon the pavement. There they were eagerly sought by herds of noisy little boys, whose avidity to hoard them clearly showed, not only that they too had been made acquainted with the Pope's proclamation, but that they found it strictly obeyed.

The whole scene, however, was the gayest and most splendid we had ever witnessed. The street is straight, about a mile and a half long, and regularly built with many spacious palaces on both sides, from the windows of which, the housekeepers and servants had ostentatiously displayed their whole stock of scarlet and crimson silk counterpanes to wave in the wind. To this garnishing of the dark walls were added the brilliant dresses of a thousand gay, smiling groups of ladies, who crowded the windows and balconies; while an endless variety of faces passing more nearly before the eyes, half distracted the mind. Maskers dressed for harlequins, Punches, and many incomprehensible and indescribable fantastics, were hurrying and dancing by, speaking in disguised voices, and playing the most ludicrous tricks; and when the crowd thickened, and the long rows of seats became filled by the motley multitude, a glance to the right or left was like looking in a multiplying mirror, for there was nothing to be seen but whole legions of faces, wearing the broadest signs of mirth.

At length the hour arrived for an exhibition we had heard spoken of with respect by some of the natives:

and as a preparatory act, the Corso was cleared of coaches at the signal of firing a gun, after which a party of dragoons galloped down, to keep the pedestrians in bodily fear of encroaching upon the line. Four horses were led out soon after into the Square of the People, which however was nearly a mile distant from us, and prepared for a race. It is not the fashion to give them riders on such occasions, and the poor creatures were in consequence very humanely furnished out with little gilt balls, stuck full of pins and fastened to their backs by strings, to supply the place of spurs, without which it is to be doubted whether either of them would have had spirit enough to reach the goal. When at length they were started off, they hobbled on so sorrowfully and at such melancholy distances, that it was pitiable to see them; yet tumultuous shouts accompanied them from the crowds of people, masked and unmasked, who lined the street on each side with a wall of human heads.

This was an appropriate conclusion to an exhibition of the most unmeaning and frivolous nature; and it hardly seems credible, on recalling the scenes of the day, that any but children could have endured them at all. It would certainly seem ridiculous to us in America, to find a whole city assembled to mask and throw sugar-plumbs: playing marbles would be manly compared with it. Yet it must be confessed that this part of the show is as rational as those savage sports which are indulged in England, and in some parts of our own country, and certainly far more humane.

We were yesterday deliberating whether to prolong our stay at Rome or to set off immediately for Florence, having received very glowing accounts of the splendours of the carnival from our hostess, who would hardly have felt more pride in the city of Romulus, if she had lived in the Augustan age. She has never I

believe been farther from home than the neighbouring mountains, yet she boldly pronounces that there is hardly another city in the world worthy of the name; and here she is joined by her whole family, and I know not how many neighbours. Florence, they assure us, is not worth seeing, even during the carnival, for they have no St. Peter's, and no Pope: indeed Florence can never be any thing, as it never was great in ancient times, and has no ruins to boast of. In the last idea we fully concur; but after what we have this day witnessed, we shrink from the thought of remaining to see a repetition of those scenes which have already quite disgusted us. We reverence the greatness of the ancients, if we do not love them; but we are already convinced that the Corso is not the place to acquire esteem or respect for the moderns; and under the influence of these reasons it is, that we have taken places in a vettura, which sets off for Florence day after to-morrow, leaving the degenerate "Senate and People of Rome," to play the fool by themselves.

ROME, *February 25.*—The modern Capitol is on the whole so mean a building, with its cheap wood-work and little columns covered with painted canvass, the decorations of its principal hall, that it disgraces the foundation on which it stands. A girl showed us the way up a winding staircase to the top, which overlooks a great part of the city, and affords a better general view than any other point, over the regions in its vicinity. The Forum lay just below, with the Colosseum beyond; on the right was the Palatine Hill, with the Tiber running behind it; and on the left, over a cluster of houses, the crooked Esquiline Hill.

The Palatine recalls the foundation of the city, together with many institutions and events rendered

important by their long duration and extensive effects, particularly the ancient code of the Twelve Tables, in which it seems is to consist the permanency of her empire. The ruins of Jupiter's Temple below us, speak of Augustus and his timid superstition ; the Arch of Titus and the Colosseum refer to the fall of Jerusalem, the introduction of Christianity into Rome, and the undaunted spirit with which the martyrs met death, the only enemy that had terrors for Cæsar. It speaks also of the dissemination of Christianity through the world, and the mighty effects it has produced. To what event but that can we attribute the present happy state of our country ? To what but the influence of its principles can we trace those institutions for educating and governing all men alike ; and the erection of new states in a world then unknown, on principles which convey the substance of those privileges of which the institutions of Rome were only the pretences ; and never, while they are preserved unimpaired, can conduct to that national degradation and ruin towards which her military ambition was continually hurrying her : that gulf into which she was precipitated. Equally far are the genuine principles of Christianity from the abject level of the modern inhabitants of this venerable scene. It is the neglect of its precepts, the absence of its spirit, which places the southern nations of Europe so far behind the northern ; and it is that which has produced national differences still more glaring on the other side of the Atlantic.

And does it ever appear difficult to trace these effects to their proper fountain-heads ? Look at yonder beggar, hovering about the Arch of Titus, cautiously stepping among the polished fragments of those majestic columns which his ancestors brought away

from conquered Egypt ; half hiding his person too lest the approaching stranger should avoid his rags and his petitions : what is necessary to make him what we should wish to see ? It is not his poverty : for that may prove the best foil to a noble mind. Examine his history, which is read in the institutions of his government and his religion. In the former he is not permitted to have any active concern : blind submission and obedience are to compose his character on this subject. But with regard to religion he is far more rigorously treated ; not only his conduct but his mind is controuled. He is not allowed to exercise his own judgment, nor to question for a moment the dogmas of his instructors, or the authority of those who prescribe his duties and fix the value of his sins. He is taught, by the example and precept of all around him, to believe that the book of God is safe only in the hands of the priesthood ; and that they alone are capable of expounding it : men who are often known to be far more careless on the subject than himself, and whose lives prove them incapable and unfit for far less weighty and difficult matters. This habitual war between superstition and common sense must produce a distrust of his own judgment, and a mental imbecility befitting the subjects of such a system of religion and government ; and doubtless completes that degradation of character which a neglected education at first begins. Men thus become fitted for exactly such a state of things as exists in this country ; and could they be transported across the Atlantic, would be as great anomalies, as Americans are in Rome. It seems incredible that a system of divine origin could ever have produced effects like these ; and the individual and national improvement in Protestant countries, is a strong practical argument in favour of the soundness of their principles.

Late in the afternoon we crossed the Tiber, and entered St. Peter's. As usual the first impression was that of desertion, and for a moment we were not aware of the presence of any thing, except the ranges of stupendous columns on each side of us. There were however a great many persons in the church, some kneeling before the statues of saints, some clustered around the confession-boxes, and others walking about; though to us they appeared no larger than bees and butterflies creeping over the marble floor. In passing through the side aisles also we observed several schools of children, ranged in the corners and reciting their catechism to priests, some of whom attempted to excite a smile in us as we stopped to listen, with such tart questions and remarks as school-masters often repeat, and pupils never venture to reply to.

The pictures of saints and prophets looked down upon us from the great Mosaics which hung against the columns; and the pedagogues might sit or lean against monumental pedestals, surmounted by statues and sculptured with the armorial devices and unnoticed inscriptions of popes and cardinals, kings and princesses, whose costly sepulchres lay deep below. All this time an indistinct sound, like distant voices confusedly mingled together, had been heard, but hardly remarked, in the vaulted roof far above our heads; and it was only by accident that we discovered the place from which they proceeded. A service was performing in one of the chapels on that side, which was so small that we had passed the door without particularly noticing it, and yet large enough to contain several hundred persons, who appeared to have assembled principally for the sake of the music. A large choir of men were at the moment in the midst of an anthem, and certainly made the best vocal

music I had ever heard. It was the sound of their voices, in company with a fine organ, which we had heard so feebly echoed from the roof, and whose original fulness and power had become entirely exhausted by rising to that dizzy height.

The approach of evening warned us of home; but we lingered long about the door, before we could persuade ourselves to pass it for the last time. About seventy and an hundred feet from it, lines are drawn upon the pavement, to show the comparative length of the two next greatest churches in Europe: St. Paul's in London and St. Sophia's in Constantinople. After we had passed by these the eastern wall was still far beyond us, and the view to the opposite end of the church still uninterrupted. The setting sun was shining in at the great window, and after streaming through the dusty air, its light fell upon the pavement not far from the spot where we stood; and willing to preserve the memory of St. Peter's at a moment like this, we left the place just before it disappeared.

AT A POST-HOUSE ON THE CAMPAGNA, *February 26, at noon.*—This morning at six o'clock, the carriage in which we had taken seats came along, drawn by four mules, that walked quietly up street and stopped at our door; and when our baggage was stowed, we had taken leave of our hearty friends, and were seated with two young men from the Adriatic and an old Bolognese farmer; a spruce young Tuscan vetturino, Vincenzo by name, cracked his whip and we all set off for Florence. The morning was clear and pleasant, and did all that weather could do to counteract the melancholy thoughts so natural at passing the walls, and taking a final adieu of the immortal city.

From the Gate of the People we travelled some time along the ancient Via Flaminia, the stones of

which are built into the walls of vineyards on both sides : and among three or four large ancient tombs, we stopped a moment to examine that of Nero. It preserves its original square form, is still surmounted with an altar, and contains an inscription, which we were prevented from reading, by the unprovoked fierceness of several dogs guarding a herd of cattle in the surrounding field.

Three miles from the city we crossed Ponte Molle, the ancient Milvian Bridge, built in the year of Rome 645. At this place the Austrians were said to be encamped several days ago : but there were as yet no signs of them here, nor even from the long hills beyond, over which we travelled for some hours. Like other parts of the Campagna, this tract was almost entirely destitute of habitations and enclosures ; and for a long time before we reached this post-house, we did not pass a single dwelling. Here and there were the ruins of old square towers and battlemented walls, which served to remind us of the barbarism which had flowed into Italy with the Goths and Vandals, and to make us melancholy at the thoughts that we had left the ancient seat of the arts, and were bound to a country once so prolific in uncivilized nations.

At a little turn in the road, twenty well mounted dragoons suddenly appeared in sight, and came on in military order. They wore suits of grey, steel helmets, sabres and pistols, with carabines hung at their backs. Their horses were uncommonly fine : and not only their dress, but their weather-beaten faces, and the circumstance that many of them had light complexions and light hair, proved that they were not Roman soldiers. Our party seemed surprised at their appearance, and observed a strict silence as they approached. Vincenzo made all haste to get our lumbering

equipage out of the path ; and when they had trotted by, turned round in his saddle, shrugged his shoulders, and said in a timid voice, " Tudeschi !" [Austrians :] then, after watching them a moment, exclaimed with enthusiasm, " Ma che bei cavalli !" [But what beautiful horses.] There was something very impressive even in this small body of troops, when we considered them as the precursors of a powerful army, marching to subjugate a kingdom.

When we reached the post-house, we found the Austrians the subject of conversation. The inn-keeper seasons our cheer with an inn-keeper's reflections, the cook and kitchen-maids are panic-struck, and our companions have swallowed apprehension with their soup. From the spacious kitchen a door opens into the stable, which is occupied by horses and mules at their mangers, and by a poor woman, who sits by the fire-place in one corner, warming herself and hoping she shall reach home before the arrival of " the foreigners."

A post-chaise just now drove up on its way to Rome, and all stood ready for the news. The postillion took out the horses ; and while another pair was led out, he respectfully petitioned for the accustomed gratuity. The traveller was a stern looking man in a fur cap, and an old military coat of grey German cloth. He had spent his soldier-earnings in soldier-pleasures, and had little left to discharge his honest debts. " Indeed sir," cried the postillion astonished, " four baiocchi is very small wages for such a post driven at so unusual a rate." " You shall have no more," replied the Austrian, mangling the sweet language of the country with his cruel, Transalpine tongue : and off he set again, express for Rome. The postillion stood looking after him till he was out of hearing, as if in him he feared the whole army ; and then, dashing his

money to the ground, declared that, instead of four baiocchi, he would not conduct such a rascal again for four pauls. He next burst into a torrent of satire, so well suited to the company and the occasion, that the whole party were speedily in a roar of laughter, at the emperor and the army of Austria, their ridiculous enterprise and their certain defeat.

We have contracted with Vincenzo to take us to Florence by the way of Terni, that we might have an opportunity to see the famous cascade at that place, though the road through Sienna is shorter by twenty or thirty miles. It seems our companions are now disposed to change the route, as the postillion has brought news of towns and villages overrun with troops. The Sienna road, it is said, is quite unobstructed: but we have determined to persevere in our original plan, and instead of apprehending danger, or even giving our companions credit for the fears which they express, we anticipate much gratification from seeing the army on its march.

NEPI, 10 o'clock in the evening.—After leaving the post-house and riding two or three miles, we came to the spot where the road divides; and Vincenzo, halting his mules with their heads towards Sienna, inquired which way we would take. The handsome young advocate from the Adriatic, whose name is Alessandro, insisted with much warmth and eloquence on avoiding the soldiers, who, having the whole country as well as ourselves in their power, would doubtless impede and insult, and probably rob and murder us. "If you wish to see the marble-cascade of Terni, they have prints of it in Florence, which give a perfect idea of the place. It would be madness to run all the risques of that road for such an object." We persisted however in our resolution, little respecting the pretended fears of our companions, but attributing their

preference of the route through Sienna to its shortness ; and finally prevailed, only by declaring to Vincenzo, that unless he proceeded we would descend, return to Rome, and prosecute his master for his breach of contract.

As we approached the borders of the Campagna, the surface became more irregular, and swelled into hills of a considerable size, though only a few patches of cultivated ground and some scattering houses were to be seen. On the left we soon discovered the glistening of a musket-barrel and bayonet on the top of a long, bare hill, and found that spot occupied by the most advanced vidette of the Austrian army. The road turned round at the foot of the hill, and brought us near a cottage with an old stone staircase on the outside, and a small fountain in front. Under the shade of some bushes close at hand, sat the nine remaining soldiers of the picket-guard stationed there, some of them busy about their knapsacks, others watching a small pot that hung over a fire on cross sticks, after the fashion of the savages in Robinson Crusoe—their pacific employment strongly contrasted with the ferocious expression which their faces had received from the dress and habits of a soldier, their exposure to the weather, and above all, the long mustachios which extended to their cheeks. In a few minutes another party appeared, collected by the road-side ; and as we proceeded, we found them more and more numerous. Our companions groaned : but the soldiers only turned their eyes upon us, and let us pass unquestioned.

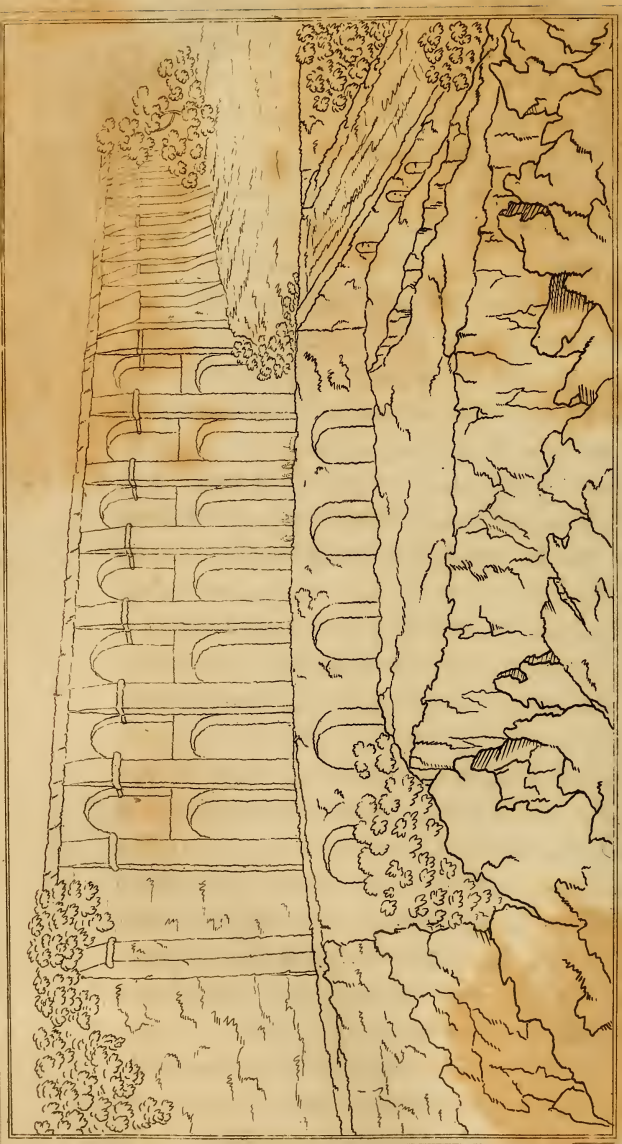
At length we came in sight of a small town, which we discovered was occupied by a considerable body of troops. On entering the streets, every door and window showed an Austrian, a musket, or a cap. Offi-

cers were quartered in the houses of the poor inhabitants, large empty buildings had been thrown open for barracks: and the horses were at pasture in adjacent fields of young wheat.

It was near sunset when we reached this place, which is an old town, on the top of a hill, surrounded by battlemented walls, and having, as usual, an appearance of great antiquity in its weather-beaten houses and dark stone towers. Parties of soldiers were collected without the walls, washing their clothes, polishing their arms, and smoking, quite at their ease; while large covered wagons, which contained ammunition and provisions, were guarded by sentinels; and horses were fastened by their halters to long ropes, stretched from tree to tree. When we had passed under a dark gate and entered the town, we found the streets so crowded with Austrians that we could hardly proceed. Vincenzo stopped once or twice, uncertain whether he could pass through: for we were yet to go three miles, to reach Civita Castellana, the place specified in his contract for our first night's lodging. Here a man came through the crowd, and taking hold of the bridle, told Vincenzo it would be impossible to find food for the mules, or room for the travellers at Civita Castellana, because there were three thousand cavalry in that town; and if he did not wish to stop all night in the streets, he had better turn the corner and drive to an inn which he described. Thither accordingly we went, and had scarcely entered the yard, which was half filled with soldiers, carriages, and horses, when our kind adviser made his appearance in the character of inn-keeper.

The country in the vicinity of this town is remarkably picturesque. Just under the windows of the inn, the road which leads out of town runs along the side





A BRIDGE & AQUEDUCT AT NEPI

of a hill, defended by a low wall from a high precipice on the right. Below is a dark narrow valley, full two hundred feet deep, scattered with large rocks, broken and worn into irregular shapes by a stream, which though very small at present, sometimes swells to a torrent. The road crosses the valley by a bridge of several arches, on which is placed for the night a small guard of soldiers; and behind it is a fine modern aqueduct, by which the town is supplied with water, showing its dark arches against the sky, and throwing long shadows over the green bank. The bridge and the deep dell were shaded from the sun, so that the fires kindled by the soldiers were beginning to shine, and added to the singularity of the scene. Struck with the spot we crossed the bridge; and walking down the opposite bank, found the valley still growing deeper and wilder. The little patches of soil supported on natural terraces, were partly occupied with vines: but below, the bottom of the valley was deeply shaded with large trees; and the smoke was seen rising from places apparently inaccessible, where small parties of Austrian soldiers had taken up their quarters for the night, on the sides of precipices, under the shelter of craggy rocks.

On returning to the inn, we found the large room occupied by a party of officers, who marched about dragging their sabres over the stone floor, and soon sat down to dinner, where they ate, drank, and talked German in excellent spirits, telling old stories, ridiculing and cursing the servants, thoughtless of their uncertain futurity, and, to our surprise, not speaking a single word of Naples or Neapolitans.

Our table was at length spread, and our fellow travellers so far forgot their ill humour, as to laugh good naturedly at the camp-dinner that was served up: for;

after much time, a kid had been found and butchered, and all the variety we had was produced by frying, roasting, and boiling, the kid and his brains. A young German traveller arrived in a post-chaise, who, as he spoke English, soon joined our party, and contributed largely to the enjoyment of the evening by a fire. He had travelled from Nice to Genoa with our countryman Mr. —; and the accidental mention of this circumstance revived a great many recollections of the bay of Naples, as well as of our friend, who was our companion there, and whose warm enthusiasm had thrown such additional interest over that delightful scenery.

OTRICOLI, *February 27, (at noon.)*—We have stopped as usual for two hours, to feed our mules; and as the inn is very uninviting, and the weather rainy, I find the most agreeable mode of occupying my time, since we have made a slight repast on such provisions as our larder affords, is to sit in the carriage and note down a short description of our morning's ride.

Before day-break we were summoned to begin our journey. The stables were full of horses and German soldiers, all asleep and some proclaiming audibly that nature was not yet satisfied with the usual equivalent for the fatigues of yesterday. As we crossed the bridge, the glowing coals of dying fires shone on the fierce faces and gleaming arms of those who were clustered about them, some asleep, some drowsily guarding the entrance of the town. One of them demanded our passport; and when he had read by the fire-light the name of an Austrian officer, whose signature Vincenzo had obtained last evening, he permitted us to proceed. We soon after entered upon an extensive plain scattered with shrub-oaks, and farther on, with large oak trees.

Civita Castellana, three miles from Nepi, is the town at which we were to have lodged last night. Just before we entered it the three thousand cavalry had marched out, by a different road, leaving the great square littered with straw, the shop-keepers counting their gains, and the inhabitants so nearly destitute of provisions, that we could obtain nothing but a little thick coffee, and some stale coarse bread. At this place a road branches off to the left, and we had the last opportunity to take the Sienna route. A friend whom our legal fellow passenger Alessandro accidentally met in the street, communicated the intelligence of the way to Florence being thronged with troops, and of a large body having encamped near Terni yesterday, directly over the cascade, within a short distance of the Neapolitan territory, and within half a mile of a Neapolitan army. A strong attempt was made to induce us to give up our intended course: but we again threatened Vincenzo into obedience, and the mules were turned towards Terni, though we were called madmen, for travelling within five miles of a spot which was probably to be a field of battle in a day or two. We placed little confidence however in the representations we had heard, and were not much pleased with the obtrusive opinions of several strangers, who saw fit, not only to advise, but almost to command us.

Close by the walls of the town we crossed a ravine two or three hundred feet deep, through which ran a brook, between broken, rocky banks, of a remarkably romantic appearance. The country continued perfectly level as before, and quite uninhabited. On the hills, at a great distance, were clusters of trees and apparently houses: but, for several miles around us, we could see nothing except uncultivated fields, and

flocks of crows and plover. At the end of the plain the road wound up a steep hill; and as we went down the other side, we overlooked a large valley, through which the Tiber flows with several bold turns, and saw Borghetto on a hill beyond, at the distance of nine miles. On the edge of the plain was a small hill, whose sides had been cut down to render more difficult of access an old castle which occupied its top, probably once a place of some importance, on account of its vicinity to the bridge over the river.

A range of hills beyond seemed composed of loose limestone pebbles, of different colours, in several places covered by a volcanic rock, above which, and near an old deserted castle, the ground sloped on all sides into a small circular valley, much resembling the crater of an extinguished volcano.

The hills have been gradually increasing in height, till they now deserve the name of mountains. The landscape is quite gloomy, presenting only the cheerless varieties of barren hills in a cloudy day, with no other signs of inhabitants than this wretched village, and another a mile off, which occupies the site of the ancient Otriculum.

TERNI, (*in the evening.*)—Soon after leaving Otricoli, we got involved among the mountains as a misty rain began, with only two or three small clusters of houses in sight, surrounded with vineyards: and these were at such a distance, and situated so high, that it would have required a laborious walk of two or three hours to reach them. Here we were met by a party of Austrian dragoons, wrapt in long cloaks of white flannel, to defend them from the rain, and moving on at a travelling gait.

The original rocks of compact limestone now began to appear: for the larger hills seem to have been

formed by the dilapidation of the Appennines, and the lesser ones of pebbles rolled by water.

Two or three long windings of the road at length brought into view a different scene: trees and bushes of various sorts shading the road, and spreading over the hill-sides, with the deep green of an American forest. In one place the road ran along the side of a mountain, and afforded us a fine view down an irregular valley, covered with trees, and watered by a swift stream, which ran below us at the distance of four or five hundred feet. Just at the spot where we reached the highest point of the road, is a small niche cut into the rock for a rough painting of the Holy Mother, with the following inscription:

"O passagier' chi passa per via,

"No scorda salutar Maria."

[O traveller! never forget to salute Mary as you pass.]

A little grotto beyond, offered a convenient shelter from a sudden shower of rain: for the carriage was slowly climbing the mountains a considerable distance behind. There was room enough in it for a hundred men, and the roof and walls were partly covered with stalactites, so that the excavation might have been formed for centuries. It is difficult to guess the object for which such grottos could have been made. They are however very common, and frequently furnish an agreeable foreground to a landscape. Had an artist been in that situation, he might have taken hints from the hues and shades in the rustic retreat, as well as from the view it commanded down the dark valley below, worthy of the notice and the recollection of a master.

In a very romantic situation is Narni, a considerable town, and the seat of a bishop. By an arched

bridge we crossed an irregular ravine ; and having passed through the town, descended upon a large extent of level ground, through which the Tiber makes a beautiful serpentine course. There is a muddy, greenish colour in its water here, as at Rome, quite different from that of our rivers. On the left, our wide prospect was bounded by a ridge of high land, at the distance of five or six miles, which presented a most agreeable sight. It was covered with a coat of green olive trees, and very thickly scattered with white buildings—sufficient proofs that we were approaching a country of healthful air, good soil, and industrious men ; and was well calculated to delight our eyes, after the dispiriting landscapes to which they had so long been accustomed.

We continued for a long time travelling over the plain, which was partly covered with green wheat, and partly with poplar and mulberry trees, planted in rows, and each supporting a vine. The mode in which these trees are shaped struck us as a great novelty. The trunk is cut off at a height of ten feet from the ground, and the branches, which spring out near the top, are fastened with hoops until they bend from all sides, with great regularity, and point upwards. The branches are cut off at an equal height, so that they bear a near resemblance to the ribs of a corn-basket. On each tree is a vine ; and as the vinedressers were at work, we had an opportunity of seeing how they prepare for the next season. The spurs which bore grapes last year are now cut away as useless ; and those which sprouted two years ago are trimmed, twisted together by couples, and tied with willow withes to the bare branches of the trees ; so that in summer each tree must be covered with the leaves of its vines, and become a beautiful cluster of verdure, in the shape of an umbrella.

A man was ploughing at a little distance, with an instrument of a singular, but I believe most antique form. It was made of a crooked stick, six feet long, one end fitted for a handle, and the other fastened with a small piece of wood nearly oval, which lay horizontally, and performed the part of a plough-share. This is the first instance I have seen in Italy, of the soil being broken by any thing except hoes and spades. A very striking change was manifested to-day in the breeds of domestic animals. The oxen, hogs and sheep were much smaller on this side the last ridge of mountains, and approached those of our own country in size and appearance.

Before us now began to appear a range of mountains, the highest parts of which were striped with snow. The hills at their feet were covered with dark olives, and just at the edge of the plain stands the town of Terni. The road at length wound among gardens, crossed a bridge, and brought us to the gate, where we had to show our passports to an officer, and then entered the town. It was in the dusk of the evening when we stopped at the gate of an inn, situated on a square and facing an old church. The inn-keeper refused to receive us, because he had a hundred officers to lodge; and we remained some time doubtful what to do. Fourteen thousand men marched out this morning to the cascade, where they are now encamped in full view of the Neapolitans, who are also in considerable force. Twelve thousand men have come into Terni in the course of the day, and the town is so full that it will be in vain to seek a lodging elsewhere. We proposed sleeping in the carriage; but were at length permitted to go in, with the promise of the best accommodations circumstances would allow. The dining-room contained a large

and somewhat noisy party of officers at table, and we soon forced the coachman to have a fire made, of a size that would have honoured the kitchen of a New-England farm-house. Our dinner was probably less inviting than we might have expected on the Sienna road, but we had now an opportunity to see what was of more value: the behaviour of a large party of soldiers on the eve of a battle. They either did not expect to fight, or they were very indifferent on the subject; for as soon as the sour wine they were drinking had begun to make itself felt, they laughed as if they bore ill-will to nobody on earth.

We had almost given up our excursion to the cascade, when an old man offered his services as guide, and produced a pocket full of certificates from various travellers, written in Italian, English, French, German, Dutch, and Danish; and we have finally determined to set out very early in the morning.

March 1st, morning.—Last evening the old man we had engaged as a guide, undertook to conduct me to the opera; for I had seen “Cinderilla” advertised—“Music by the great master Rossini.” It rained, and was extremely dark. I followed through several narrow lanes, which the old man had chosen, to avoid, as he said, “the sentinels of these cursed Austrians.” In a square, where a single light dazzled our eyes, we suddenly heard a shout in German, close behind us, and in an instant a musket-barrel, with a long bright bayonet, glistened almost in our faces. “O santissima!” screamed the old man, in extreme alarm—“What is the matter?” but the soldier only cursed him by his gods, and beat him with his gun, till he ran roaring down the street. He was forced therefore to take another route, through narrow allies full of stumbling holes, and so dark that I knew where he went

chiefly by the continual volleys of sweet Italian oaths, he kept pouring out upon all Austrians without distinction of age or sex. The house was mean and crowded principally with officers : the orchestra was wretched in the extreme. Cinderilla was an old woman of fifty, with a set of sharp features not much improved by the loss of her teeth, her father was not more than twenty-five, and her sisters were awkward, foolish and affected girls, with sprawling red hands. On my return I missed the way, and was soon hailed by a sentinel at one of the city gates. He was a short, stupid fellow, muffled in a grey great-coat, and could not speak a word of French or Italian, so that I was obliged to wander about the streets near half an hour, when I was again ordered to stand, and might not have found my way till now, had I not met with a priest who kindly directed me home. The house was full indeed, for I had to pass through a chamber occupied by four sleeping Frenchmen, who started up, thinking I had come to butcher them ; and when I reached my bed, which was probably the only empty one in town, and so lofty, that it needed a horse-block and stirrup to mount it.

At five this morning we set out for the Cascade. On inquiring of our guide whether he was furnished with a passport, which we had been told was indispensable, he replied by placing his finger significantly on his nose ; and when we were accosted at the city gate with " Who's there ? " he only said " Buon giorno ! amici ! " [Good morning ! we are friends,] and we proceeded without further challenge. We demanded of the old man by what means his words had become possessed of so much efficacy, for we had been assured it would be impossible to pass the walls without a written permission from the commanding officer,

and the mere sound of his voice, in a dark night, had opened the passage like the *sessame* of the Forty Thieves. To this he answered, in a mysterious whisper, that the sentinel was quartered in the stables of our inn, where he had become acquainted with him, and made all necessary arrangements the evening before.

After we had walked on some time among gardens and vineyards, day broke, and we found ourselves already shut in by high hills, and following a winding path in the valley. The ground beyond was occupied with olive-trees, many of which were extremely old, having lost nearly all but their bark by gradual decay. The old man assured us that some of them had been planted *a thousand years* ! and that it would be a delightful thing if men were as long lived :—on second thoughts however he did not think there would be room enough for them all. (The man had never been in America.) He desired us to keep our eyes about us, for fear of being interrupted ; and if we saw any soldiers, to leave the road and walk silently among the olive-trees, to escape observation. The path at length became very narrow, and descended into a darker valley surrounded by mountains, which were shaded with green olive-trees half way up their sides ; and a conical hill rose opposite us, with an old town and castle on its top, while at the base a brook, the Naro, came running gaily towards us, and hurrying boisterously over a rocky channel. When we reached the opposite side, we proceeded warily for some time through the olive-grounds, when suddenly we discovered a picket-guard of ten Austrian soldiers, stationed where they might look down the valley. It was still so dark however, on account of the high mountains by which we were quite surrounded, that they had not

observed our approach, and were now sitting round a small fire in grim society. The old man put his finger on his lips, as a sign to us to be still; and turning to the left, led us across the valley, passing the brook on a narrow bridge. Then, after traversing several private gardens, with familiar salutations to such as we met, he brought us to the foot of the opposite mountain. Here was a fine path, leading near the bank of the brook, which has worn a deep channel into a bed of white limestone, singularly concreted in large masses, sometimes through beautiful orange-groves, and now and then before a house, half built, half excavated from the rock. About a mile farther up, where the valley had become very narrow, dark and wild, we saw the cascade springing from the mountain, and falling in a narrow sheet of white foam, three hundred and seventy feet. The beauty is much increased by the rocks near the bottom, on which the water breaks, and runs down in a thousand little streams. We had to climb a rocky hill just opposite, which is the best point of view; and there we found a rustic arbour, and a cushion of dry leaves, from which we enjoyed at our leisure the delightful scene below. The Austrians were encamped just beyond the brow of the precipice, so that they were invisible to us; and the noise of the army was drowned by the dash of the water-fall. The Velino, as the brook is called before it reaches this place, rises in the Neapolitan dominions, which are so near that our guide, who much vaunted his knowledge of the country, declared that he could lead us safely to the frontier in two hours, by blind paths through the woods, unknown and unoccupied by the Austrians. He then looked up doubtfully into our eyes, as if he suspected from our inquiring the distance that we were disposed to join the revolu-

tionists, and had some more important object in view than the cascade. But he soon discovered his mistake, and led us back down the valley. As a large body of troops were to march out early to the camp, he avoided the road, and conducted us by foot-paths through cultivated fields, which were irrigated by ditches communicating with the Naro. Here were vines trained on sticks, wheat, and gardens of vegetables; and the peasants we met all recognised our guide. He called them by their Christian names, and with rustic politeness bade "good morning," with his hat in his hand, to several old women we met, with long waists, old-fashioned ear-rings, and crucifixes on their necks. We passed several mills and manufactories, which are carried by the water of the brook. The path led through the ruins of a monastery, which with a nunnery situated on the other side of the Naro, was burnt two centuries ago by one of the popes, on account of the ill-conduct of the recluses.

SAN GIACOMO, *March 1.*—To pass the ridge of mountains, the ascent of which we began soon after leaving Terni, took nearly the whole day. The scenery was of a magnificent but desolate character: for though near their bases the mountains were partly covered with bushes and trees, the sides and summits presented a surface of loose grey rocks, which sometimes lay together like the ruins of some ancient fortress, while their immense height, and the extensive wastes between, convinced us that no human being had ever accomplished the ascent. Many of these summits could never have been attained in less time than three or four days; and a man must inevitably starve on such a desert. No dwellings were to be seen, no cultivated ground, and no other intimation of

the existence of men, but the road, which is broad and fine, following the dry bed of a torrent, sufficiently elevated above the channel to secure it from danger in the rainy seasons. From the very edge of the path, enormous rocks of limestone often rose high into the air, and others jutted out from among the trees and hung almost over our heads ; while far above, the immense mountains seemed to look down in scorn on the feeble attempts of men, who, after so many centuries, have been barely able to effect a passage through them.

Here we met several parties of soldiers, some on foot, some on horse-back, wrapped in cloaks and great-coats, to defend them from a misty rain, and trudging silently on as if wearied by a laborious march. It was impossible to avoid remarking their good order, and peaceable and obliging deportment : for whether we met them in companies, or singly, they always gave us a share of the road, and frequently saluted us in French with " Bon jour !" or in German or Italian—" Guten dag meinheer !" " Buon giorno signore !" Some of the soldiers were accompanied by their wives and children, who were usually on horseback, the women though clad in their husbands' uniform coats and carrying canteens slung over their shoulders, showed, by their woe-begone countenances, that they were comparing these desolate mountains with some comfortable German landscape, and the plenty and quiet of a distant country with the privations, labour and sufferings of an army on the march.

Thus we travelled, and among such scenes, till near the close of the day, when we found ourselves free of the mountains, and approaching an extensive tract of level country, across which the road ran in a straight line for several miles. The town of Spoleto, which occupied the top and sides of a hill in front, is sur-

rounded by walls, and contains a castle built by Theodoric. Two hundred Austrians were filing out, who so filled up the road, that an officer ordered us to drive round under the walls, without attempting to enter the city. At that place we had designed to spend the night, and were thus forced to lengthen our ride three miles to reach this inn. Spoleto was so completely overrun with troops, that a large body had halted without the walls; where the fields, planted with trees and vines, and covered with a crop of young wheat, were allotted to their encampment. On both sides of us were hundreds of horses fastened to long ropes, tents pitched, artillery and ammunition-wagons collected and guarded by sentinels. Soldiers were seated in clusters, eating, smoking and scouring their arms. Others were leaning against gun-carriages and telling tales, probably of former campaigns. The "Feld schmidt," [camp smith,] had opened his moveable furnace, and was shoeing horses; children were asleep with their heads laid on their fathers' knapsacks; and mothers seemed happy with the hope of a night's repose, but frequently looked with dread at their disheartening prospects—the mountains just before them, the fatigues and troubles of which were in reserve for to-morrow.

San Giacomo, the village where we have stopped, is a solitary cluster of houses, from which the view reaches on every side over some part of the plain, varied only by vineyards, wheat-fields, and a few rows of trees. Before sunset however, the slanting light threw an air of gaiety over the green level ground, contrasting it beautifully with the tall ridges of mountains, which lay in a deep shade.

After a short stroll, which allowed Vincenzo time to fodder his mules, we returned to the inn at the time when the children were leaving the street, and the

candles were beginning to shine on the faces of quiet families seated around their tables. By a wooden gate we entered the yard, and stepping up an outside stone staircase, reached the kitchen of the smallest inn it has been our fortune to see in Italy. It is indeed of so unpretending a description that no traveller would ever think of entering it, unless, as in our case, hard driven by necessity. The kitchen has a rough stone floor and two windows without glass, capable of being closed only by wooden shutters, yet it is the only parlour and dining-room. A large permanent table occupies the centre; and with chairs and benches we soon drew a circle round the fire-place, which was formed after a reduced model of those in our farm-houses, and supplied with several logs of a generous size, placed on andirons, and illuminating many happy faces with a brilliant blaze.

The inmates had been already apprised of the length of time since we had tasted food, and seemed well acquainted with the fact that the passage of the mountains is an excellent sharpener of the appetite. They therefore set themselves without delay to prepare us a supper. This caused no little calculation, whispering, and argument among three sprightly young women, who seemed of various opinions concerning our fare: but as the ultimate appeal lay in all cases with their mother—a poor woman with an intelligent face—the questions were soon decided: a pot was hung over the fire for soup, two fowls were put upon a spit, and basted with butter melting from a roll of paper, and two more were properly flattened out and laid in the frying-pan. The cheerfulness of this plain family, their unaffected good-will, together with the appearance which every thing bore of honest poverty aiming at comfort unadorned, presented a whole

which I never before imagined an Italian scene could furnish.

"I am glad the foreigners are all gone by at last," said the good woman, "the house has been overrun with them for several days. Sometimes indeed there were so many, that a hundred have been forced to sleep together in' our yard. Not that they are bad customers, for they pay well for every thing they have; but that you may be sure of room enough, and a whole bed apiece, though, as you see, our stock of provisions is well-nigh exhausted." "Excuse me, gentlemen," she added, "for stepping between you and the fire—I was afraid your soup would be spoiled." Ere this, a good old widowed aunt had caught three pretty little children, who had been exercising too much locomotion, and having consigned them over to the care of Morpheus, by the simple spells of trotting and humming, soon put them out of sight and out of mind.

When the soup was at length done, and the macaroni had been put in long enough to make the soup deserve the name of "una pasta," [a paste,] we sat down at table, as happy as travellers have a right to be in such circumstances, and quite forgetful of the Sienna road. Just then there was a trampling in the yard; and one of the girls running to the door, returned with a fallen countenance, to report that a body of troops had arrived. At the same instant heavy boots and rattling sabres were heard on the steps, and a young officer and two soldiers entered, with such overhanging whiskers and lowering aspects, that we dreamed only of a battle for our supper. They bowed respectfully, however, and sat down in silence. One of the soldiers spoke of supper—"Gentlemen," said our hostess, "we can prepare you a meal

of such as we have, in half an hour." The soldier translated this to the officer in German, and then returned the following reply: "Signora, the master says it is very well; he is hungry, but not impatient:" and then dropping his head on one shoulder, he instantly fell asleep. "The master," however, had apparently, something of greater interest upon his heart: for though he had been all day on the march, he sat looking steadfastly into the fire, with his bold features drawn into an expression of the deepest abstraction; while the martial air of a young soldier began to give place to the attitude of an absent lover. Were Don Quixote here, thought I, that warm friend of lovers, we should be certain of hearing one of those interesting tales in which he took so much delight. But this innamorato, (for such he surely must be,) was allowed to follow undisturbed the current of his thoughts till supper was announced. "Johann!" cried he. The sleeping soldier sprang up, with a loud ejaculation which intimated that he was dreaming of some desperate struggle, probably with the Neapolitans: but when "the master" had roused him with a shake, he looked bewildered, and then mortified and grieved, and prepared to take a stand, like corporal Trim, behind his chair. This the young officer would not allow, but made him sit at table opposite himself, and half forgot the distinctions of rank in thoughts of home in a foreign land. The other, who performed the office of waiter, had a long grey surtout buttoned up to his chin, a limp in his gait, and his head correspondently thrust forward; but his plain honest features, and ready obedient manners, were those of an attached and grateful serving-man. The countenance of the officer sufficiently indicated a warm heart and an open one: but the carriage of his attendants proved

that he bore both their respect and their love, so that we thought we risked little in liking him on trust.

Vicenzo, who possesses all those agreeable colloquial qualities which often spread a surprising degree of urbanity over the manners of the lower classes in this country, had now dressed his face in smiles, and put in requisition every graceful gesture; for he has more than one friend under this humble roof. The girls, if they spoke English, would certainly call him "very agreeable;" and the harmless policy of the mother, I think, increased a little the breadth of her smiles, at every sally of his wit. Seating himself beside one of the daughters, he melted his rough Tuscan dialect into as much softness as possible, and occasionally touched his heart with a graceful wave of the hand, while she sighed and looked into the fire. "Is not this place called San Giacomo?" inquired one of the soldiers, at the instigation of his master: "Yes," replied Vicenzo, with a quick turn in his eyes, and adding a singular burlesque imitation of those appendages often fixed to the names of saints—"San Giacomo delle belle donne," [St. James of the pretty girls.]

PERUGIA, *March 2.*—At nine our lumbering vehicle, drawn by its four perverse mules, entered Foligno, a considerable town, of which however our road-book has recorded only these few particulars:—"It contains several churches and palaces with a few pictures, and a convent where may be seen a Raphael." But we passed directly on, for the town was filled with sixteen thousand Austrians, and were not allowed to stop one moment. The adjacent fields were trodden down by horses, and deeply ploughed by the wheels of gun-carriages, and those enormous canvass-covered wagons which contain the provisions, baggage and ammunition of the soldiers. These machines, with their

size and number, left us astonished at the weighty bulk of the bare necessities of an army; and accounted in a good degree for the enormous expense at which wars are carried on, even at this advanced period of the world. They showed too in a most striking light the political importance of roads, and how rivers, morasses and mountains might be useful to an invaded country.

We had been travelling ever since yesterday afternoon on the immense valley of Umbria, which extends, without the interruption of a single hillock, about twenty or twenty-five miles, from one ridge of mountains to another. Spello, on the site of the ancient Hispellum, occupies a high hill just at the edge of the valley, and there we stopped a full hour. A tiresome walk up several streets brought us to a coffee-house, a public square and two churches, containing two or three specimens of Roman sculpture of no particular interest; and with one of my countrymen I climbed to the summit of the hill, by a street of unusual steepness. Here, under an old square tower of the castle, and in front of a convent of Capuchins, is a little promenade called "Piazza bel veduta," from which the view is very extensive and delightful. The eye ranges without interruption over the Valley of Umbria, whose surface seemed one immense vineyard, except where it shows an occasional cottage and the shining surfaces of a few little ponds at the distance of many miles. Just below us on the right hand, lay a range of hills on the margin of the plain, whose irregular sides, wherever they were capable of cultivation, were terraced and occupied as gardens, or planted with vines and orange trees. Several lonely and ruinous towers stood on their summits; and immediately behind rose the dark and inaccessible moun-

tains, the tallest of which were perfectly white with snow.

While we were admiring so fine a scene, an old monk came out of the convent, and passed near us several times, with such looks as are natural to a modest man while meditating a suitable address for a stranger. We saved his invention any further trial by speaking first, when he most gladly approached, in his suit of black, with a silver-headed cane, and entered into conversation with a willing mind and a low, quick voice. The convent, he said, was formerly filled with "religious:" but now, since the times of the French, contained only seven or eight, yet it was not quite stripped of its riches, for he would promise us much gratification if we would consent to walk in and look at the pictures in the chapel. The scene under our eyes however was too attractive to permit it, particularly as we had discovered just below us, at the base of the hills, the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre. Unfortunately the old man had not devoted his leisure and retirement to books, but seemed to have satisfied himself with forming conjectures about the world, of which he can scarcely consider himself a member. He had therefore little to say of the amphitheatre, and still less of the Gothic towers on the hills: but he pointed out the road we had yet to travel, which stretched away before us far across the plain, passing a magnificent church, and leading on towards Perugia, which was seen among the green hills fifteen miles off. The church, he said, was that of our Lady of the Angels: and a town a little to the right of it was Assisi, in which he showed us a convent founded by St. Francis—indeed the place where the order of Franciscans was originally established. There he assured us had been discovered, within a few months, the

remains of that Saint, buried in an iron chest, in a spot long unsuspected, and revealed in a dream to a monk of the convent.

The old man expatiated on the beauty and fertility of the Valley of Umbria, and lamented the degeneracy of man—the only cause, in his opinion, why the country around us was not as populous and as productive as any spot on the face of the earth. “This valley,” he said, “was formerly covered with an industrious and happy people. It possesses a most luxuriant soil, and is free from those pestilential vapours which are said to abound in the regions far off towards the south. But a long succession of wars have almost drained it of inhabitants, and corrupted the morals and the habits of those who remain.” We now remarked that large tracts of land, which had been obscured by the distance, were entirely uncultivated; and that the number of white cottages was very small, though sufficient to give an enlivening air to the scene. “What a pity,” he continued, “that such a country should be almost laid waste by the foolish disputes of kings! You have seen the Austrian army passing through it to punish the rebellious Neapolitans! What mighty numbers they bring with them—they cannot withstand such a force. Ah, unfortunate Christians! so ignorant of their own good, and that of their fellow men, as not to rest content with the blessings God has given them!” These were the reflections of a man cut off from the society of his race, with such a taste for peaceful pleasures as he had acquired from the beautiful scene of rural quiet below, with such elevated ideas as the sublimity of the mountains would naturally inspire, and with such distorted conceptions of the world as if he had looked down upon it from a cloud,

With that curiosity which is always felt and usually betrayed by a person of secluded habits concerning the stranger who visits his retreat, he brought about, by some simple stratagem, an inquiry of whence we had come and whither we were going. Of America he knew little except that it had been discovered by Columbus : and though he thought it was a great way off—a very great way—he rolled his eyes in utter amazement, when he heard we had had to travel more than four thousand miles to reach Spello. When we at length bade adieu to his goodness and simplicity, he made a respectful reverence, as the inhabitants of a far and unknown world : and we began to descend the hill, leaving him to reflect that however extensive the Valley of Umbria, it occupied a less important space on the earth than he had imagined, and that probably some of his notions of mankind might prove erroneous when measured by his extended scale.

As we passed down the steep and difficult streets, the inhabitants viewed us with distant dread and an eye on their little children, evidently taking us for strolling Austrians, concerning whom they seemed to entertain many ill-defined fears. At the foot of the hill, on the top of a tower sixty feet high, is an olive tree of considerable size, which it is said has been growing in that singular situation for two hundred years. Near at hand is an ancient Roman gate.

At the inn we obtained a flattering specimen of the productions of the neighbouring valley, in some sweet white wine, at eight baiocchi [cents] a bottle, and then walked on a mile to the amphitheatre. It was of considerable size and built in the usual manner, but quite neglected and in a ruinous state. From this spot the hill was viewed in its turn, crowned with the tower and convent.

Resuming our seats in the carriage we rode on three miles to the church of St. Mary of the Angels, and were much surprised at the loneliness of its situation as well as at its size and magnificence. If I might trust my eyes, there are not more than three or four larger churches in Rome ; and there was a large amount of wealth in pictures and statues. A chapel dedicated to St. Francis is quite covered with some thousands of trifles and trinkets, deposited there by such as imagined themselves benefitted by means of his interposition. Yet, as if to caricature a leading trait in the moral physiognomy of the country, all this noble architecture and costly decoration are isolated, in a wide extent of country almost depopulated, and where the few inhabitants one meets with are reduced to the lowest grade of poverty, and ground and stamped in the dust. Clustering about the church were half a dozen wretched hovels, whence issued twenty or thirty miserable women and children, coming about us with pitiable cries, and supplying each individual of our party with two or three most incessant and persevering beggars as long as we remained. Many pilgrims resort to this place every year : but if we should ever meditate an undertaking of this sort, I am certain this herd of wretched beings would not be forgotten, and an exposure to their begging mania would be entered among the trials of a pilgrimage.

It was late in the afternoon ere we reached the other side of the plain, and crossed the Tiber by a stone bridge built in the reign of Augustus. Two dams are built here near each other, over which the water, much raised by the rains, was pouring with great violence. The land now rose into hills of such steepness that Vincenzo was fain to accept of the proposal made by a boy, namely that he should fasten

a pair of large grey oxen before the mules, to assist them in drawing us up. The smooth road and the flat and boundless vineyards of the valley, were thus suddenly exchanged for a toilsome ascent and the shade of hills enclosed with evergreen olives. When we had reached a sufficient height, numerous hill-sides and summits appeared in view, some of them strongly illuminated by the sun, which was hidden from our sight and near the horizon; while far below us was a circular valley, like an immense goblet, lying in the shade of the surrounding mountains and containing in its bosom the vineyards and gardens of Perugia, divided into a thousand little patches of different colours and scattered over the irregular ground.

The city itself occupies a high and broken hill a mile or two beyond, and seems ready at any time to resist a considerable force, as the road is led along a steep cliff, through several gates and at the foot of a very high wall, from which stones might be dropped with the most fatal effect. A large square to which this conducted us commanded an extensive view towards the west, over ranges of hills and mountains, clad in a coat of deep green and shining beautifully under the setting sun. From this place branched off several broad streets, well built, and of a most inviting appearance, paved with good stones and supplied with side-walks, the first we have seen in Italy, excepting only those at Pompeii. There are many marble basins in different parts of the town, curiously carved with griffins and other monsters: but the source of water by which they were supplied has entirely failed, having been cut off about twenty years since during a siege the city sustained from a band of robbers.

After the necessary attention to our passports, we put ourselves under the guidance of a little boy who offered to conduct us to the principal objects of curiosity, and set off at a great pace lest we should be overtaken by the darkness. There are the remains of a Roman temple, and an arch quite entire which bears this inscription on one side : "Augusta Perusa," and is said to have been raised by Caius Cestius. The cathedral, here called the "Duomo," is a large church, and has some of its windows ornamented with barbarous stained glass; while the Public Palace is furnished with many small and crowded arcades which break the wall. I am aware of the veneration with which such specimens of building are regarded in many of the northern countries of Europe: yet the Gothic style, that unworthy successor—nay, that base supplanter—of the pure taste of Greece, must always be viewed with unmingled disgust, in such situations as are calculated to remind one of its intrusion. Wherever the Romans extended the conquests of their arms they carried the models of Rome—composed of the simple elements of beauty and magnificence: but the northern hordes swept away all traces of them, to prepare for the whimsical combinations—the phantastic jumble—of clustered columns, pointed arches and coloured glass, which they called architecture. The feelings therefore of a traveller on meeting the current of barbarism, are similar to what he may have felt at stepping on the edge of an old course of lava, which has swept across the luxuriant fields at the base of Vesuvius. To confess the truth, such a dreary waste now seems to us to lie spread out to the north, and I fear it will demand no little labour to persuade our minds to forget the objects with which antiquity has delighted us, and condescend to the enjoyment of modern im-

provements of greater value, affecting more immediately the interests of man.

The Arco del Conca is a wooden bridge, which reaches across a valley to afford a more direct communication between the two hills. It is thrown at a great height over a street, and passes I believe in Perugia for one of the wonders of the world. We found a very convenient walk along the city walls, which is partly furnished with shops on one side, covered by buildings over head, and quite shut up from the external air, except where embrasures and loop-holes furnish it at once with light and a view of the surrounding picturesque country. In rainy weather this is a fashionable promenade for the citizens.

The Austrians have so nearly stripped the inn that we got no wine but some that was very thin and sour, the poorest production of a neighbourhood by no means celebrated in this particular at any time. Our Bolognese companion spoke of the pleasure he anticipated in showing us the beautiful fields and the superior state of society in Tuscany: "Ah!" cried Vincenzo, who according to the custom prevalent in Italy, sat at table with his passengers, "Ah! you may well begin to talk of that—it is high time to mention Tuscany: for to-morrow night we shall be in our own country—the land of good wine, (casting a glance at the miserable beverage before us,) red, sweet wine; and the country of ladies, (looking at us, and pronouncing with all the roughness of his Tuscan tongue,) ladies as fair as those of Americha."

CASTIGLIONE, *March* 3.—At half past five we left Perugia, and were a full hour in descending the hills by a winding road, which, as the daylight increased, presented many beautiful scenes—their sides covered with olives, and sloping at various angles to a

few spots of ploughed land and the smooth declining road. The morning was clear and serene, and every thing around us wore that aspect of calmness and beauty which often spreads so much solemnity over a landscape, and fixes the recollection of it with such distinctness on the mind. Here we met small parties of peasants going to the town with bundles of brush-wood, quantities of vegetables, and little lambs and kids peeping out of baskets and bags.

The winding road at length opened upon a plain ten or fifteen miles in extent, reduced to a most beautiful system of cultivation. The ground was divided with perfect regularity by innumerable canals and ditches, for supplying every part of the soil with the moisture it requires in the dry season. Large sluices traverse the plain in parallel lines, and at the elevation of several feet above the surface. They are guarded by strong dykes of earth, and the road crosses them on handsome bridges, built with uniformity and placed at equal distances. Ditches branch off from each of these canals, and these again communicate with others of diminished size and increased depth, till the water is spread over the surface by ten thousand ramifications, and distributed in equal proportions to every field and every bed. Every spot of ground was devoted either to grain or to vines; and the improved mode of training the trees corresponded with the system of ingenious and persevering agriculture, so strikingly seen in every thing else. The number of branches was greater than in those mentioned before, usually from twelve to fifteen, and they were shaped with more care and into a hemisphere of double the size. Besides, a single bough is allowed to grow to its full length, and led round the outside of the rest, to keep them in their places, and not unfrequently

bound to them till an union is formed by growing, and withes are no more necessary. By this process a convenient support is presented the branches of the vine; and to the eye, a specimen of living basket-work of a most ingenious construction. It is difficult to describe the pleasure we felt at this sight, succeeding, at so short a distance of time, the Roman Campagna and the Pomptine Marshes, and holding up so fair a promise of a superior state of society.

At the end of the plain the road ascended a steep hill by a zigzag course, and as we were walking up, we met a long line of wagons loaded with provisions for the Austrian army. Our carriage came up very slowly, though the mules were assisted by two oxen, so that we had time to get a little coffee at a village, and to examine a ruinous square tower on the summit, which commands a fine view of the plain we had passed, and of two or three vallies on the other side. The tops of the hills were covered with olives, while their sides were terraced for the cultivation of vines, here trained on sticks, so that the sun gave a very agreeable variety to the view, by shining bright on some, and throwing others into the shade. The weather was clear and warm, and the air possessed that exhilarating freshness peculiar in our own climate to the first pleasant days of spring.

From this elevation the road wound down among the dark hills, and in a quarter of an hour brought us to the shore of Lake Thrasymenus, now called the Lake of Perugia. It is a beautiful sheet of water four or five miles broad, twelve or fifteen long, and surrounded with high, irregular hills. There are several little capes running out on both sides, some of which terminate with a white village or an old tower, and others are covered with natural forest trees, without

any signs of cultivation or inhabitants. The road ran along the very margin of the water, and near three or four houses which we passed, where some women were washing, was a rude boat, with a bow running up high and carved; and I observed several *eel-pots* of wicker-work, made on the same plan with those they use in the rivers and brooks of New England.

As we rode along we became quite delighted with the changing scene under our eyes. The three islands of the lake, Maggiore, Minore, and Pulves, gradually opened more distinctly to view, though their extremities as well as the other distant points seemed to stand out of the lake, which lay still and smooth under a serene sky and a bright sun. A beautiful little valley on the right which wound among the hills, was irrigated and covered with a grove of vineyards; and soon after passing it we reached Passignano del Lago, a wretched stone village, which at a distance had so deceived our eyes. A line of baggage wagons had just reached the other end of the narrow street, for there was but one, and we were ordered to stop till they should all pass. An old officer, however, was so good as to order a halt, and let us go by first. The retrospect of this town is picturesque.

Two or three miles beyond, we stopped at the Pope's Custom House, where is also a post-house. The inhabitants looked remarkably pale, for the whole neighbourhood of the lake is infected with an unhealthy atmosphere from the water; and to the malaria is to be attributed the depopulation of these delightful shores. The windows of the Custom House command an uninterrupted view of the lake. One of the islands is in the foreground; beyond, the water winds around several green points, then rise ridges of hills and mountains, covered with wood and growing of a paler and paler blue as they retire.

When Hannibal, after the battle of Cannæ, was marching towards Rome, the Consul Flaminius was hastily dispatched to oppose him, and the two armies met at Lake Thrasymenus. A terrible battle was fought at a defile through which the Carthaginians were obliged to pass, and both parties are said to have engaged with so much ardour, that not a soldier in either army was sensible of a violent earthquake which happened during the time. The Romans however were finally defeated with great slaughter, and left the whole country open to Hannibal. We were told here that the battle ground was at a place called Sanguinetta, about two miles distant; and as the mules had not yet eaten their allowance I set off to find it with one of my friends.

We walked a mile along the road and then turned off to cross a narrow plain towards the hills. The ground is much channelled by torrents whose beds were now dry, and we passed by turns through vineyards, wheat-fields, pasture-grounds, and neglected fields overgrown with shrubs and trees. We inquired of a vinedresser and afterwards of two boys, and then of a shepherdess and her son. They knew nothing of "the old field of battle," but directed us to "Sanguinetta," a spot on the ascent of the hilly ridge before us, where we saw two or three houses. On a piece of waste ground we saw an old woman driving an ass, and hastened to overtake her, but she happened to look back and seeing two men in foreign dresses following her, (Austrians of course,) though a quarter of a mile off, she took to her wooden shoes and ran away with all her might. We overtook her however in spite of her exertions and our own disposition to laugh, and showed our intentions were pacific by asking where was Sanguinetta. She was going there—it was just beyond—there had been a great battle

there at some period long past, but so long ago, that she could not remember any thing about it though she was seventy years old!

We inquired of a man at one of the houses if that were the field of battle: "Yes," he said, "and the place where you stand was the great grave where the dead were interred." Much to our surprise we now observed bits of bones mixed with the soil; and on scraping a little with a stick, we dug up pieces of human skulls and a jaw with a row of fine teeth. The poor man and his whole family seemed much interested in our researches, and declared that though the earth had been removed from that place to the depth of three feet, the quantity of bones was still very great. "There has been a great butchery here," remarked the man, "though nobody can tell how long ago—here was some battle ground, for these are all the bones of *Christians*." He declared that a few things of some value had been found, and that he had dug up a glass flask among the bones several months before, but he chose to reply in general terms to our questions on this subject.

It is impossible to find any thing like the pass through the mountains which the consul is said to have seized. Sanguinetta is on the side of a mountainous ridge which borders the lake for many miles, and presents no other irregularity than a few gentle undulations. It is possible, indeed it is very probable, that the road might formerly have crossed the hills just behind this place, where is one of those slight undulations above-mentioned, and which, though it is not worthy even of the name of a notch, might have been described by an historian as a deep ravine: for historians have not always been careful enough even on more important subjects. The present road keeps

nearer the lake, and crosses the high ground not more than a mile distant from Sanguinetta ; yet, such is the nature of the country, that route is little better on any account than what we marked out for the ancient one. In one particular it certainly could not be superior : the view of the water, the islands and the surrounding hills, was here much more beautiful than we could have expected to find it, from any point whatever. The islands in front, and behind them the hills with retiring ridges, were thrown together as an artist would have wished them, to show the utmost variety of which their varied lines were capable. The profiles of two neighbouring hills never disgusted the eye with meagre parallels : but if one sloped smoothly to the water, the other presented a graceful undulation, which at length perhaps subsided almost to a plain, and then, disappearing behind a hill of a new form, wound away among unknown vallies. Broad sheets of water and the sweeping turns of little inlets—nay, the trees, the shrubs, with the old cottage or tower which they sometimes nearly concealed—all were arranged in such a manner as to increase the beauty of the scene, which lay spread out in the light of a clear and serene sky. It may easily be imagined that the story we had heard from the old man and his family was calculated to excite in our minds a peculiar interest for the spot. There was no objection to our considering this the ancient battle ground. If it be impossible that a limestone soil should preserve human bones for such a length of time, (for it is no less than two thousand and thirty-eight years since the battle of Lake Thrasymenus,) possibly these bones may have been left on the same spot in some more modern war. Tradition tells us that here the Romans suffered that defeat which spread such a panic through the city—that here, in this silent

and secluded spot, and in sight of this charming landscape, the wonderful Carthaginian performed one of those great deeds which spread the terror of him through all Italy, and made him in the words of Horace,

“ Parentibus abominatus Annibal.”

Sanguinetta is very rarely visited by travellers, if we may believe the man, when he declared there had been no strangers there for a long time, except a lady and her son, who he believed were Austrians. But an indubitable proof that his assertion was true, is that they were all confounded and inquired what we meant when we put some money into the hand of the boy, and were quite surprised that we should think of giving him any thing for digging up the ground.

We found our way back to the “master-road,” as they called the highway in contradistinction to the mule-tracks and footpaths with which the fields were traversed in every direction; and from the hill took leave of Lake Thrasymentus and began to descend upon a valley covered with vineyards. Among the olive groves of the surrounding hills white houses were thinly scattered, and just at their feet ran our road with many windings, and at length crossed a little brook just when the calcareous soil gives place to rocks of beautiful free stone. “We are in Tuscany!” cried the old farmer with a hearty smile; and when the vettura had passed the bridge, Vincenzo exclaimed with his natural enthusiasm, “We are in Tuscany!” and as the most natural mode for a coachman to express the warmth of his feelings, he gave his mules severally a biting switch, and got the whole equipage into a quick motion correspondent with the joyful beatings of his heart.

A short ride brought us to Assaia, a small town where is the Custom House of the Grand Duke, and where half our party set off on foot to go to Cortona, a city we saw before us on the top of a high and rounded hill, three miles off. This hill rises from the bosom of a plain eight or ten miles in extent, where the soil was principally devoted to vineyards, so that the situation of Cortona, (the ancient Corytum,) was remarkably singular and beautiful. Alessandro, the handsome young advocate, was induced to undertake the laborious excursion by a taste for antiques which he had cultivated during his residence in Rome ; and the Bolognese householder we judged was impelled by a strong sense of religious obligations—for to do him justice, he manifests on every occasion the most sincere regard to the creed and the practice enjoined by the Pope and his priests. He pointed out to us a large church on the very summit of the hill, as that of Santa Margarettà, filled with magnificent chapels and countless wealth, highly esteemed as a place of great sanctity and the resort of many pilgrims. “He is enthusiastic,” whispered Alessandro, “and thinks this church finer than St. Peter’s I dare say, because it is in Tuscany. But we shall find objects of more interest while he goes to return thanks to the saint, as I have little doubt it is his object to do. Then we shall see the ancient marble quarries, the remains of the Baths of Corytum, and the Temple of Bacchus.” To these he would have added, if he had looked into a book of the roads, the Etruscan Academy which contains a good museum and library, as well as several private libraries and cabinets worthy of attention, for here, as in many other cities of Italy, all medals, specimens of sculpture, inscriptions, &c. found in the neighbourhood, are collected and arranged.

The height we had to ascend was so great, that we were weary long before we had attained it, and often paused to recover breath and to look upon the extensive and fertile valley below, which was seen reaching out several miles to the south and the west, covered with trained trees and vines, spotted here and there with white buildings, and partly shaded by the broken clouds which surrounded the sun, now setting, and partly illuminated by the strong light which streamed through their folds.

Cortona may contain six or seven thousand inhabitants, and presented several broad streets, well paved with large stones, and lined with fine houses and palaces, surprising us with an unusual air of convenience and comfort. Instead of narrow lanes, dirty pavements, and a new sight of disorder and beggary at every step, the smooth stones under our feet seemed to have been just washed clean, the inhabitants were well dressed, some returning from a promenade, others standing at the doors of well arranged shops, which occupied the basement story of large houses, and were supplied with a thousand articles of finery and luxury, notwithstanding the difficulty of raising them to such a height. The church of Sta. Margaretta was still at no inconsiderable distance above us, so that we were forced to return for fear lest the vettura should leave us behind, as the "master road" coasts along at the bottom of the hill; though the old man urged us extremely, and the bells seemed to invite us by ringing a loud peal. Alessandro longed for a sight of the antiquities, but darkness was fast spreading over the valley, and we all descended in headlong haste to overtake Vincenzo, and our companions.

An hour's ride brought us to the village of Castiglione, when two tall, sedate young women opened

the door, and with an odd mixture of pride and obsequiousness handed us out, and led the way to the dining-room in silent dignity. They seemed of a new race, with their tall, slender forms, prompt, decided manners, and black beaver hats; and when they opened their mouths to inquire if we wanted fire, (the first time, by the way, we had been offered it in an Italian inn,) they spoke as rough as Austrians, and aspirated every hard *c*, and every *qu*, as if they would have choked. To preserve a keeping with the plain neatness of every thing, the table was spread with a clean cloth, and Vincenzo, with a triumphant look, took his seat at the head. "Gentlemen," said he, in his harsh dialect, "I promised to show you something of Tuscany this evening, and here is certainly a supper better than the goat we had at Nepi;"—and he shut his eyes and laughed so heartily that he did not at first perceive a flask of good wine which had been set at his elbow. "Ah! here is some of our wine. Gentlemen please to taste that, and allow that Tuscany is the country of good suppers, good wine, and handsome women." This sentence he concluded with a low bow to the innkeeper's daughters, who were in attendance: but they took the compliment coolly, like waiting gentlewoman, and with an appearance of education and modesty which we welcomed from our hearts.

Our meal was excellent; and after it was finished a still better sort of wine was produced, yet with such an air that we were convinced our fare was not superior to that all travellers might expect at this place. A little excited by the unexpected excellence of our cheer, Alessandro undertook to question the farmer concerning the grounds of his faith in the miracles of Saint Margaret, and in some of the leading doc-

trines of the Catholic religion. The fluent tongue of the student soon gained the ascendancy, as might have been expected, for, though he knew little of the subject, and cared still less, he was deeply studied in the disputing art; while his antagonist, although he habitually regulated his life by the system, seemed to be more and more sensible every moment that he was losing his cause through his incapacity to express what he felt: he had taken a side however, which greater men than he have sometimes been unable to support; and after saying to no effect "Every one has his own faith!" resorted to one of their strong holds in which he had much confidence—the power delegated to St. Peter "in the Bible." "But in what part of the Bible," inquired Alessandro, "is St. Peter authorized to transfer that power to popes, and to give away the keys of hell and of death?" "Al letto!" [to bed,] cried the nonplussed old man; and starting up seized a candle and disappeared for the night.

But the young advocate was not yet satisfied. He had already shown us much respect, because he had heard of the republic of the United States, and because we had been born and educated in a country of more freedom than he or his fathers had ever seen, though he had most imperfect and indefinite notions concerning it; and had gone as far as he dared, to convince us that his spirit was not altogether unworthy of America. Now he had passed the boundaries of the Pope's dominions, and evidently felt an unwonted security in giving loose to the warmest expression of his feelings. "We have now quitted," said he, "the most abject nation in Europe, and the territory of the most pitiful prince. The Neapolitans, so long and so justly despised, even the Neapolitans show themselves far superior to the Romans, by the value they set on

liberty, and the noble exertions they are making to obtain it. But the Romans—you must have noticed the narrowness of their minds—every body north of Ponte Molle they call a barbarian, and it has been most justly said that they have lost all the virtues of their ancestors and retained only their prejudices. They boast of the greatness of the ancients; they are so full of it that they pretend to none of their own, and certainly they are wise in that. But see the inconsistency of these cowards. While they revere the ancients, and would fain trace to them their genealogy, they can live beside the Neapolitans and fear to follow the example they are setting them, so much in the spirit of old Rome, for fear of forfeiting the blessing of their good old *papa*.* And their conduct is the more base when we consider the extensive effects it is likely to produce. It is of the utmost importance to all Europe, that Naples should establish her own independence: for the eyes both of nations and of kings are upon her, and the event of this enterprise will affect the whole continent. If she is successful it will weaken the hands of monarchs, and encourage subjects to wrest the power from their grasp: if she is overwhelmed by the power of Austria, kings will become more jealous and watchful, and the situation of nations more abject and hopeless. This year Europe will advance or retrograde a whole century—Good night, gentlemen!”

Near AREZZO, March 4, (at noon.)—Last night I slept with a crucifix and a fount for holy water at my bed’s head—an intimation, though a solitary one, that there is more religion as well as more comfort in Tuscany. The morning was cloudy and warm, and we travelled

* An Italian word meaning both father and pope.

among green hills scattered with larger and better houses, some of which had been built within two or three years, and were therefore specimens of improvement and enterprise we had long forgotten. Parties of peasants occasionally met us going to mass, for it is Sunday, the women with white aprons, white cloths on their heads, and yellow and white ribbons tied about their shoulders. They had also quite discarded the red stomachers worn in the neighbourhood of Rome, and had, I fancied, an unwonted air of independence in their motions. The men too struck me as remarkably tall, hard favoured and raw-boned, and are certainly descended from some race with which our eyes are not familiar. Two or three of the women wore narrow-brimmed "Leghorn" hats, though this is not the season for them, and thus reminded me of our approach to the river Arno.

While I am now writing in the carriage, an old man is besetting us for "*carita*," [charity,] which, according to the dialect of the country, he pronounces as if in place of the *c*, the word commenced with three *o*urs four *h*'s. Our companion of the mountains, having already pointed at an immense loaf of bread a woman was carrying by, to show us the abundance which reigns in Tuscany, desires us to observe also that this is the first beggar we have seen since we left the Roman territory, and that he is well dressed, and certainly not extravagant in his petitions, as he only asks for a "*quattrino*."

Many of the farm-houses we passed this morning denoted an improved state of husbandry, by their size and neatness, (being usually whitewashed,) the plenty of implements, and the good order and abundance which seemed to reign in the barn yards. The marks of the army were often visible, in trampled

wheat-fields, broken roads, and demolished stacks of hay and straw. These last are formed exactly as in America.

The whole ride of this morning has been remarkably pleasant, though without much variety. The scene has been shut in by high, olive-covered hills, but the road by winding through the smooth vallies preserved an unbroken level. These vallies are as usual occupied with grain and vines; and the Valley of Arezzo, on which we have now entered, presents very nearly the same appearance, except that it is far more extensive and cultivated in much larger fields. Having regaled ourselves with a slight repast at this inn, we have determined to proceed on foot to Arezzo, which is in full view on a hill about a mile before us, while the mules are feeding.

During our morning's ride the old Bolognese amused me not a little by the enthusiastic praises he bestowed on the countries we were approaching, and the description he gave of the manner of living in his native mountains. The people subsist principally on chestnuts, which grow in great abundance, and are made into a kind of bread. "We like it," remarked the old man, "as we do the mountains among which we live, though strangers consider them dreary and uncomfortable abodes." The country being fertile in grass, great numbers of cattle are raised there, which feed during a part of the year on the plains and marshes. In the winter the inhabitants, and particularly the younger part of them, contrive to make the time pass off with gaiety by such harmless amusements as are within their reach, among which are music and dances. On the whole the recollections of his country are certainly very agreeable to the old man; and together with his sober, and honest, downright manners, made

me imagine his good wife, in her Appennine abode, thinking "there is na' luck about the house," in Italian, and a set of young mountaineers, longing for the news of his return, and the simple toys he doubtless has in his travellers' bag. He however, even he, complains of the injustice and violence of Napoleon! The monasteries among the mountains, though often situated in the most secluded places, were all discovered and pilaged, if not suppressed, by the French. To a plain man, who, like him, maintains an unshaken confidence in the Romish religion, and regards every priest he sees as a man regularly commissioned from on High to take the spiritual care of others, and to translate to them the hidden language of the Scriptures, it may well be supposed deeds like these must appear sacrilegious. He laments them as causing the ruin of the only schools for the education of the poor, and the only asylums for the sick and the unhappy: as throwing a disgrace on his religion, and turning upon the wide world those who had sought refuge from its temptations in their cloisters.

MONTE VARCHI, *at evening*.—The principal street of Arezzo is a very agreeable one for a town of no great size, being broad, clean and well built. There is a small church built perfectly plain in front, but so painted that we at first thought it had a handsome piazza: a miserable substitute indeed for the rich ornaments and marble columns thus represented with mean economy. In the streets we met numbers of people; among others, peasant-women, with round black hats, and the wives and daughters of citizens, whose appearance was strikingly different from that of the Roman and Neapolitan females. They were tall, slender, well formed, dressed with neatness and taste; with agreeable faces, in which red cheeks and black

eyes were the most striking features, as intelligence and unaffected modesty—nay bashfulness—were the first characteristics of their manners.

We gained admittance into a nunnery yard, to see the remains of an ancient Roman amphitheatre. Nothing is now left of it except a semicircular row of dilapidated brick arches, which were scattered with straw: the place having been lately devoted to the stabling of some Austrian horses, as the cells of the adjoining nunnery, long since deserted, furnished lodging rooms to the dragoons. On the top of the hill and near the centre of the town stands a half demolished castle, the cathedral or *Duomo*, and a plaster statue of Petrarch. I remarked that the old man who volunteered to show us the most interesting objects in the city, called him “nostro Petrarcha,” [our Petrarch.]

I walked on three or four miles across the plain, before the *vettura* came up, and took great delight in the luxuriant wheat fields on both sides, which from their size and richness seemed able to supply a far greater population with abundance of food. Parties of peasants were returning from the town, whose florid faces and sprightly motions spoke in the plainest language the abundance and healthiness of their country. Their habitations were the small whitewashed cottages scattered all over the plain; while the abodes of the landholders, and the great receptacles of the produce of the soil were seen in the occasional clusters of large barns, and spacious dwellings at a considerable distance. Several brooks crossed the road under fine bridges of hewn stone, whose arches are now greatly disproportioned to the quantity of water. At some seasons however, the streams are swelled to a dangerous current and are hardly prevented from

tearing away the banks, by strong abutments of square stones.

At length the road rose, by a very slight ascent, to a level a little higher than the plain, and showed a surface, which though originally smooth, was broken by channels where streams seemed to have torn away the soil, as if to deposit it upon that we had just left. The soil that remained was evidently poor and fast deteriorating, so that the buildings were fewer, and degenerated first to cottages, then to hovels, and finally almost entirely disappeared. All signs of cultivation at length gave place to a dry, brown surface occasionally interrupted by ledges of slaty rocks, bare sand hills, and a few shrub oaks.

When the two young Italians came up, they regretted we had not been with them to see a singular spring, to which a peasant had just directed them. For he told them that it was always fatal to small animals that approached it to drink; and they actually found two dead birds on the shore. Alessandro has no doubt that it is the place of an extinguished volcano.

As we entered the dark stone gate of Monte Varchi the street before us was crowded with a gay throng of people just finishing their promenade. From the dress and carriage of many of the ladies, it was evident in a moment that there was no scarcity of intelligence and taste; and we hardly saw a single female who was not tall, graceful and handsome. Several of our party exclaimed that they had never seen so large a share of beauty in any other place; and one of them, who had before expressed the most perfect aversion to the round black hats and feathers, here the universal head-dress, now made a free and full recantation of his error. There must have been something peculiarly

striking in this scene; for this same friend and countryman, who has rarely before spoken of the Italian fair, except to compare them with some of his transatlantic recollections, was soon found in the street, gazing with undisguised enthusiasm.

MONTI VARCHI, *March 5th, at 5 in the morning.*—After supper last evening we attended a mask ball in the town, which was held in the theatre. We were admitted for a small price, about fifteen cents; and as the same passage led to the galleries, boxes and pit, we could range about as we chose, but soon found that every seat was private and under a private lock, so that we were forced to remain standing among the dancers in the pit. And here was a motley company indeed, which when our party came in, seemed a jumble of all possible characters. The masks were a repetition of the unmeaning personages we had lately seen in Rome, with two or three harlequins, a number of dominos and a few of both sexes in plain dancing dresses. Our surprise was not a little excited by an *American savage*, who wore a close suit of linen instead of a blanket, and yellow boots for moccasins. He thought he played the savage to admiration, with his little wooden arrows and florid Grecian mask; but he was more in danger of being taken for a full grown Cupid, than for a Mohawk of any age or condition. However, we were not in the mood to quarrel with him for not knowing as much as we did, particularly as he seemed to shrink from our presence after Alessandro had circulated a whisper that the gentlemen in the corner were Americans.

The reigning spirit of this cheerful party, was a young orphan girl from the neighbouring valley, who appeared with all the attractions of a light graceful form, a beautiful, smiling countenance, and an air of

bashful modesty, the crown of all. She was plainly confessed the queen of the place, and received that cordial but silent homage, which an hereditary princess cannot always command. There were no striking Italian traits in her countenance, and indeed so far was it from the brunette aspect of most of her associates, that her fine blue eyes, her amiable and feminine, rather than beautiful features, accompanied with her modest mien, would have given her a free pass in any of our own villages, for one of the prettiest country girls. If there be any curiosity to know the style of dress at such a place as Monte Varchi, the following description may be relied on; for Mr. —, by whom it is furnished, passes among us as very good authority in matters of taste.

“The dress of the young orphan girl I pointed out to you, was a thin muslin over buff, with a bright scarlet stomacher, like those we used to see in Rome among the Trasteverine, but smaller; a worked colaret falling upon the shoulders; a necklace of red glass, (for her marriage portion is said to be no less than a thousand scudi, or dollars;) and over her hair, which was abundant and dark, a garland of roses, which appeared like natural ones.”

Masks were never made for faces like hers, and she had “the gift to know it;” though her manners spoke no consciousness of beauty, while she gaily threaded the mazes of the dance, and the notes of the music seemed to accompany her steps for their own delight. Notwithstanding the urbanity with which the amusements of the evening were conducted, Alessandro told me that not a single person present belonged to the higher class of society; and was nearly as much surprised as ourselves, to find such polished manners current among the children of middling citizens and peasants.

I forgot the fatigue of the day in silently beholding the happiness of these gay groups, and hardly thought of retiring till I heard a young man announce a rainy night to some of his friends. "Piove ! piove !" [It rains, it rains,] was immediately echoed in very melancholy tones by all the neighbourhood of masks and dominos. Our inn was not found without difficulty in the dark, and it required much hard knocking to wake an old woman, who I believe was not only asleep but deaf also, and who at length thrust her grey head out at a little hole above, and positively refused to admit me. I told her I had supped in the house and was a passenger in the vettura, taking care to aspirate every *ch* and *qu* as violently as possible ; and she at last clattered down stairs. But the door was hardly open, when a noise was heard in the street, and some Austrian soldiers made their appearance, with mustachios and bright gun-barrels, crying "acqua ! acqua !" [water, water,] for they had been unable to get a drop to drink upon the road at that late hour, and came pouring in to find the well, to the number of fifty. This forced hospitality was so little to the mind of my hostess, that she muttered many bitter wishes on all strangers without distinction, while I hastened to my chamber, already occupied by my five fellow-travelers, and threw myself on the very poorest bed I have seen in Italy.

It is now about daybreak, and we are still waiting for our temporizing coachman and his perverse mules. We are told that a large body of troops are expected to-day ; and that, if we take the road in season, we may pass them before they begin their march.

PIANO DELLA FONTE, 10 A. M.—We have come about twelve miles, the first part of which lay along the edge of a valley two miles in breadth, broken by innumerable hills, flat on the top, and divided by

ravines two hundred feet deep. This is evidently the ruins of an old plain, originally formed by soil washed down from the surrounding mountains, and afterwards, by some unaccountable change, cut in pieces and half ruined.

Our inn had promised us much comfort and honesty at our first entrance; for the great room has a fireplace, its walls are painted with birds and flower-pots, the beaufet has an open-work door, through which the tea-cups and saucers, with the other apparatus of the great permanent table, are ranged in careful order, and the chairs have straight backs and *rush-bottoms*. My companions, however, have been presented with a most unreasonable bill, after a slight repast, and feel like cheated travellers. The young advocate, like a true scholar as he is, sought relief for his spleen in writing with his pencil this satirical couplet on the wall—

“Mira il quadro, mira la pittura—
L'oste 'lé gran ladro di natura.”

which may mean, either that the host has *robbed nature* in decorating his walls, or, that he is a *born thief*. On a more close examination it was discovered, when too late, that many travellers had left similar memorials, of previous instances of extortion; so that the leaves of non-descript flowers, and the breath of gaudy birds, were alike occupied with warnings and protests, in English, French, and Italian, together with several in Dutch and German, which, though unintelligible to us, so abounded in outrageous orthography, that we were willing to lend them our sympathy on trust.

As we proceeded on our way, the hills, which before had been entirely barren, began to be planted with olive trees, whose thick, evergreen foliage, is pe-

cularly grateful to the eye at this season of the year. By degrees the soil increased in depth, until fertility became the predominating feature; and at last the undulating surface was covered with olives, and afforded a prospect, from every little eminence, like our American woods in June. The Tuscan farmer regretted the unpleasant weather: for the sky was cloudy, and threatened rain. He had hoped to show us the valley of the "Arne" under more favourable circumstances.

Neat white houses, built of stone and plastered all over, had now become very frequent; the ground began to be enclosed here and there with stone walls, for vineyards and gardens, and we often passed beautiful villas, the access to which was by smooth gravel walks, bordered with flowers, or shady paths winding among thick shrubs and dark trees. The clouds at length broke away; and having reached the top of a hill, we looked between two mountains upon an extensive tract of level country; where every thing at first looked indistinct, on account of the strong lights and shades with which it was mottled. The nearer part of it was cultivated, with all the regularity and beauty of the valley of Arezzo. The outline of a large city, with domes and towers, was seen at the distance of a few miles, darkened by the shade of a cloud; and the level surface spread out beyond, every where dotted with vineyards, till it was lost in the immense distance, and could no longer be distinguished. Mountains dimly bounded the plain; and among the green of olive trees with which they were enveloped, showed a thousand white houses and villas, some of which were shining bright in the sun, but appeared fainter and fainter at each succeeding hill, which stretched out upon the valley of the Arno like the bold capes of some verdant coast encroaching upon the level sur-

face of the ocean. "Ecco FIRENZA!" (instead of Firenze,) "There is Florence!" exclaimed the old Tuscan farmer, with as much enthusiasm as if he had been monarch of the country; and I could no longer doubt the poverty of my imagination, in its attempt to pitch the scene on a scale of appropriate magnificence.

Houses, gardens and villas, passed in rapid succession, (considering the moderate pace of our mules,) and when we had descended upon the plain, and had almost reached Florence, we overtook groups of peasants, masked and dressed in the gayest manner; and whole families—nay, neighbourhoods of little children, hurrying on to the city in high glee, in their holyday clothes, carrying baskets of flowers, and many of them with wreaths of roses in their hair.

The first sight of Florence was calculated to make an agreeable impression upon us, though the old man declared that we saw the most indifferent entrance to the city: for the streets were broad, straight, well built, and above all swept very clean, and showed fine smooth pavements very encouraging to habitual pedestrians, who had endured the trials of so many filthy, half-paved streets, in Naples and many parts of Rome. This being the last day but one of the carnival, we hastened to the streets on the river's bank, where the crowds were collecting. Here were unknown faces, disguised for various objects. Some exerted all their talents to excite a laugh, by their feats or their remarks; some had dressed themselves to attract attention, others to deceive their friends. Here were many of the peasant girls from the neighbouring parts of the valley, wearing black hats and feathers, scarlet stomachers, large ear-rings, and other quaint ornaments, accompanied by their rustic families and friends; and travellers, principally English, walking

and staring at the sight like ourselves. Mysterious dominos were silently stealing about, apparently watching the steps of their suspected friends. The latter dress however is frequently resorted to for mere disguise, as was shown particularly by three figures, so enveloped in black dominos that it was impossible to see any thing of their faces or forms. They were continually dancing about, and whenever they recognised an acquaintance, formed a circle around him, with loud cries in voices far above the natural pitch, and, if a mask, make some sign to show he was known, then suddenly scattering left him gazing after them like a statue of doubt. One of this trio was surprisingly active and graceful, and entered with so much spirit into the amusement, as to make us forget for a moment the disgust caused by the predominating stupidity and nonsense of the crowds. At the same time her voice, which was sometimes heard in its natural tones, half reconciled the ear to the harsh and ludicrous dialect of Tuscany. The display however still seems a ridiculous one. "The Turks say," said my friend P. on the way from Naples to Rome, "the Turks say, referring to the carnival, that there is a moon when the Franks are mad."

FLORENCE, *March 5, (noon.)*—During a walk this morning, one of those itinerant musicians, who are very common at this season, attracted my notice. He was a sickly, middle-aged man, and in company with his little son was patrolling the city, in a coat which spoke but little of the festivities of the carnival, but told long stories of its master's perennial poverty. As I entered a street, I heard the sound of his guitar and voice, and found he was pouring the full tide of his song into the ear of a smart shop-keeper, against whose door he had taken his post. As his poetic effusion was

fast drawing to a close, the ever-watchful urchin had to perform the grateful task of bearing a small gift to the ready cap of his father; and this produced an additional stanza to the smooth little poem, which was appended with no small facility and grace, in the form of an apostrophe. The Christian name of the beneficent shop-keeper was introduced, from the sign over his door, and made to fill an important place in the first line, while the two or three remaining ones were neatly turned with a few common-place encomiums, and followed hard by the impatient and monotonous symphony.

There is something in the situation of this spot of earth, which gives the people musical hearts and poetical tongues. While I am writing, I hear the notes of three different bands, in the full exertion of their skill; yet I cannot but pronounce them unvarying and tedious, though I feel that in so doing I contradict my own inclination, which would lead me to like all I see and hear, with the beautiful banks of the Arno under my eye, the gay and exhilarating sight of a collecting masquerade, and a bright Italian sun shining gaily in at my window. How often have I imagined a scene like this, in the midst of such a classic land, with every thing fair and happy around me, where nothing was to be discovered but such things as please the eye and the ear, and nothing obtruded to recal the mind to the unwelcome realities of this unsatisfactory state of existence: when the world seemed enveloped in a new and brilliant mask, without a crevice to betray the real character concealed beneath; and now, so like my childish dreams does this gay pageantry appear, I often start and ask whether it is true that I am actually awake. Among the staid, moderate habits of America, we can hardly convince

ourselves that so much of the brilliancy of ancient days still remains in the world; and could hardly call up such a scene to our imagination without referring it to the pompous days of chivalry and crusades, when—

“Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liv’ries, march’d and quaint attires.”

But here this fantastic show seems repeated in all its native extravagance; and I cannot well express what are my feelings when I plunge into the multitude, and find myself surrounded by broad-skirted coats, long waists, and stuffed gowns of dazzling colours and cloth of gold, while every face regards with perfect composure the splendid variety which well nigh drives me mad. This day is to conclude the Carnival, and to-night is to be held the great ball, which lasts till midnight.

FLORENCE, *March 7.*—The display of equipages in the Corso yesterday was very splendid: but such a sight would always disgust me because the object is the gratification of a pitiful vanity, totally undisguised and unrelieved by any thing more respectable. The procession of carriages and horses, some loaded with vain simperers and others entirely empty, is so perfectly unmeaning: it is neither religious, civil, nor military; it commemorates nothing; it refers to nothing; it has no starting place, and goes no whither—it is a mere revolution, down the Corso on one side, and up on the other, at the pace of a horse in a mill; and to me it possesses no small share of the stupidity of such an exhibition. The Duke Borghese, so famous for the number and excellence of his horses, is of course admirably calculated for reaping renown on such an occasion as this, and no less than four of the coaches parading before us were his. It is lamentable

that his wealth and influence should be diverted from their proper course—the improvement of his country—into so selfish and puerile a channel. The money vested in his surplus palaces, casini, pleasure-grounds, horses, carriages, and servants, would endow many a noble institution, in which, if he and the Grand Duke thought proper, the Florentines might soon be taught to despise all this useless ostentation. An American is amused with the novelty and splendour of the scene; but it would be as impossible for him to enjoy its frequent repetition, as for one of these common Italians to enter into the habits of our country.

The bank of the Arno, and the adjoining square and corridors of the Public Palace, were crowded to excess with a motley multitude of maskers, from nine o'clock (by our watches four) till late dusk. The same confusion prevailed as yesterday, and the same extravagant but unmeaning scenes were presented, by thousands of beings, most of them ignorant of each other, and all still passing eagerly on with heads as hollow as the masks they wore. There were not wanting some however, who showed a few sparks of humour, and proved that they at least had some apprehension of what a masquerade should be. But I will first enumerate the different personages who formed the great mass, and were continually passing before the eye, like the visions of a feverish dream; and then attempt to introduce a few more consistent characters.

The majority of the throng was composed of an endless variety of masks and dominos; and among these mingled, here and there, whole families of hale and laughing peasants from the neighbouring farm-houses: the men usually in short jackets, and the women in round black beaver hats, decorated with sable plumes. One

of the most favourite dresses of the young ladies was gay in the extreme, yet often extremely becoming to a small and graceful figure. It was nearly a copy of a dress I have already noticed at Rome, and consisted of a short coloured gown, ornamented stockings, wooden shoes, a short stomacher of bright scarlet, a light shawl or handkerchief, long and loose sleeves, ribbons tied to the shoulders, the features concealed by a smooth Grecian mask, and the hair beautifully braided with wreaths of flowers. Some of them added white veils, and others long white handkerchiefs fastened over their combs, and falling on the shoulders; or a knot of hair was gathered on the top of the head, and two or three silver ribbons, half a yard in length, streamed out in the air. Harlequins, in their parti-coloured suits, were as usual performing their pranks, brandishing their magical wooden swords, and spending as much time as possible off the ground; while Pucinella, or Punch, with his white gown and sugar-loaf cap, poured out his wit as fluently, and with as much effect, as if he had been still on the stage, and acting on a preconcerted scheme.

Three men in the antiquated dress of students, went about with huge illuminated volumes pressed under their arms, holding abstruse disquisitions on literary subjects, and frequently stopping to refer to disputed passages, or even to indulge in a brown study, in the very thickest of the crowd, from whom they received many a rough though undesigned thrust and buffet. Nothing however could avail to discompose the gravity of their faces, and I believe a thunder storm would not have interrupted the thread of their discourse; for the tricks and railleries of Harlequin and Pucinella were entirely wasted on them, although they raised shouts for a wide extent around.

But even this noisy mirth was occasionally drowned by the notes of four or five musicians, who were constantly changing their place, and more than once brushed by this comic party, plying without mercy their jangling strings, in the most savage symphony I ever heard. Their leader was a tall, ragged personage, who performed the part of an improvisatore, but in so high a style of burlesque, that I think I can never lose the recollection of his looks and actions. He was painted in such a manner as to give his countenance an expression of the utmost self-complacency, and yet to counteract all the kind designs of nature in rendering it agreeable. These itinerants were entirely abstracted from every thing except their own immediate concerns. Whenever they stopped, it was with their faces fixed on their leader; and though in the thickest crowd, paid not the least regard to any thing about them. The poet would sometimes assume the air of one in the highest regions of poetic rapture, looking into some distant cloud, and trilling till he shook in his shoes; while his conceptions were often of the most ludicrous kind, and his lines ran on and halted in a style quite irresistible. This seemed to transport his companions, who would gaze upon him in silence through their hideous masks, and then exchanging looks of approbation, open their throats, and join their hoarse voices in a thundering chorus.

A mock editor and his wife excited much mirth, by their severe strictures on different works, which I judged to be the current publications of the day.

These and other parties were sometimes interrupted by a Neapolitan tinker, who would seat himself on the ground near the students, the musicians or the editor, and deliberately set himself to hammer on a noisy old kettle, and to talk in the drawling tones of our old

friend Mattia, about the exceptionable circumstances he met with in Florence, and the superior beauties of the bay of Naples, in such a style however as to excite a loud laugh in every Florentine that heard him.

On one occasion I was nearly upset by three black dominos, who rushing impetuously through the crowd, hastily accosted a tall, raw English traveller, expressing the most extravagant joy at meeting him, and by their loud, but disguised voices, fixing on him the gaze of all the by-standers. The poor stranger stood quite abashed, for he could not comprehend a single word they said, and was bewildered by their volubility, while they joined hands and gaily danced round him, led by the little mysterious spirit of yesterday, who was again on her rambles, and in still higher glee than before. At a signal from her in a sweet little voice, but in the rough dialect of Tuscany, they suddenly broke away, and were instantly lost in the crowd.

Most ludicrous scenes were often occasioned by the meeting of the students, the author, the improvisatore, and numberless other characters who frequently crossed each other's track. Sometimes Pucinella was seen disputing the road with a pompous little personage, in a broad-skirted laced dress, and with all the airs of an ancient gentleman. But the strongest and most unexpected contrasts might be discovered by watching such persons as were returning, or sought an opportunity to adjust their masks, when they considered themselves unnoticed. Here a fair Grecian face might be seen imposed upon a low forehead, a broad mouth, and perhaps a pug nose; the smoothly painted cheek of one who had passed for a beautiful lady, would betray a huge pair of whiskers; or a visage wrinkled and distorted by antiquity would suddenly

give place to a gay young face, whose laughing eyes had long belied the mask.

The ball in the evening was extremely tedious, though I exerted myself to smile ; I fancied that all around me felt some portion of my indifference, and that their cheerfulness was as much affected as my own. Indeed I cannot easily imagine how it could have been otherwise. Allowing something fascinating in the childish sports of a carnival, the conformation of the human system will not allow a very long round of this state of enjoyment ; and though the Italian spirits are probably more elastic than mine, yet I think I have seen them sinking under an excess of hilarity.

The pit was crowded with masked dancers, and the boxes with persons of superior pretensions, some of whom were of high rank Prince Maximilian was there with his three daughters, one of whom is to marry the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Here however were not to be discovered any of those traits of physiognomy which we consider the indications of peculiarly great minds ; and the advocates of the superior blood of princes and nobles would find it difficult to show the proof of it in the head, the eye, or any of the features. Had they, on the contrary, possessed the beauty of Signora ——, an actress who was present, the question might have been considered a much clearer one.

I stepped into the apartments where the mask dresses are kept to let, and I am sure saw some which might have disguised a man from his father and mother. Some of them appeared to have been displayed on many a masquerade long gone by and forgotten ; but it served to depreciate the candlelight splendour of the gay dances in the other part of the house to examine these fabrics near at hand, and

to hear the prices at which they were let for the evening.

I retired long before the assembly dispersed, leaving them to surfeit over the last repast they are to taste for forty days. As if to brave a custom they are yet afraid to transgress, on the last evening of the carnival suppers are furnished to those who visit the theatre, and are eaten by each party separately in the boxes. At midnight, when they are to move to church to have a handful of dust thrown upon them by the priest, to remind them of their mortality, they have usually prepared themselves, like Captain Dalgetty, with *provant* for a three days' siege, and thus take care to begin their fast with an abundant banquet.

To-day the city wore such an appearance of silence and desertion, that it seems to be no longer Florence. The few persons in the streets look as if they could never have seen yesterday, and the burthen of their hearts appears to be a dismal prospect of salt fish for the next six weeks. The Corso is a broad, empty street, and the Lung' Arno is entirely deserted.

The Museum of Florence contains fine cabinets of all the branches of Natural History, far too large and splendid to be described with any degree of justice even in a large volume. The specimens in the Cabinet of Anatomy are all of wax, moulded and coloured with the utmost perfection, furnishing students with subjects nearly as just as natural ones, and far more convenient and agreeable. They are not confined to the human frame, but embrace the anatomy of various inferior animals. Preparations of this sort are now to be found in various parts of the world, but Florence is the place where the art began, under a monk of a gloomy character, and whence other countries have been supplied. Some specimens have lately been sent

to America, particularly to Cambridge College, to facilitate the study of anatomy. The largest and most complete statues cost seven hundred and fifty zecchini, or dollars, and are packed in such a manner as to be transported in perfect safety.

But the mind of the inventor of this singular art did not allow him to rest here. As if he had acquired a love for what is revolting to human nature, by a familiarity with anatomical horrors, he next turned his attention into a still more gloomy channel, viz. to represent in all its stages the progress of the plague, which in the year 1632 ravaged the city of Florence, and destroyed so large a portion of its inhabitants. "*The Chamber of the Plague*" appeared to me as I entered it much like what my childish imagination used to represent the fatal apartment of Blue Beard, in which he placed the corpses of his murdered wives. The walls were hung with cases containing small waxen figures, only a few inches high, intended to represent the marks of the disease in its various stages; and the work was performed in so masterly a manner as to produce very nearly the same effect on the mind, as if they had been real. Here the object was not, as in the anatomical cabinet, to facilitate the study of an useful science; but principally, as it would seem, to shock the feelings. One of the groups presents the affecting sight of an affectionate family just entered by the plague; and a beautiful daughter is turning pale and languid under the influence of the incipient disease, while the countenances of her friends show the dread with which they receive the unwelcome visitant. Like the other specimens, the composition, the colouring, the postures, and the whole arrangement of the groups, would have done credit to a painter or a sculptor; and display an acquaintance with the secret of effect, which would

have been more welcome in more agreeable subjects. Yet notwithstanding the shocking nature of the scenes, the attention is almost irresistibly attracted to them, and the distinctness with which their memory is preserved will prove the interest which they excite in the feelings.

There is a darkened apartment, where an anxious family are collected round the bed of the father, emaciated and sinking under the last stages of the disease ; while the attention of his daughter is fixed on the infant in her arms, whose hanging head and languid limbs speak too plainly the cause of her anxiety. In another place, an old man and an affianced bride are found in the street, weeping over the body of a noble young man, who has fallen a hasty victim to the plague, and has been dragged from his house, and thrown in his usual dress among a heap of corpses. The more we looked the more we were distressed, yet still we stood looking on. To pass by seemed like want of sympathy for our wretched fellow creatures, for such they almost appeared ; and when we half recollected that they were but images, we inquired, how any one could find in his heart to invent such a scene. Indeed it is unaccountable, unless the author had somewhere learnt to glory over the most poignant distresses of humanity. How could he form a heap of corpses, and exert himself to make the scene look deserted and silent, and then lay in the most conspicuous place the dead body of a young woman, and put a living infant on her breast?—Spread out the valley of the Arno beyond, show smoking piles where the dead were burning, send dogs to prowl around the fields, and flocks of crows to darken the air ? Yet there is still something beyond—the tomb itself is opened, and its interior is exposed to view !—But let us hasten

out of the Chamber of the Plague, and seek more agreeable objects than these.

Three apartments are devoted to the display of specimens in Entomology; and though the majority of insects must necessarily be taken in company with crooked horns and long legs, or are rendered uninteresting by their microscopic size, some of them can display a richness and variety of colours calculated to excite the envy of the birds, and even of the very flowers themselves, if they were capable of it. There were many individuals of the worthy family of the stag-beetles, with claws almost as large as lobsters; but we stopped only long enough to see that each was well secured in his place with a large iron pin. Next we saw a full assortment of spiders, from those of the smallest up to Tarantulas as big as crabs. These we passed with an involuntary shudder at the reflection that they had once been all alive; and then succeeded thousands of little insects, with wings and without: gallinippers, musquetoës, midges, sand-flies, punkies, &c. &c. some of which hardly seemed to dot the cards on which they were fastened. Finally the more gawdy insects began to show their glittering armour and their painted wings; and graceful forms were mingled with brilliant hues and the lustre of the richest metals. Now came whole rows of butterflies from all quarters of the world, increasing in size and beauty, till they ended at one whose wings were spread like a man's hands, and cast a broad yellow light like sheets of gold leaf.

The display of shells in the Cabinet of Conchology was no less extensive, and not less calculated to please the eye of an unlearned spectator. Here were white, coloured and variegated shells, smooth, hollow, and twisted, picked up on many a far distant shore,

and fished up from half the bays and rivers on the globe.

Eight rooms are devoted to the minerals alone, and present many specimens of inestimable value to a man of science, among which the first place is unquestionably due to the magnificent collection of iron ores from the neighbouring island of Elba.

Beside these apartments through which we have run so hastily, there are separate parts of the building devoted to the collections of plants, stuffed birds and beasts; and when taken together, the Museum of Florence ranks among the finest in Europe.

It seems that all the Austrian troops have not yet passed us. A report was circulated to-day that three thousand were to march through the city this afternoon: but after we had taken the pains to walk some distance, and waited with patience a considerable time, we found it would be to no purpose, and were obliged to return without seeing them. The king of Naples is however confidently expected to-morrow. The government are peculiarly on the watch at the present time to prevent any disturbance of the public peace: for the Neapolitan army, by the bold posture it maintains at so small a distance from this city, has excited the feelings of the Florentines to a considerable degree, and the extensive society of the Carbonari would be much dreaded, if the Austrians should prove unsuccessful. The newspapers are so entirely under the control of the government, that they speak of nothing but the miserable prospects of the Neapolitans; and yesterday a mask was arrested by the police, for bearing some symbol which was supposed to have a political reference. An Englishman who has been a resident in the city for some time, has been admonished for expressing his sentiments too freely, and advised to

be more cautious for fear of difficulty. Although in such a state of anxiety it is not safe to depend on all the accounts which are circulated, especially concerning distant parts of the country, it is certain that there is some disturbance in the north. Yesterday an English gentleman with his wife arrived from Trieste, where they have resided for some time, having been ordered to leave the city on pain of having their property confiscated, and at a very short notice. The gentleman had not even time to make the necessary arrangements for transferring his money.

Notwithstanding the various attractions of Florence therefore, it seems prudent to hasten our departure before the gathering storm shall overtake us. If the Austrians should meet with a defeat at Rieti, it is impossible to tell what great obstacles might be thrown in our way. This part of the country would certainly be put in great agitation, and travelling would probably become difficult if not dangerous.

FLORENCE, *March 8.*—The Boboli Gardens, which we visited this morning, presented a magnificent sight, but they too seemed to partake of the gloomy aspect of the town and the weather. The sky is cloudy, and the air colder than we have lately been accustomed to, though it is what is more prevalent in Florence than farther below, nearer the mouth of the Arno. The neighbourhood of the hills in the upper parts of the valley are more favourable to the collection of clouds and vapours. The Palace Pitti is a large and imposing structure, but without external architectural ornament of any description ; and the Boboli Gardens behind it abound in broad parterres, smooth gravel walks, rows of evergreens, fine ranges of stone steps, statues, temples, and fountains ; as well as with the minor, but to me more attractive beauties, of shady and secluded

paths through untrimmed groves, with here and there an accidental glimpse of the distant landscape, and a few neglected spots where even the gardener never intrudes. We were close by the city wall, and the crowded town lay below us, with its fine domes and towers, and the long roofs of its numerous palaces ; while the vineyards and canals appeared all over the plain, and many a country house was seen gleaming through the misty air on the surrounding hills.

The Gallery of Florence was the next object of our attention ; but it will be necessary here only to remark that it contains the *Venus de Medicis*, and several other invaluable specimens of ancient sculpture ; some of *Rafael's* master-pieces, and the *Medician Jewels*. These last are gems of every description, brought from all parts of the world which were visited by the ships of the *Medici*, and after having been wrought and arranged by the skill of Florentine artists, were deposited here together. They almost completely cover the walls of an entire apartment ; and make so dazzling a display that I sought in vain for any thing to compare with it, except the cave of *Aladdin*. With regard to the room in which the statue of *Venus* is placed, together with the pictures of the *Baker's daughter* and *St. John the Baptist* by *Rafael*, I can hardly say how much I was delighted with them, nor how much I wished that *America* might possess such specimens of the arts. With my views of the subject, the cultivation of painting and sculpture in our country should be promoted by every one who has the power ; though architecture must have its limit among a people where there are no kings nor nobles, and where there ought to be no aristocracy. Beyond that limit, it would not be patriotic to wish architecture extendnd

The population of Florence is of a totally different description from that of Naples; and even when a traveller compares it with that of Rome, he will very soon give it the preference. Florence is not a sea-port, but an industrious inland city: and is besides free from Lazzaroni. It is distinguished from Rome by the want of antiquities and ruins, which in that ancient capital of the world breed so many troublesome ciccroni. The consequence is that a stranger is rarely accosted by any of those ragged liers-in-wait, and is allowed to pursue his way in peace, and enjoy all the luxuries of level pavements, clean and quiet streets. Here every body seems to be employed; and if one has occasion to inquire the way of a passenger, he is replied to with the alacrity of an obliging disposition, and not with one eye fixed upon an expected reward. There is an independence and an honest bluntness in the poorer sort of people, which is the more welcome as it reminds me of America: a country that grows precious in my eyes, when contrasted with the servility of the Neapolitans and Romans, who have so often pressed their officious services, and bowed so low as to seem to lay their humble services at my feet. We have certainly begun our travels at the right point, for every thing improves, and promises still to improve the further we proceed. It is going back to past centuries to land at Naples; and travelling north is to move along with time and the gradual progress of society. Yet by far the greater portion of space still lies in regions beyond us; and before we can expect to arrive where the comforts of life are best enjoyed, and mental and moral and religious improvement are found farthest advanced, "through what new scenes and changes must we pass!" Every new report from the north admonishes us of the uncertain state of political af-

fairs, of changes in preparation and of pending revolutions ; and recalls the many unwelcome realities of our unwonted situation—in the midst of ancient kingdoms at a moment when the final explosion may be prepared, which is to overthrow for ever the systems on which they have existed for ages. Reflections like these are not always the most agreeable, yet there is something pleasant in having the feelings raised above the ordinary pitch, although the subjects may themselves be of no welcome nature. The insecurity of every thing about us, superadded to the numberless and extravagant abuses of men and things inherent in a government like this, constantly inclines us to refer to our own country and doubly to prize its customs and its institutions.

I have a few words more to say of poets, our party having it seems stimulated the muse of a poor rhymers, who appeared at our door last evening with a modest tap and a sonnet in Italian and French, to welcome our arrival. It was addressed to Mr. — and his companions, and certainly contained compliments enough for a much greater number. Florence—the city of Flora—was represented as taking an extraordinary interest in us honest travellers, and even arraying herself in fresh flowers at our approach. While such was the drift of the song, it may be presumed we easily found marks of genius in the author: for in a moderate length of time he had succeeded in saying a great deal, in a few very handsome lines. But our vanity was severely checked, and the character of the poet suddenly sunk in our estimation, when one of our friends informed us that he had been favoured with a copy of the same verses only two or three days before.

I embraced an opportunity afforded last evening by the company of a Florentine gentleman, to make some

particular inquiries concerning the manufacture of straw hats, which is carried on to such an extent in the neighbouring country. It hardly needs to be mentioned that what are called Leghorn hats in America, are made all over the valley of the Arno by the peasantry, and derive their name from their being exported from Leghorn.

The straw of which they are made is furnished by a species of wheat, called "Grano Marzolo," or March grain, because it is sown in that month. For the purpose of making the stalks as tough and as small as possible, the poorest soil is selected, and twice as much seed is sown on a given surface as if it were intended for food. It is pulled in June, just as it begins to blossom; and the upper joints are cut off and tied together in little bundles. The lower part of the straw is of no use in the manufacture. The process of bleaching is very delicate and difficult. In fine weather the bundles are exposed to the morning dew, and then dried in the sun as it rises. But it is necessary to be very cautious, lest they should suffer from the mildews produced by storms and cloudy weather.

FLORENCE, *March 9.*—There are four bridges over the Arno, of different construction and different dates, but placed at very nearly equal distances. One of them supports two rows of tall stone houses, and might be easily mistaken for a street. Booths project from the ground stories of these buildings, and are filled with a thousand articles exposed for sale, much after the fashion which existed many years ago in the streets of London, and I believe in other cities of Europe. While lounging near that place this morning, we heard a rumour that the king of Naples was just entering the city; and as this was immedi-

ately confirmed by the ringing of the church bells, we hastened along to catch a glimpse of that base-spirited monarch. The crowd increased as we proceeded, though there was but a short time for it to assemble; and before we had gone far, two couriers made their appearance, followed at no great distance and at a round trot by the royal coach. Hats were doffed, and a murmur ran along the crowd as it passed; but the king seemed too much occupied with some merry matter to notice any thing around, for he was laughing heartily with his companions, who wore so much of that wo-begone expression of countenance which men assume after a repetition of laughs cruelly forced, that I really pitied them. His Majesty's features do justice to his character—he has a good Bourbon face—gross features, the indication of a gross and selfish mind. He is to remain in Florence until the question shall be decided between Austria and his undutiful subjects. The issue is yet extremely doubtful. The Austrian soldiers are more hardy, sober, and powerful men, than I expected to find them, and I fear they will prove too strong for those they are marching against—I cannot call them enemies, for they certainly bear them no ill will.

The situation of the Neapolitans is extremely doubtful. The two armies at Rieti, after having remained inactive within view of each other for some days, have at length had a partial engagement, in which, it is reported, the Austrians have lost two hundred men, and eight thousand rations. It is to be hoped that none of our late dinner companions are among the fallen; above all Yohann and Harga (if that was his name,) and their master—no, no, I hope he may yet escape the dangers of war; for there is something in Austria he loves better than glory,

FLORENCE, *March 10.*—The gloom of the dark palaces by which some of the streets are shaded rather than ornamented, seems increased by the cloudy weather, and the melancholy face of Lent, so strongly contrasted with the sunny days and the smiles and gaiety of the carnival. The only music now to be heard is the chaunting of a few solemn parties, who, instead of extemporaneous songs, sing printed hymns to the saints and the holy mother. The people betake themselves to the churches, though in no great numbers considering the size of the city; and to judge from their appearance one would think they were heartily sick of the carnival, and penitent for every mask they have worn, and for all the antic tricks they have played amongst the congregation of fools.

One regrets to find in Florence in the midst of so many remains of wealth, a strong tincture of the taste of barbarians. The palaces have already been mentioned; many of which, in every point of view, present as little architectural beauty as the gloomy walls of a fortress. The cathedral and several churches, though large and in many respects fine buildings, are covered with black and white marble, so arranged as to form a thousand square and oblong figures of no meaning and no use. While fine specimens of the ancient style remain, it argues ill of their taste to find them preferring the trifling complications of barbarian edifices. It is indeed gloomy: it seems to indicate that there is a natural bad taste in man; and certainly tends to raise our ideas of the genius that first ascertained the true principles of architecture, and combined in all their purity the elements of the Grecian style.

LEGHORN, *March 11.*—At six this morning we left Florence, and travelled down the valley along the course of the Arno. It is a turbid and swift river; and from that circumstance it is to be concluded that the flat country through which it runs, slopes with a gradual descent towards the ocean. This delightful valley, which is about fifty miles in length, has been formed in the course of ages, by the soil washed down from the ridges of the mountains that surround it, and gradually approach each other as they retire into the country, although they separate themselves in some places to the breadth of full thirty miles. After an hour or two we found the river leaving for a time the plain, to run between the broken hills on its borders; and were immediately surrounded with scenery of a character strikingly different—hills almost inaccessible rising suddenly from the river, which now ran with a more gentle current, and seemed to force its passage with difficulty through a narrow channel. A few villages were seen here and there; and a number of old castles and towers stood in ruins high above us, on the tops of rough and lofty eminences, to show the importance of the pass in times when every range of mountains, and every river, divided the territories of rival princes. Several beautiful little vallies among the hills were cultivated in imitation of the great Val d'Arno, with which they communicate by natural winding passages. Here the ditches are of an unusual size and depth, to furnish drains for the great quantities of water poured into the vallies in the rainy seasons; which otherwise would tear up the soil, and destroy the vineyards and wheat fields. When the view at length became more extended, large tracts of the great valley appeared before or behind us. This

sight grows more and more delightful, the more we become habituated to the state to which it has been reduced, by the ingenuity and industry of its inhabitants. It is marked all over like an engraved copper-plate, with lines of canals and ditches, dug in such a manner as to drain off the superfluous water from the river, whenever it threatens to deluge the country on its banks ; as well as to retain it in reservoirs in the hot seasons, and to water the whole surface of the ground when parched with drought. Every little farm is an island, being surrounded by a broad canal ; and the ground is every where thrown into gentle ridges, which are crossed by little furrows, to facilitate the discharging of the surplus water frequently poured upon it by the rain. These canals are crossed by small arched bridges of stone and plaster ; and when they serve as boundaries to different wheat fields, are lined with trees of the natural size, supporting festoons of vines, though the trees in the vineyards are trained as before described. It is difficult to imagine the appearance of such a tract, when overlooked from an elevation like that from which we viewed it. Every glimpse between the hills presented the valley of the Arno stretching away to an immense distance, sometimes too far for the eye to reach, covered with ten thousand farms, all reduced to this beautiful system of cultivation, each supplied with the white house of its master, and with its own wheat fields, vineyards, and branching canals. Every object became more dim as it retired, till the surface assumed a light brown hue, and at last disappeared in the distance.

By the road side was a large manufactory of straw, the first ever established. The number is now considerable, and the quantity of hats usually kept on

hand is large. We passed near the two villas of Prince —— and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose costly buildings, beautiful gardens and cypress avenues made a disagreeable contrast with the dreary hills around them. A few wretched old villages lay scattered about the country, one of which, on the top of a hill on the left, was pointed out as the place whence the family of Bonaparte removed to Corsica. Napoleon is said to have visited the place when he was in Tuscany, and to have acknowledged the remains of some branches of his family in a number of its inhabitants, not likely to be otherwise distinguished from the herd of degraded villagers.

We left the hilly country at length, after riding a long time on the level plain, and approached Pisa which stands on the Arno and in the midst of the valley, here more than twenty miles broad, and extending east and west to the horizon. Pisa appeared beautifully as we rode along the river. The Arno runs between deep banks walled with hewn stone, over which are spacious streets faced with palaces; and three fine bridges are thrown across it at nearly equal distances, one of which is at least cased with white marble. A corresponding air of grandeur appears in the smooth and silent streets lined with fine houses, the university, hospitals and palaces of Pisa. In short almost every thing expresses its ancient wealth and importance as well as its present desertion. Leghorn, situated fifteen miles from Pisa on a fine harbour, has robbed her of her commercial character, and become the port of this delightful valley. Communication is kept up by means of a canal; but this necessarily reduces Pisa to the grade of a secondary city, which has in consequence become half deserted. The means of living here are cheap, and the climate is preferable to that of Flo-

rence, because farther removed from the mountains, so that strangers in consequence resort hither in considerable numbers, and occupy large houses and even palaces at a very low rent. The Cathedral, Baptistry, Campo Santo and Leaning Tower, all appeared to great advantage, built of white marble, in a large open square.

Leaving Pisa and travelling two or three miles, Monte Nero, a hill near Leghorn, at length appeared before us; and on the right of it, over a cluster of distant houses, we had a cheering sight of the masts of several large ships, and the Mediterranean—the highway to our country. It was late in the afternoon, and peasants were returning from town; the women arrayed in a new taste, with red turbans, large earrings and crucifixes. Among some of the groups it was easy to recognise the independent carriage of Neptune's sons in two or three joyful young sailors, who had just come on shore, and in the midst of their friends were moving towards home. We returned some of their smiles, and could not but sympathize in their joy at reaching the end of their travels, while for a moment we were not inclined to contradict what their countenances expressed: that the valley of the Arno is one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the earth.

The two gates through which we passed, the canals, draw bridge and high angular banks, spoke a city of no small importance, strongly fortified on modern principles. The largest street in Livorno, or as we call it in English Leghorn, is long, broad, straight and well built. Every thing at the entrance assumed the air of a commercial city:—houses crowded with inhabitants, rows of shops full of foreign articles, a crowd of ship-

masters, mates, and sailors, of different nations, mingling with the inhabitants and peasantry. Several persons we took for countrymen on account of their familiar faces, and an indescribable peculiarity of air, which unaccountably reminded us of our own coasts and harbours.

LEGHORN, *March 12.*—A part of the city is so much cut in pieces by canals for vessels and boats, that it bears the name of New Venice; and all along the port the bustle speaks the most active commerce. Boatmen beset us in broken English; we were surrounded by sailors, ship-carpenters, anchors, spars, ship-timber, bales of goods and a wholesome smell of pitch and tar. A large ship was seen coming into the harbour, which a stranger informed me in English was supposed to be the United States sloop of war Spark, from Genoa; and so it has since proved.

The usual mode of travelling between this city and Genoa is in boats called felucce, which carry the long picturesque sails of the Mediterranean, and are capable of making much way in a calm and a smooth sea; as they are provided with oars and are always well manned. We are uncertain whether to take passage on board the felucca Aquila, which the master most highly recommends, or to go by land. Travellers frequently suffer much inconvenience and danger in these boats: for the weather is remarkably variable along the coast, and the only shelter they can offer during the night is a spread sail. On the other hand, those who travel by land find the roads very bad at best, and much of the way nothing better than a foot-path, over high and tedious mountains, where the inns are represented as miserable, and the expenses unreasonably great. To increase the difficulty of deciding,

one of my friends wishes to reach Genoa as soon as possible to sail for Gibraltar, and the other fears to risk his improving health on board of a felucca.

LEGHORN, *March 13.*—In this city we find ourselves comparatively idle. Here are no Roman ruins, no classic sites, no master-pieces of architecture, painting or sculpture. One might indeed learn the value of the port by ascertaining the exports, imports, tonnage, &c. if he were possessed of a commercial genius, and fond of taking extensive views of subjects, might point out new channels and new objects of trade, to benefit Italy or foreign countries. But all this would have no reference whatever to the antiquity we have now formed a habit of revering. We have lately been in Rome; and though there is little else than poverty to be seen, yet Leghorn with all its wealth seems disgustingly modern, and I fear we shall never become sufficiently modernized again to be even comfortable.

LUCCA, *March 14.*—The result of our uncertainty is that we are at length in this city, so far on our way to Genoa by land. This morning, while we were in the midst of our doubts, it happened that some travellers arrived at the inn in a crazy old vehicle which they dignified with the name of a coach, and their driver offered to take us on his return as far as Spezia. We did not long deliberate: for the felucca master had begun to show some signs of false-heartedness; and we soon found ourselves rolling along the level road to Pisa. As we approached that beautiful city, women and men were seen drawing boats along the canal; and children ran along by our side with long sticks, and blue flowers of a sweet sickly smell tied at their ends, and managed with such dexterity as to keep them within two or three inches of our faces, yet so

as not once to touch us, whining all the while in a melancholy tone, to win upon our purses.

We stopped at Pisa two hours, and had some leisure to examine more particularly than before some of its interesting objects. The Church of Holy Mary of the Thorn is built on the bank of the river, and is a most singular specimen of architecture. The style is Moorish Gothic, and far excels every other in the complication and roughness of its ornaments. Indeed the building is so covered with sharp points, that it looks as forbidding as a cluster of brambles. It was erected for the depository of a pretended thorn from the crown of our Saviour, from which it has its name.

As soon as the road left the great plain, it began to wind among narrow vallies, which preserved the same level for a long time. At first the land was poor, though often deluged; and the houses few and wretched. Beyond, small semicircular walls of stone were built all over the hills, to support terraces just large enough for single olive trees, which covered them with a deep verdure, and gave to the landscape the liveliness of our early summer. The vallies are covered with wheat, lupines, and pease, now about twelve inches high; and drained by deep canals and occasionally divided by rows of tall trees, from which vines hung in festoons. The poplars were budding and a few apricots were seen in blossom, showing the season to be in the same state of advance as it was at Naples on the first of February. On the hills above us stood old towers and battlemented walls, long deserted and half in ruins: once the fortresses of chieftains jealous of each other, and bloody in their disputes for their little territories—these valleys and hill-sides—though now their names and histories have probably been forgotten even by tradition itself.

We stopped at the Custom House of the Grand Duke, and about half a mile beyond at that of the Dutchy of Lucca; after which we observed a great improvement in the appearance of the country. The canals were dug with still more labour and beauty than in the Val d'Arno, the great mother of all these little vallies. The dwellings of the peasants were much more spacious and comfortable, and were built along the road at equal distances. In front of each was a small arched bridge, crossing the canal which always bordered the path. The appearance of the people had much improved; small droves of hogs and flocks of sheep were tended by women and children, well dressed and with happy and healthful countenances. The women had short scarlet jackets with long sleeves; and instead of hats wore coloured handkerchiefs upon their heads, usually blue and tied under the chin. Villas were not uncommon among the hills, and contributed to give the face of things a still more agreeable aspect.

Our sorry horses and crazy vehicle had spoken so gloomily of what travellers might expect in this country, that we had taken the precaution in Leghorn to provide an ample store of provisions; and occasion now commended our prudence: for no decent inn was to be found, and while we produced our travellers' repast, it improved our appetites to reflect, that without it we must have gone hungry to Lucca. Here we arrived about sunset; and after driving through narrow streets, between well built houses, arrived at the Hotel of Europe, where we have been supplied with large and well furnished rooms. The city walls are so thick as to furnish a pleasant walk all around: a thing not very uncommon in Italy. The architecture of the churches is some approximation towards the Gothic, (which I regret I am not well enough instructed to trace

out,) having little colonnades with a great many small round arches crowded closely together. Our road-book mentions few interesting objects here; and we had only time to observe an air of respectability in the people and their habitations, during a walk through a few streets in the twilight, which it is natural enough for us to attribute to those liberal institutions which the little republic so long enjoyed.

SPEZIA, *March 15.*—It was hardly six o'clock when we left Lucca, and was so dark that we saw nothing for a long time. When day at length broke, mountains appeared, white with snow, and the tops of the hills just above us, some barren and others covered with the rich olive groves which afford the celebrated oil of Lucca. The hills often terminated with old walls and square towers, which looked down upon the vallies below as if they were yet proud of their ancient strength and importance.

As objects became more distinct, the valley was seen covered with fields of great fertility, and divided by a winding river which we crossed on a fine bridge. Such however is the quantity of water which the hills pour down after every storm, that its banks are strongly fortified with high walls; and considerable tracts of land lying too low to be drained, are deluged by it and rendered quite useless. Yet the inhabitants are wretched, carrying burthens in a slavish manner on their heads, and dwelling in hovels.

At Santa Pietra, an old-fashioned little town, we stopped and were conducted to the police-office to have our passports examined, as we had crossed the frontiers of the Dutchy of Modena. Every thing was uninviting—narrow dirty streets, low houses and poverty-stricken people—nothing lofty except the airs of its governor, who mistakes impudence for dignity.

Near the old towers which defend the gates of the town, we observed two ancient marble coffins handsomely sculptured, one of which is used as the basin of a public fountain.

Not far beyond we stopped at two other custom houses, near the boundary of the Dutchy of Massa Carrara. We observe slight variations in the customs of these little distinct states as we pass along, which although of small importance are yet not wholly destitute of interest : because they indicate the operation of different systems, as well as a very limited correspondence between the subjects of adjacent governments, who, in new American settlements, would regard each other as intimate neighbours. Yesterday we noticed many little niches in the walls of the houses, and gardens, supplied with plaster figures representing saints, &c. which reminded us of the domestic gods of the Romans. The following pertinent inscription is from a sun-dial in the territory of Massa Carrara : “ *Speranti tarda, velox timenti.* ” One of the capitals of this little territory. Massa, is a small town which makes a very pleasant appearance on the side of a hill, where its white houses and villas and the palace of the duke are seen mingled with olive trees. On approaching it however, poverty looked out at the doors and windows, and through the tattered garments of the inhabitants. The road too in some places was almost impassable, and the style of living, on the whole, appeared to us to be very uncomfortable. It is consolatory to think, that if this be a fair specimen of the whole dutchy, there are but few inhabitants to suffer from its slovenly habits and neglected agriculture : for its whole population amounts to only thirty-eight thousand souls. At Carrara, which is but a few miles off, are the most extensive marble quarries in Italy,

which indeed supply the sculptors of a great part of Europe.

It was afternoon when we reached Sarsana, the first town in the territory of Genoa. As soon as we stopped at an inn outside of the walls, which our coachman as usual preferred, we were surrounded by boatmen and mule-drivers, each of whom seemed ready to take us on his back as his lawful prey. For some time the confusion was so great that we could distinguish nothing; but at length, by hearing one at a time, we learned that the river Magra was much swollen by the rains, and therefore, if we were to believe the asseverations of both parties, it would be madness to go either by land or water. They both agreed that it would be impossible for our vettura to be got across, because there was no boat large enough to hold it. Then the boatmen insisted that it would be certain death to attempt to cross the river, and that there were countless torrents beyond, so that we could do nothing but take their boats; while the mule-drivers declared that we should be drowned in the boats, that they knew a place where the Magra was fordable, were acquainted with the whole road, and would promise to conduct us safely either to Sestri or Genoa.

At length we resolved to proceed in the vettura; and having ordered the coachman forthwith to lead out his sorrowful horses, we pursued our way across the waste plain, half a league, to the Magra. The river was about a quarter of a mile wide, and bordered on the opposite side by a range of hills of considerable elevation; while the half marshy, half sterile appearance of the plain spoke of frequent and dangerous floods. The ferry-boat had just landed in spite of the violence of the current, although it had been carried a good distance down: and when we reached

the spot, we found a courier getting out his horses and carriage, and harnessing them on the shore. He seemed in great haste to pursue his journey, as if he were the bearer of important news: but we had little time to question him, and he little disposition to answer; so we set off for the other side, hoping no new disorders had happened to impede our progress towards the north. Several peasants were with us in our little boat, who with a civility suited to the place, offered us the most convenient situations for standing, while they pointed out an old citadel and town on an opposite hill, and told us the evils of living on the shore of a "bad river," like the Magra. The women had again a new fashion to show us—broad-brimmed hats of straw with very low crowns, the hair confined in a long bag of net-work on the back of the head, and coloured handkerchiefs on their shoulders. A queer old man with a large black hat directed our attention particularly to the opposite town of Trebiano, if I rightly understood the name; for the language was little better than totally unintelligible to us. It had been a place of great consequence, as it commanded the passage of the river, which is usually fordable at this place; and formerly gave the title of Dukes to its possessors, who were men of power and privilege.

When the boat grounded, some of our companions carried us ashore on their backs; and as we all walked along the foot of the hills, they gradually turned off, by little paths winding through olive grounds and among vines trained on trellises, leaving us with their good wishes to pursue our journey. As it was late in the day, our road was shaded by the hills; but it overlooked the Magra, the waste plain beyond partly covered with bushes, the town of Sarsana among the

hills dark with olives, and behind them a ridge of mountains covered with snow and facing the sun. It was not wonderful that the old man should have taken so much interest in the history of Trebiano, the ancient fortress of a little romantic territory, the traditional details of which could hardly fail of pleasing the taste of an antiquary, particularly if they were interwoven with scenes most familiar to himself, with the names of his family, and the lives of his ancestors.

At late dusk we reached Spezia; and stopping at an inn were shown a dining-room and chamber, where the furniture was a medley of the luxuries and the bare necessities of life. Mule-drivers have been offering to conduct us over the mountains to Sestri, but their demands were so exorbitant and unreasonable, that caution and the expression of much indifference were necessary on our part to prevent the most gross imposition. A contract has at length been reduced to writing and signed by a fellow we have engaged; in which, according to the custom most approved by travellers in this country, a present is promised to the guide himself, on condition of his giving us satisfaction.

Some indescribable change is taking place in the language. Whether it be owing to the words or only to the manner of speaking, the people are not only to a great degree unintelligible, but have lost almost all the soft and flowing sounds of the Italian. To us it is highly ludicrous to hear the people gravely conversing in more barbarous tones at every stop, though our habits have become such that, I cannot tell how, we feel no disposition to laugh.

BORGHETTO, *March 16, (at noon.)*—At six o'clock we mounted our horses, and began to ascend the hill, on the side of which stand the ancient and weather-beaten houses of Spezia. This was the beginning of

a tedious ride of an hour or more along a fine road, which stretched by zigzags up the side of a mountain. Our guide was on foot, yet he travelled so much faster by climbing among the rocks from angle to angle, that he was often obliged to stop for us to overtake him. From the top we enjoyed a retrospect of no small beauty. The mountains were half covered with olives, and descended in an irregular horse-shoe to the water, like the hills of Baiæ, but on a far more magnificent scale. Spezia lay below on a beautiful bay, from whose banks ran out several points, furnished with a few houses and towers; while the Mediterranean was seen beyond, and some distant land on the horizon. The whole theatre below us was in the shade: for the sun had not yet risen so high as to appear over the mountains. In some places however, the light broke through the narrow vallies, and falling bright on the tops of the trees and the green terraces fresh with dew, showed the beautiful artificial outline of the hills, and brought to mind the industry of the inhabitants, far more valuable than the most fertile soil.

As we descended on the opposite side, the prospect was in melancholy contrast with what we had just been admiring: rough mountains, bare from base to summit, excepting where a few detached spots of land were cultivated, in the neighbourhood of miserable huts and little woods of old chesnut trees. A few poor mountaineers were carrying hay and wood in bundles on their backs to Spezia; but the road soon dwindled away, and consigned our party to a blind path, and the gloomy scenery of wild and deserted mountains. Through the broken valley that wound at their feet ran a swollen torrent, which our horses forded without difficulty, although uprooted trees, loose rocks, and broad beds of pebbles showed that

the land on both sides had been often overwhelmed by a furious and irresistible deluge.

Thus we proceeded for three or four hours, along a path so narrow that two horses could barely go abreast, and sometimes so steep as to put all their sagacity in requisition to keep their feet. The prospect seemed more and more dreary at every new turn : other mountains rose, of a more enormous height and more disheartening sterility. Some of them afforded a little soil here and there, just enough for the support of a few old chesnut trees, which were planted in rows on large terraces ; but the greater part presented an uniform surface of grey stones, from which large rocks had rolled down, and now lay in shapeless masses all over the valley. A few persons were found inhabiting a country even so desolate as this, their birth and habits having attached them to the very sterility and desolation from which our hearts revolted : for smoke was discovered rising over cottages placed at great distances from us and from each other ; and we saw a few clusters of houses hardly worthy of the name of villages, which being built of stones were with difficulty distinguished from the walls around them. They were usually situated at the distance of two or three miles from the path we travelled, in places where we could not see the least appearance of vegetation, and where it seemed impossible that the inhabitants could gain a subsistence. Sometimes a small dwelling was perched alone on a summit, near a little spot of grain or a vineyard, at such a height above us that I sincerely believe I could not have reached it in a whole day.

But our attention was often diverted by the difficulties of the path. Our horses had been long accustomed to the mountains and to travelling in company,

and it was impossible to make them follow any other order of march than a single file, and any other rules of prudence than those that long habit had established. The path was frequently so narrow as to be impassable for two at once, and sometimes so steep as to appear to us quite dangerous. In several places too it wound round the face of a steep hill, with a precipice on the right one or two hundred feet deep; so that a single mis-step would have thrown us down, horse and man, into the torrent below. A little habit however made us rely with confidence on the caution and sure-footedness of our animals; and in places where we should at first have held our breath with dread, we soon learnt to ride on unconcernedly, taking care only to sit steadily and to give them the reins. In the middle of the useless valley below we at length discerned a round hill, quite covered with vines and wheat fields, which although shrunk to an insignificant size by the surrounding mountains, presented a most agreeable object to the sight. A little beyond we discovered the miserable town of Borghetto, which is furnished from the products of that hill with a scanty supply of bread and wine. For the remainder of their food, the inhabitants are obliged to fish in the torrent, and to gather chesnuts and shoot hares and partridges on the dreary mountains. Chesnuts form a very important article of their food. They are four times as large as those in America, of a much sweeter flavour, and yield a fine flour by grinding of which the inhabitants make most of their bread. A very ancient stone bridge crosses the river, full thirty feet above its present surface: but as it is only wide enough for foot-passengers, we were obliged to ford it below; and our horses as they sprung on shore sorely frightened a party of women and children, who were washing

clothes on the margin. The looks and dress of these people did ample justice to the poverty of the country; and when we entered the town, we were ready to pronounce it the most disgusting group of habitations we had ever seen. In addition to the usual dirty streets with broken pavements, and rows of wretched houses built by poverty and inhabited by laziness, Borghetto has a new source of inconveniences. The ground on which it stands is but little above the ordinary level of the river; and it is therefore overflowed at every flood, in spite of the town walls, which seem to have been built partly for the purpose of excluding it. The streets and cellars are still swimming with water in many places, and the buildings have generally a *high-water mark*, running along about the middle of the basement story. The church which stands very low is sometimes half under water, and then becomes inaccessible except in boats. Here is a mean post-house and inn, furnished with just enough provisions to ensure the traveller against starvation, and such charges as seem designed expressly to lighten his pockets for the remainder of his toilsome journey. We were furnished with stale wheat bread, which had been brought across the mountains; and with some difficulty obtained a piece of "*castagnale*," or chesnut bread. The inn-keeper looked a little ashamed as he brought it out, and well he might, unless it is wrong to feel mortification at the extreme poverty of one's native soil. It was a damp, heavy cake about the size of one's hand, of a mahogany colour and a sweetish taste; and looked more like a mass of moist red clay than a piece of bread.

SESTRI, *evening*.—Leaving Borghetto, we found the country growing still more wild, and presenting the scenes peculiar to gigantic mountains in a thou-

sand new varieties. The summits rose above us to a most stupendous height; vallies spread broader and deeper below, so that it was often painful to look down; and as we slowly moved along, we grew more and more ashamed of the insignificance of man, and almost lost our courage at the sight of such overwhelming proportions.

We were frequently obliged to avoid the common fords by circuitous paths, on account of the swelling of the torrents: and this served to convince us of the absolute necessity of a guide. Indeed without one a traveller must inevitably lose his way, among the blind paths, and run many risks of drowning.

At length we reached a place where parties of peasantry were at work, on a road commenced by the French, and slowly advancing under the king of Sardinia. It shows all the various stages between commencement and completion. In some places it has been only marked out—in others the workmen were digging it to a level, and in others still there was only a loose pavement of rough stones laid as a foundation. Even women and girls joined in this laborious work—such is the custom of the country—and forming lines carried baskets of earth on their heads, instead of being found at the loom, the dairy, or the school-house, as they would inevitably have been in our own country, leaving the work to carts and oxen. We were usually forced to keep the old mule-path, along which our horses plodded at their accustomed gait, and in their established order, with caution and safety; though it was often so steep that we had to walk, and sometimes offered so precarious a footing, along the steep brow of a mountain, that the guide made us dismount, lest the scraping of our knees against the encroaching bank on one side, should make

the horses swerve from the track and throw us down the precipice on the other. One may form his own conclusions concerning the state of society, in a country where the inhabitants have been content with roads like these ever since the Flood. I speak of all parts of Italy we have seen : for excepting a few fine military roads made by the governments, the only access to villages is generally by mere mule-paths ; and many of the inhabitants can never have seen a wheel-carriage. This new road will be very fine. It winds along the sides of the mountains, keeping the same angle of ascent or descent, occasionally crossing a deep ravine on an arched bridge, or turning round the face of a precipice, where the solid rock has been removed by blasting, so as to furnish a terrace twenty or thirty feet wide. In many places a great deal of labour and expense would be incurred every year by its exposure to the torrents, which the rains form in every little natural channel, but for the foresight and expedient of the engineers. Each of these channels is allowed to run unobstructed beneath stone arches, built of a size amply sufficient to allow a passage to those vast floods of water, and the stones and earth they bring along with them. The surface of the road is made flat, and slants towards the mountain, where it empties the water it receives from the rain into a paved gutter, and is thus preserved from another threatened injury. The most thorough acquaintance must have been obtained with the country, to ascertain with precision the angle of ascent, which brings the road after so many turnings exactly to the summit ; and it is a most interesting specimen of human ingenuity and power, in a place where one would otherwise regard himself as a member of an insignificant race of beings, to see its bold and lengthened lines,

now stretching along the steep side of a mountain and descending into the valley, and now attempting the opposite eminence with obstinate perseverance in a toilsome zigzag, and at length reaching the top by many laborious but successful windings.

The rocks were of compact lime-stone, frequently mixed with large masses of fine slate, whose strata were nearly perpendicular. In one very elevated place, several hills were formed of a black, loose rock, which much resembled common fossil coal, but was undoubtedly some variety of hornblende.

Here was a scene of the most perfect desolation : mountains and vallies, uncultivated and uninhabited. The eye ranged over whole miles of surface ; but excepting only two or three shepherds and their little flocks, not a living thing was to be seen, not a vestige even of former inhabitants : not one stone upon another which had been placed by the hand of man. Between the rocks a few solitary shrubs were to be found ; and some of them had put out a little bunch of unknown reddish flowers, to show that they too had at length begun to feel the influence of a backward spring.

Thus we travelled a long time, till as the road gradually wound round the side of the mountain, we began to see trees scattered over an undulating surface at an immense distance below. Green olives and vineyards next appeared ; then little fields and gardens, single houses and trees planted for ornament and use ; and two or three monasteries or chapels. This was beautiful indeed ; and our eyes rested upon that first civilized and verdant spot, with some degree of that delight which a sailor feels at the sight of land, when he is half surprised to discover how well he loves green hills and the society of man. A thick

cluster of white painted houses was now seen at the foot of a hill, and the masts of several boats led us to observe that they stood on the margin of the water. In an instant a turn in the path brought us round the obstructing rocks ; and with great surprise and pleasure we gazed on the Mediterranean, which lay stretched out almost too far for the eye to follow it, until it met the sky. Four blue islands were distinguished on the horizon, two of which the guide pointed out as Corsica and Elba : but these were the only objects to break the uniformity of the ocean, which lay under a serene sky in perfect tranquillity. We saw however one little speck near the shore, which proved to be a felucca, moving slowly along with its oars : perhaps the “ Aquila,” in spite of all the false-hearted promises of its masters to be at Genoa in two days.

As we proceeded, with a prospect now open, now obstructed, we gradually gained the highest point of the whole road—a bare ridge which overlooked the neighbouring mountains—and travelled along its top for two miles, frequently enjoying scenes of great sublimity. On the right was a succession of mountainous peaks, some of which seemed composed entirely of sand. These were irregularly illuminated and thrown into the shade by the setting sun, which spread over some of them a brilliant orange tint ; and as they lay below, we looked upon them from a commanding height, like travellers in a balloon. On the left lay the ocean, at a depth below which we despaired of estimating, stretching out to the west till it almost touched the sun. At length we discovered a deep valley about two miles in diameter, at the bottom of which were a few poor houses ; and vines were seen here and there, supported by trees trained into still larger and more regular forms than any we had ever seen. The few domestic

animals there were apparently fed on dry leaves, for their pens were full of them.

The descent was now very rapid, and seemed so dangerous in spite of the zigzags in which the path continually turned, that we several times dismounted, choosing to trust to our feet. At sunset we were among broken hills and deep ravines where cottages, walls, vineyards, and olive trees were scattered among ledges of rocks and the dry beds of torrents, in a variety highly picturesque. Having crossed a valley a quarter of a mile wide, entirely covered with loose pebbles, we forded a swift stream which every year overflows the banks and makes a tremendous torrent, and rode two miles among vineyards where mulberry trees are formed with great regularity, and gardens where the green trees and flowers gave an exhilarating sweetness to the air. Our poor horses spontaneously quickened their pace, and cheerfully ambled along a smooth road, till they came to the suburbs of Sestri and stopped at the first inn they saw.

GENOA, *March 17.*—Sestri is a small town situated on a round hill which rises from the water; and it presented a very cheerful sight this morning as we passed it at the distance of half a mile, with its old towers, olive groves and white houses, brightening in the rising sun. The road came to the beach, which stretched away six or eight miles round the head of the bay. The neighbouring land was high and irregular particularly on the opposite side, which was a ridge of mountains, bare and channelled near the top, and so far off that they assumed a soft purple hue. In some places the road passed under high ledges of rocks, cut down like a wall on the right; while large fragments lying in the water, half covered with sea-

weed and exposed to the waves, often formed a fine foreground to the beautiful distant scene.

Two or three little villages were built along the road ; and many of their inhabitants who were drawing their nets on the beach, were remarkably well dressed for their humble employment. The women wore the hair uncovered ; and several men with round hats and large trowsers, like sailors at home, had a degree of enterprise in their air which if it be characteristic of the Genoese, as I think it is, may well claim for them the name of the Yankees of the Mediterranean.

At length we rode through a fine town called Chia-vari, whose streets though narrow, were quite lined with shops protected by long piazzas from the sun and the rain, and making a rich display of all sorts of merchandize. Beyond this place the coast is almost mountainous, and a fine road winds round the outer sides of the hills, among dark groves of olives, looking down from a greater and greater height upon the sea, which comes quite to their bases. In two places holes have been bored through the rocks to give a passage ; but the view is usually uninterrupted, having in front a portion of the road, and the steep hill-side broken up by the terraces and shaded with olive trees. At a distance were seen various points of land, the sea and the sky ; while a fine day showed them all to the best advantage.

Rapallo stands in a small bay of the same name. As we entered, the women were sitting in groups in the streets, making lace and talking on subjects apparently of much importance—whether national or local we did not learn. Our way still lay on the sides of lofty hills, almost overhanging the sea ; but at length the view was confined to a small piece of ground shut in by the

mountains. Here the road seemed to terminate; but we found a tunnel had been blasted through, and we entered a dark passage thirty or forty yards in length. When we emerged, an extensive prospect was opened to our eyes. Just under us appeared a great many rounded hills, quite coated with olive groves and rising from the very shore of a broad and beautiful bay, on the opposite shore of which was a fine ridge of mountains, scattered with a few white houses half way up their sides. They were nearly fifteen miles off, and had the rich purple tint of the mountains on the bay of Naples, and no small share of their magnificence. On the right, and still about ten miles distant, several long hills thickly inhabited pointed to the shore with a gentle descent; and where they reached the bay, were lost among an indiscriminate mass of ships and edifices, which crowded the harbour and the city of Genoa. It was a cheering sight—We had now passed the inhospitable mountains, as well as the various inconveniences and privations of our more southern route; and we looked forward with light hearts to the comforts and enjoyments of a better state of society. Besides, we were far from the tumult of the Austrians and Neapolitans: revolutions now lay beyond the Appennines—the country we were looking upon seemed as if reposing in the enjoyment of peace, and the ships sailing by far below reminded us of different countries and continents no less happy.

Among the numerous hills between this spot and Genoa, some of which had looked so green and fertile, stands Santa Margareta, a village on the coast; and a little beyond we passed a villa, pleasantly situated in a semicircle of hills opening on the bay, respectable for its age rather than remarkable for its beauty. We in-

quired its name : " It is the villa," said a young Genoese in our company ; " the family still possess it, though circumstances have much impaired their fortunes, and deprived them of that consequence which under the Republic made them rank among the most illustrious of Genoa. They usually reside in the city, but have removed to this villa within two or three days for greater security." " Had they any particular danger to fear." " No, our independence is nearly secured ; —but they deemed it prudent to be a little out of the reach of the revolution,"—then seeing us start and look at each other, he added, " for you have doubtless heard that Genoa has proclaimed the Spanish Constitution, and that *the Sardinian* has fled ?" We assured him that it was a new and unexpected piece of intelligence. " Indeed ! Have you not heard that the students of the University of Alessandria have taken up arms, and excited all Piedmont to a revolt ? As soon as this was known at Genoa the whole city was in commotion ; the constitution was proclaimed, and the king made a precipitate retreat, nobody knows whither. But did you not meet the corriere ? He was immediately despatched with the news—it is three days ago." " We met him at the river Magra, but had no time to question him. Are we to apprehend any inconvenience in travelling, on account of these changes ?" " I imagine not," replied our companion, " it is not the policy of the revolutionists to molest such as do not meddle with the politics of the country. No—Europe is too much enlightened to bear it any longer, and Zegna, [Genoa,] after the freedom and independence she so long enjoyed, will never be content with any thing less than its re-establishment. She has suffered under oppression which those only can fully suffer who have once been free ;

but now it is at an end. If she has more to endure, it will be only the privations and sacrifices necessary for regaining her liberty."

Thus our companion continued to expatiate on the prospects of his country, for which he showed so much enthusiasm, that it was impossible not to join with him in admiration of her ancient glory, and ardent hopes for her future prosperity. The green of the olive trees which covered the hills brightened before our eyes, when we reflected that they had been planted by free-men; and each of the secluded vallies as we passed seemed too delightful for a country of slaves.

We inquired whether the step taken by the students had of itself produced the revolution. "Oh! no," he replied, "the sect of the Carbonari deserve the honour of having prepared every thing long ago. To their influence is to be attributed the noble example which Naples has set us: have you heard the report to-day, that the women of Gaeta have made a sortie, and killed 5,000 Austrians? The Carbonari are extended in all countries, indeed every liberal man may be considered as belonging to this society. They are called Liberals in France, Constitutionalists in Spain and Portugal, Patriots in America, and *Radicals* in your country." "You take us for Englishmen, we are Americans." "Americans!" said he, with an expression of pleasure and of respect, "Then you *must* feel interested in us. Your country is now the only free country on earth, and therefore the only happy one. But it is to be hoped that we may at length increase the number, though for the present Genoa must be content with mere improvement, and only hope for perfection. A plan for a general insurrection in the north of Italy has long been concerted. The Carbonari have held an extensive secret

correspondence, by which it was agreed that Lombardy should take the lead, as soon as the news should arrive of any important success gained by the Neapolitans: but the patriotism of the students at Alessandria, who are sons of the first families in Piedmont, was not to be restrained; and we shall probably hear, on our arrival at Genoa, that the Lombards have risen in arms, and that the Austrian army is enclosed by its enemies. The Grand Duke and the Pope will not find their subjects backward in rebellion; and such enthusiasm will be spread through all Italy, that—mark what I say—*not a single soldier of all the emperor's troops will ever see Austria again!*” “O spare a few of them!” we said to ourselves—“those honest fellows who left us unmolested when they had us in their hands, while they might so easily have stopped us in lonely places with a pistol ball, or have hidden us among the rocks, or thrown us from precipices—and more especially those with whom we lately sat so peacefully on the same hearth, at Nepi, Terni, and San Giacomo.”

But we were fast approaching Genoa; and the large villas, which were scattered about the hills on all sides, served to remind us of her former wealth and greatness. Many of them were very splendid, and stood in the midst of extensive grounds, partly ornamented and partly cultivated: but the edifices themselves were usually painted with various colours and figures, so useless and tawdry as to disgust our eyes, with a display of barbarous taste in a new variety.

The appearance of improvement however in more important particulars drew away our attention. The peasantry live in cottages, it is true: but there is a neatness about them, and an air of comfort, superior

to any thing on the other side of the Appennines. In a small valley which retired from the sea shore between two dark hills, the soil was fertile and covered with gardens, where great quantities of vegetables were growing for the supply of Genoa. Here each family inhabited in a cottage comparatively neat and comfortable, cultivated their little fields, and drew water at their own door, by means of what is called in America a *well-sweepe*. The scarcity of timber however is betrayed in a way calculated to strike very forcibly the native of a well-wooded country. Instead of raising the body of a tree to support the long lever by which the bucket is raised—awkwardly I allow, yet just as we see it at home—they build a tall column of stone and mortar. It would doubtless be a very curious subject to trace customs even as simple and trifling in themselves as this, from country to country, if the means could be obtained; and to learn the circumstances in history connecting the Genoese with the New Englanders in so trivial a point as this. It is probable however that all the books in the world would not be able to afford any material information on this subject; and it is certainly less laborious and more agreeable to trace it to a similarity of habits, of character, and of exigencies: for the Genoese have become by their superior daring, industry, and enterprise, the sailors of the Mediterranean, as the Greeks are of the Archipelago, and the Americans of a still larger portion of the world.

But the peasants were coming out of the city in groups as we approached, and the women attracted our attention by the singular appearance they made with shawls, or long figured muslin handkerchiefs, thrown over their heads, the ends being confined by their folded arms. The long parallel hills which

gradually rise behind Genoa, as they retire back from the shore, now began to betray marks of the extreme outposts of the fortifications, at the distance of two or three miles, while much of the country wore an aspect at this season decidedly sterile. The road at length wound over drawbridges, and through dark gates of hewn stone, from which we emerged into the Via Nuova—a street of no great width but lined with two rows of very large buildings; which for their size and costliness, though not for their taste or beauty, are called palaces. This street, with several bendings however and two changes of name, extends to the length of a mile or more, and certainly presents a scene of the splendour of wealthy citizens I never saw equalled.

We were ready to exclaim, “Genoa has been rightly called a city of palaces.” But we saw cause to change in some respects our first opinion of the city, when we were told that the streets leading to the Swiss Hotel were too narrow for a carriage. We were conducted through several lanes only about twenty feet wide, where the buildings on each side made our way very dark, and the articles crowded at the shop doors and the bustle of busy men almost prevented us from proceeding.

GENOA, *March 18.*—The closed shops and the desertion of the streets to-day intimate a regard for the Sabbath quite new to us in this country. Instead of the throngs of citizens and peasants we have always found promenading on that day, the few persons we saw were going to church with great seriousness. This is undoubtedly owing in a degree to its being the season of Lent: yet it seems impossible that Genoa should ever be the scene of as much hilarity on the Sabbath as Rome and Naples.

The church of Cagliano is one of the finest buildings in the city, and is certainly a noble work for an individual. It stands on the ridge of a hill, which is so steep that it was accessible only with great labour, and through streets but ten or twelve feet wide, until a fine bridge was constructed across the narrow valley, which looks down on a street and the roofs of buildings of five stories. It is of brick, about a hundred feet high, with three arches; and is a great thing for modern times, though most unfortunately it forms an obtuse angle with the walls of the church. We entered during service; the audience were all seated instead of standing or kneeling, and turned and regarded us with some surprise, as if they were not accustomed to the intrusion of strangers. It was remarkable also that there were hardly any men amongst them. They were all females, with long white scarfs covering the head, coming all round the face, and then wrapped about their arms according to the fashion of the city, as described to us months ago by our old friend Mattia.

This afternoon, at the time when the arrival of the corriere from Alessandria was expected, a great many people were collected about the post-office, who showed by their actions how much they were affected by the uncertain state of the country. They were anxiously expecting news of a revolution in Lombardy, and were prepared to feel strong with such an accession of power, or feeble without it.

GENOA, *March 19.*—To-day has been a festa or holiday, and the morning was devoted to staying at home or going to church. In the afternoon however the great street was crowded, like the Corso of Naples or Rome of a Sunday. The language we hear spoken is to us almost unintelligible. Many differences are

doubtless to be found between it and that of Tuscany: but some of the most apparent are those produced by changing the sound of a few letters. Soft *g* is always pronounced like our *z*; and *r* and *l* sometimes change places. Genoa is called *Zegna*; *morto*, *molto*, and *molto*, *morto*.

The long and uninterrupted rows of palaces, which give such an air of magnificence to the streets Nova, Novissima, and that which connects them, furnish at every step some proof of the ill taste of their builders. Some are placed on uneven ground, some are glaring all over with glass, or darkened by small windows, others are ill-divided by entrances or low stories, and many are basely disfigured with paint. Here one sees, or fancies he sees, the Genoese merchant betraying his parsimony, as well as his want of taste. The absence of architectural ornament among the palaces of Florence may be lamented: but an attempt to supply friezes, pilasters, and columns, with an economical brush, to save hewn stone, is paltry in the extreme. Rome, degraded as she is in some respects, would laugh it to scorn. Nobody ever felt disposed to thank the bankers and princes of Genoa, for thus disgusting his eyes to save their own purses.

There is a very striking similarity in the physiognomy of the women, which is beauty at a distance, but plainness close at hand. All their faces are so much alike, that it would require time for a stranger to become accustomed to their minute differences before he could tell them apart. Whatever may be the cause of such a phenomenon, the Genoese females all resemble each other and no body else—a thing entirely unknown in our country, where time has not been given for the physiognomy natural to the soil, if there be such a thing, to begin to show itself. This

is a curious subject, and one about which it is very difficult to come to any certain conclusions. It is safe however to state facts; and certainly something as universal as common law, has given the faces of most of the Genoese ladies an oval form and a peculiar expression, and gently turned all their noses up, without distinction of age or rank.

I experienced no small pleasure to-day, in stepping from a boat rowed by two Genoese watermen, upon the deck of the brig —, from Newburyport in Massachusetts, among a crew of my own countrymen. This is the only American vessel in the harbour, and the captain took charge of a package for the United States, with a cordiality which showed that the sight of a countryman reminded him of many delightful things.

Among the crowd, hawkers were crying the Constitution of Spain; and a few persons were carried about in sedan chairs, for all the streets in the city are too narrow for carriages, with the exception of three or four, and riding seems to be almost out of fashion.

We visited the Palace Serra, which is one of the finest in the city, and saw a much greater display of wealth than taste. The keeper placed himself at our head, and threw open the doors with such an air, that we expected to see some of the seven wonders of the world. Instead of that however, he had but some half dozen of pictures to show us, including frescoes on the ceilings, and two or three apartments where much expense had been lavished on gaudy decorations. But what was expected to excite our raptures was a hall hung round, not with original paintings, but with large mirrors, and whose roof was supported by columns, not made of Egyptian granite, or verd-antique, but covered with gold-leaf beaten out of Venetian sequins! Here were no relievos, busts, nor sta-

tues : but the old man showed us some gold chains, a few specimens of embroidery, and a French clock, with a smile as if he had been giving a child a rattle.

This palace is new, having been built only about thirty years ; and, like a few others in the city, belongs to a family now in the height of prosperity. Many of the ancient families have by various causes been reduced even to want, and their spacious residences are wholly deserted, or rented at a very trifling sum. A fine palace in the Via Nova, with its silk tapestries and heavy furniture, is occupied by an English merchant, who pays only the value of a hundred pounds a year ; and there are so many instances of such melancholy changes, that the great men of this once powerful city have left their descendants little else than empty names and empty palaces.

We crossed the Via Nova and entered a gate, to see the full-length portrait of a man who must ever be regarded with high admiration, both for his genius and for the immense and sublime consequences of his actions. The painting is in fresco, on the wall just within the door of the Palace Spinola, and of course cannot be a master-piece of the art. But here the artist is forgotten, and so would he be if he were Raphael himself. It was enough for us that we were in Genoa, and that this was a portrait of Christopher Columbus. If a Spaniard could write on his tomb : "He has given a new world to Castille and Leon," in gratitude for the wealth which his discovery promised to Spain, what shall we say, when we stand in the birth-place, and in the presence of the man to whom we are in debt for our country ? Here are such circumstances as none but an American ever was or ever can be placed in. Many discoveries have been made, but what were they ? A mountain, a river, or a sea

was crossed and a new tract of land was discovered, possessed, and inhabited, large enough for a colony, a city, or a nation. But who ever formed such a plan, or overcame such obstacles—who, with the most brilliant success, ever brought to light a country large enough to adjust the balance with Europe, Asia, and Africa—what discoverer ever produced consequences of such import to mankind? This picture in this place brings to mind America as it was in the time of the Genoese—then it changes to its present aspect—forests disappearing, cities built, nations springing up and fast spreading over from one sea to another, and fleets sailing to every corner of the world. We seem to look down as from the Appennines, upon the hills and vallies he discovered, upon our own home and the land of our fathers; and while we regard it with that peculiar affection which is felt when the eyes are fatigued with foreign scenes, we find our gratitude equal to our admiration.

East of the city is a fine promenade, reaching for three quarters of a mile along the border of the bay, which has been raised, and supplied with parapets and a long line of artillery that ranges over the anchorage. The harbour is large and partly protected from the violence of the sea by two moles, one on each side: but the entrance is so broad as materially to disturb the shipping, which at this time was rolling very much, while the waves were dashing among the rocks below us, and throwing the spray over the parapets. The opposite side of the harbour is lined with large store houses, now nearly empty, though once the reservoirs of an extensive commerce; while the long covered passages we had before traversed, and found half deserted, were then the centre of traffic for the merchandise of the Mediterranean.

ALESSANDRIA, *March* 21.—The carriage in which we travel is called a Diligence, and is formed precisely on the plan of the French stage-coaches of that name, which travellers describe as the most lumbering, unwieldy machines ever invented for the transportation of human bodies by land. It is however strong and safe; and the laws concerning it are so wise and effectual, that the traveller is sure of a comfortable seat, good roads, good treatment, good inns and punctual arrival, without suffering the extortion of a corriere.

Our fellow passengers were almost all Piedmontese, who, for some reasons they have not seen fit to avow, have been spending months or years away from home, and are now hastening to Turin, as they were all forward to declare, for the purpose of joining the army which the Prince Regent is raising. Two of them were formerly officers and one a soldier under Buonaparte; of whose talent and success they expressed the warmest admiration, while they condemned him for his insatiable ambition. Their conversation ran on armies, and collaterally on such political events as were likely to affect armies. Their style was heightened much above the ordinary level of travelling dialogue, and betrayed the delight they felt at being restored, by a happy revolution, to the immediate enjoyment of the freedom of speech, and a shortened prospect of the stations they had fallen from, and the scenes they loved; while their familiarity with blood, their unblushing fronts at the narration of their own vices, together with the tremendous imprecations they were continually pouring out, made us shudder at the moral diseases generated by war, and the contamination it spreads through nations and continents. To us, who are not accustomed to standing armies, but to a militia that supply in patriotism what they want in

discipline, it presents a spectacle no way flattering to the countries of Europe—the questions of liberty and slavery committed to armies of such men as these, who, with hearts worthy of a bad cause, forget their country and every thing good when they take the field, and fight only for pay and plunder.

We travelled from three in the morning until ten, at a slow rate, because the road, though very fine, was gradually leading us up the sides of long mountains. Some of them were of pudding-stone, and entirely waste and barren, excepting here and there a little wheat, a vineyard or a few chesnut trees. Men were driving mules towards Genoa, loaded with panniers of fine cauliflowers, and others towards Alessandria with packages of goods. It is the custom here to shoe their animals with plates of iron, projecting about four inches beyond the toe and bending a little up, under the vulgar belief, (possibly well founded,) that it is easier for travelling, particularly in climbing mountains. We met a few women with long red and white shawls over their heads, and the men had white caps striped round with red. They all had the marks of health in their faces. Some of them wore cloaks made of striped blankets, and several were carrying heavy loads to a distant town, over that long and weary road. From the summit of the ridge, the view reached back over the waste mountains descending gradually towards the sea, and the city of Genoa with the green hills in its neighbourhood. We passed through a few miserable towns, and saw others on the tops of high and almost inaccessible hills : but we at length reached the foot of the mountains, and felt happier at finding ourselves on a level road, and proceeding at a quickened pace along a fine valley, covered with green wheat and spotted with small vineyards, where the

vines were short, and lay on the ground. It is a branch of the great valley of the Po, which beginning at the foot of the Alps, follows the course of the river, and joining the small vallies on its branches, extends as it proceeds, and comprehends a large part of Piedmont and Lombardy. This extensive tract of country is no less remarkable for its beauty and fertility, than for the numerous battles of which it has been the theatre. At Novi, a town through which we passed, is the ground where Suwarrow fought the French under Joubert, on the 16th of August 1799.

As we rode along, the ground appeared perfectly level on all sides for several miles, and presented a scene of the greatest fertility, where as usual, no hedge, no fence intervened between the cultivated fields. There were several villages situated upon the road whose appearance ill accorded with the luxuriance of the soil, and spoke but too plainly that the inhabitants had more to do with the tillage than the fruits of the ground. One of the meanest of these was Marengo—composed of several hundred cottages built of mud, and presenting so comfortless a scene, that a traveller would shut his eyes upon it, were it not for the battle fought here on the 14th of June 1800, between the French and Austrians. The whole plain is admirably calculated for the manœuvring of armies, as it is firm ground and not divided by either hedges, fences, or ditches.

The same scene continued the remainder of the day until sunset, when we came to a broad ditch crossing the road, and reaching to a considerable distance to the right and left. It was full of water; and the earth which had been thrown out formed a high bank on its margin, well covered with turf. A range of cannon peeped over the top, which seemed ready to sweep

the plain: but they remained silent as we passed over the draw-bridge and through the gate. The other side of the bank now showed itself, furnished with inclined paths for drawing up the guns, and flat surfaces for them to stand upon. At a little distance further we crossed another ditch, which was divided by a fence of stakes, and through another gate. Here was a specimen of the modern system of fortification in its simplest form, and comprehensible by persons the least conversant with the subject. An army approaching is resisted at the outline. If they succeed in crossing the ditch, climbing up the counterscarp, (or steep side of the bank,) and in maintaining a position, the besieged have only to draw down their guns, retreat across the next drawbridge, shut the gate, and open a battery upon them, at still greater advantage than before. The assailants have not the least defence from the breastwork they have won: for every thing being reversed, they are on the wrong side, and are still forced to fight on the plain, exposed without a shadow of protection, to the descending shot of the enemy. In front there is a winding path, so made as to lead up to a new raking fire at every turn; as well as a higher bank and a broader ditch, obstructed by a fence of long stakes driven into the bottom; while the troops within being collected into a closer body, and shooting from behind a taller and more solid breastwork, are sweeping down the soldiers as they hesitate with discouragement, and their officers while they are meditating new plans of attack. When we reached the third ditch, which in some places is double, and remarked the superior height of the bank, the brick and hewn stone which frequently supplied the place of earth, and the darkness of the gate which indicated the great thickness of the wall; together

with the muzzles of heavy cannon that almost grazed our elbows as we entered, we thought that patriotism and our military companions were now on the safe side. We were stopped an instant, and hastily examined by the soldiers, but were permitted to proceed without delay. Some labourers passed us with pick-axes and shovels, who had been at work for ten days in repairing the breaches in the fortifications made by the Austrians in 1814, and our companions rejoiced at the news that they were rendered stronger than before, declaring that the emperor would now find the city impregnable.

It was sunset as we entered the "Square of Arms," and were ordered to stop. The square though large was filled with people, who were evidently in a state of agitation, and immediately crowded round the Diligence and inquired the news from Genoa. Our fellow travellers thrust their heads out at the windows, and talked with great fluency with every one who chose to speak to them, but it was impossible to satisfy the anxious multitude, who formed such a dense body and made such a noise about the carriage, that the police officers had no small difficulty in hearing us answer to our names, and in getting us off to the Governor's Palace. They guarded us with great politeness into a small dark room in an upper story, where our passports were produced, and we were arranged before the tribunal for a strict examination. When lights were brought several of our party were recognized by the police officers, and welcomed with a cordiality which partook not a little of the tremulous anxiety so universal. They seemed agitated, and often stepped aside to whisper in each other's ears. "Signor ——," said the judge, addressing my countryman, "Is that your name?—Well—you are a student," (for our friend at Naples, partly in

roguery perhaps, had written in our passports that we were students by profession,) “ a student of what ? ” We were both unprepared for this question, and knew not what to say : for students are now persons of political consequence ; and the eyes of all the company were turned upon us. Our fluent military companions however hastened to say that we were Americans, and felt interested in the success of their cause, so that we were soon delivered from suspicion, and treated with cordiality. Our passports had yet to endure so particular a scrutiny, that we feared lest they might be found defective in some particular through our neglect, as we should certainly have met with serious difficulty, and might perhaps have been detained in Alessandria, and involved in its uncertain fate. We were at length released, and the officers apologised for treating *patriots and friendly foreigners* with as much rigour as if they had been spies ; and then, pointing out the way to our inn, wished us good night. This inn is built in the usual manner, but is much the most comfortable and best furnished we have met with in Italy. The city has the air of neatness, and wealth. The Square of Arms is surrounded by coffee-houses, and a sentinel I observed at a palace was in the dress of a citizen.

TURIN, *March 2.*—Just outside of Alessandria is a bridge over the Tanaro, where we were stopped by a sentinel until he could wake his officer, and show him our passport. Our fellow travellers seized the opportunity to point out the spot where the French filled up the river, to supply the place of the bridge which the inhabitants had destroyed, and thus entered the city. It continued dark for a long time, as it was three o'clock when we started ; and after several hours we

were among broken ground and a poor, yellowish soil, chiefly uncultivated, though we saw a few vines on the hills and some wheat in the valleys. The wheat fields are generally long and narrow; and the ploughs used by the inhabitants are made in a very bungling manner of wood, even to the share. Oxen are used in ploughing, as well as harrowing, and we observed they were all of a large cream-coloured breed, and wore white blankets. The head-dress of the women is sometimes a white cap, sometimes a broad gypsy hat of coarse straw.

We took coffee at Asti, a large town, and were not a little surprised on asking for bread, to see the waiter bring in a number of long sticks, of the size of pipe-stems, and lay them upon the table. We repeated the demand, and were near laughing, when it appeared that both he and his master called them bread, and expected us to eat them. The taste was agreeable enough, but we found it required so much time to manage them, that instead of making way with a couple of yards, (a moderate allowance for a breakfast,) we had hardly swallowed a foot and a half when the Diligence was proclaimed ready.

Here a young man joined us, who, though not in the University, was preparing for a scholar. He told us that the students, who marched from Alessandria yesterday, were at Asti this morning, and could not be far before us on the road. He was warm-hearted and sprightly, and engaged our hearts by the good nature he betrayed when he discovered we were foreigners, and almost entirely ignorant of the Piedmontese dialect, his native tongue; but we were sorry to find that the thoughts of so amiable a young man, had never been employed on a subject so interesting to us as

America, of which he hardly seemed to have heard even the name, and evidently now thought of it with interest for the first time.

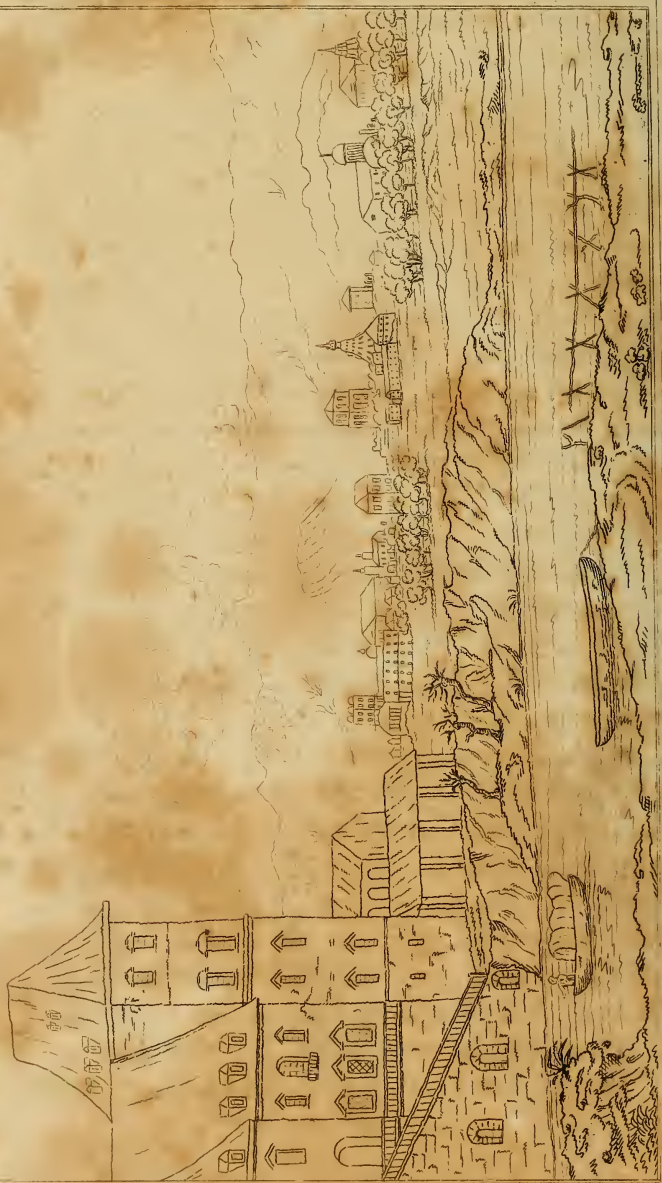
In the neighbourhood of this place has been discovered the site of Nova Alba, an ancient Roman city; and many interesting antiques have been dug out of the earth. A tract of country over which we afterwards passed rose in long and gentle hills, in such a manner as to present with pleasing variety fields covered with different crops, occasional rows of trees and a few villages with churches and spires. At Villa Nova we stopped to dine. A flag was hung out at a window of the inn, which bore "*Italia Liberata o Morte*,"—"Italy free or death;" and every apartment was thronging with the revolted students. With much difficulty we obtained a small bed-chamber, where a plain table was spread for us, next the dining room, where the young patriots were eating and drinking with much noise and riot. When we had eaten some maccaroni, and two or three other dishes of meat, and disposed of a yard or a yard and a half of bread each, the drum beat to form the line of march, which was performed, but in a slovenly style, under the sarcastic eyes of our military companions. The students were all in their usual long black coats, without any mark that I recollect to distinguish them, and excited many a jest and suppressed laugh from the balcony over head, where we were standing, at their boyish behaviour in disputing for seats in the baggage-wagons, their college air, and the awkward manner in which they handled their muskets.

While at table, one of Buonaparte's quondam soldiers insisted on showing us some of the inn-keeper's best wine, which with some difficulty was produced, and proved excellent. This led the conversa-

tion to American cider and English porter, and various other subjects relating to the two countries. We explained the difference between roast beef and beefsteaks, which gratified our young friend as he had always taken them for the same thing. One said we were very happy in America, the only free country in the world. The student inquired if we lived under the *Spanish Constitution* : but for this he was laughed at by one or two who knew better. He asked if female education were conducted on the same plan as in England—in short if our ladies possessed the gentleness and modesty of the English females. We told him that on that subject we would yield to no country on earth. “Ah!” cried he, “you are blessed indeed! Though an Italian, I grieve to say I do not like the manners of my countrywomen; and from what I have seen of travellers, I entertain so high an idea of the character of English females, that I never see one without regarding her as more than mortal.” The rest of the company deemed that they were no better than Piedmontese or Neapolitans : but, with a tenacity which in my own eyes did high honour to his taste and judgment, and the purity of his heart, he adhered to his opinion, and declared again that he never even thought of an English lady without considering her, “a fair spirit from a superior world.”

After dinner we reached the borders of the great Valley of the Po, covered with fine fields of wheat and varied by a few trees. For several hours we rode on among them, until late in the afternoon; when we had reached the bank of the Po, a shallow river a hundred yards across. The water is so shallow at this season, that an American would call it a very small stream : but history has given it an interest wholly independent of its size. On the right hand was a range





TURIN & THE ALPS

of hills, much shaded with olives and scattered with houses and villas, among which was the late palace of the king, now pointed out as that of the Nation; while at a great distance before and on the left, were seen the Alps, rising abruptly from the vast plain, first in dark ridges and then in lofty peaks covered with snow, like noble walls built of white marble, and intended to divide the nations of men. Turin at length appeared, with its beautiful bridge stretched on arches across the Po, and the domes and towers of its churches rising from the plain. The Alps stood at a great distance behind on three sides, partly obscured by clouds, while their sides and summits were white, and in some spots were gleaming bright in the sun, as if they had been overspread with silver.

The female peasants had changed their caps for enormous hats of straw. A little girl five or six years old, who was leading home two large quiet grey oxen, showed us a pair of rosy cheeks and fine eyes, encircled by the brim of such a hat; and, though unconscious of it herself, has as pretty a face and as contented a mind as any little girl in all Piedmont.

Having crossed the bridge, which was built by the French, and is a most beautiful specimen of architecture, a police officer stopped the Diligence in a square at the entrance of Turin, and demanded our passports. A walk extends from that place along the margin of the Po, and people were walking in all directions, apparently meditating on the uncertain fate of the country. Questions poured in upon us the instant we stopped.—We observed many about us with the bearing of influential citizens, and the powdered hair, spruce dress and courtly manners which our fathers say at home indicate an education in the old school. Some

with the air of politicians, inquired if the Genoese had confidence in the Prince Regent, whether the Alessandrians felt assured of success, and if they expected the Lombards to take their side. The conversation of several others drifted on the side of commerce ; and a few more merely asked what was the state of the roads, whether the season were more advanced at Genoa, when the troops might be expected, and how they looked on their march.

“So you are come on to help us fight,” said one to his friend the soldier—“Are you all military?” inquired one of the police. “No, but we are all Piedmontese, except a Roman and two Americans.” “Americans !” said the officers with some surprise, “where are they ?” and he stepped forward with much curiosity expressed in his countenance, as if he had expected to see some whimsical specimen of human nature from a distant corner of the world, and was forming in his own mind a savage according to the best of his knowledge, of a mixture of skins and gew-gaws. When he saw however that we were white and wore clothes—in short, that we looked like Christians and Piedmontese, he shrunk abashed ; and making a most apologizing bow instantly retired. The news had spread among those about us, that there were actually two living Americans in the Diligence ; and several heads were successively thrust in at the windows, as if it had been a den of wild beasts, bringing staring eyes and gaping mouths almost into our faces. But they retreated as precipitately as if a lion had roared, and this only seemed to increase the curiosity of those behind, for nobody who had obtained the wished-for sight was heard to utter a single word, but each retired with precipitation. It was with difficulty we restrained our laughter, though it must be acknowledged,

that it was not very gratifying to be taken for a monster until the opposite was proved. There were however, a large proportion who evidently knew something of America, and advanced with more suppressed curiosity, and much respect, as towards the representatives of a country they considered the happiest on earth, and to men born and educated among political privileges and blessings far very far, superior to those at which they were aspiring, and for which they had just put their property, their friends, and their own lives in jeopardy. Their thoughts had been so long employed about freedom, that the very name of a republic awakened their feelings in an instant; and we began to wish ourselves old and wise enough for sages, and tall enough for giants, that on descending from the Diligence we might produce something correspondent to the ideas they seemed to have formed, of the power and wisdom of our country.

The appearance of Turin struck us very agreeably at our entrance: for the houses are good and built with much regularity, and the principal streets are as straight and broad as those of Philadelphia. In one particular they are to be preferred to any city in the United States—the side-walks are under wide arches, opening on one side into shops and coffee houses. These things argued at once a superior taste for what we consider many of the necessities and comforts of life, and the dress and port of the citizens proved that they had advanced an important grade in civilization.

TURIN, *March 23.*—As no Diligence went to-day, we were forced to remain; and have been disappointed in a walk about the town, to find so few of those objects which in more southern cities are always ready to occupy, if not to instruct a traveller at

leisure. The cathedral and the churches which we saw had nothing remarkable, except the non-descript barbarisms of their cupolas: yet on leaving them, we could not help feeling that the inhabitants had shown a taste well accordant with our own, in preferring the comforts of good houses, clear and spacious streets, to the much vaunted but less substantial pleasures of ancient pictures and splendid chapels.

A fine walk bordered with trees quite encompasses the city; and even at this season of the year, while the trees are still stripped of their foliage, presents a fine view of the neighbouring hills, the Valley of the Po, and the long range of the Alps. The Po is very shallow and runs slowly. It was a little surprising to find in this part of the world, so rude a remnant of barbarism as a canoe. There were several boats of this description along the shore, formed of hollowed logs, exactly like those used by the Indians for whom I suppose we were taken yesterday.

In the city every thing wears a serious aspect, corresponding with the state of the country. The theatres are quite closed—even against religious dramas; horsemen are continually patrolling the streets night and day; a train of military wagons entered a few hours ago; and sentinels in the dress of citizens are placed at every public gate and door. At the coffee-houses, (where we observe it is the fashion for every person to raise his hat at entering and retiring,) the conversation is almost exclusively on political subjects; and the people who continually throng the public squares are thoughtful and anxious. Even the children have caught the spirit of the time, and putting on paper caps and wooden swords, march about in companies, as if looking for little Austrians to challenge and destroy.

TURIN, *March 24, (morning.)*—Before setting out for Suza and the Alps, we have had time to take a lounge in the great square, and found it excessively crowded, and the city evidently agitated by some important event. The bills at the corners soon made us acquainted with the cause of the universal commotion: the Duke of Savoy, the Regent, had suddenly disappeared during the night, and left the revolutionists without a leader in their utmost need. This news though plainly declared, was however followed by such exhortations to good courage, excuses for the conduct of a young and inexperienced prince, and spoke of a speedy revolution in Lombardy with such confidence, as to betray the pen of a statesman, and to intimate that the fugitive prince had probably not borne away on his shoulders the head that planned the revolution, and the mind which through his lips had helped to dictate plans for the future to all Piedmont. A postscript mentioned a report, that the French government had been overthrown by the assassination of Louis. The disappearance of the prince, it was evident, had excited a very serious alarm throughout the city; and on every side were seen parties of men earnestly discussing political subjects. There was one person however who seemed to take no interest in the concerns of the state. It was a poor woman with a foreign face and dress, a long stick in her hand, and a vandyke ornamented with cockle shells—the marks of a pilgrim to some distant holy place. She had just entered Turin on her way home, and weary and faint was looking doubtfully around, for some one to compassionate and assist her. She was soon supplied, and in a manner she probably considered as providential: for although she seemed ignorant of the language, her scallop-shells were regarded with respect, and a shop-

man seeing her pass, ran after her and hospitably invited her into his house.

The appearance of several persons we have met at the Diligence office, who are already enrolled as our fellow travellers for the two or three following days, is such as to promise us much interest and variety; and one of them who is a middle aged man, in an unpretending dress, modestly accosted us this morning, and declaring himself a Roman by birth and prejudice, and an antiquary by profession, seemed to consider us as experienced travellers, and to expect much security from a coalition, if not to lean upon us in some degree for protection. He already urges us to go into Switzerland with him; and as we have almost determined to pass through that country into Germany and Holland, we may probably have his company for a week or more.

Notwithstanding the unhappy situation in which we leave the people of Turin, and in spite of the uncertainty and danger which still hang over the fate of Italy, on the eve of our departure from the country we take pleasure in leaving our good wishes, and in reflecting that hope of their welfare is not yet absolutely denied us. We feel melancholy at the loss of our countryman and late fellow traveller, whom we left at Genoa, as well as at the reflection, that in two days the Alps will have closed behind us, and shut out the sight of Italy for ever; but while we recall his parting words: "I will see you again!" we also feel that we have laid up a rich store of recollections for life—and who can tell what delightful scenes may be awaiting us on the other side of the Atlantic?

THE END.
R D - 23.4

2 Aug. 1852.

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